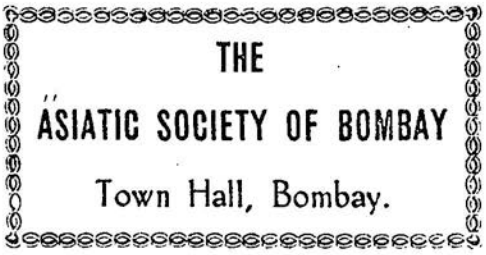
00093707



Digitized with financial assistance from

Government of Maharashtra

on 30 January, 2020

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Vertue sc.

THE

WORKS

OF

The HONOURABLE

Sr. *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

In PROSE and VERSE.

In THREE VOLUMES.

CONTAINING,

I. The COUNTESS of *Pembroke's* ARCADIA.
II. The DEFENSE of POESY.
III. ASTROPHEL and STELLA.
IV. The REMEDY of LOVE; SONNETS, *&c.*
V. The LADY of *May*. A MASQUE.
VI. The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

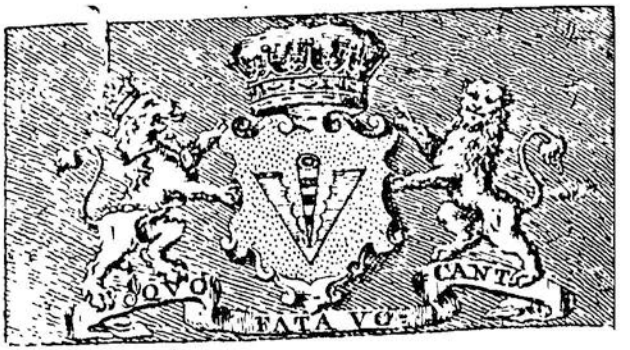
Death, the Devourer of all World's Delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my Joy:
Both you and me, and all the World he quight
Hath robb'd of Joyance, and left ſad Annoy.
Joy of the World, and Shepherds Pride was he,
Shepherds hope never like again to ſee,
SPENSER's Aſtrophel.

The FOURTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for E. TAYLOR, A. BETTESWORTH, E. CURLL, W. MEARS, and R. GOSLING.

00093707



TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of *LEICESTER.*

My LORD,

A Pile raiſed and conſecrated to virtue and honour, by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY; (a name rendered immortal by his writings) cannot with juſtice bear any other inſcription than that of LEICESTER.

THIS truth confirmed by a *Spenſer* and a *Waller*, is a demonſtration that your LORDSHIP only is the Executor of his fame: An office which I dare aver, my LORD, will be by you regarded as an additional honour to thoſe you already ſo deſervedly wear.

NOT to be a Patron of the Characteriſticks deleniated in the ARCADIA, would be to degenerate from our humanity, and abſolutely involve us in Mr. *Waller*'s accuſation of one of your LORDSHIP's Female predeceſſors.

Love's foe profeſt, why doſt thou falſly feign
Thy ſelf a SIDNEY, *from which nobleſt train*
He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of love, and warm our nation with his flame,

That

DEDICATION.

That all we can of love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoke of am'rous SIDNEY'S *fire.*

BUT as this charge, my LORD, has been long, very long, removed from *Penſhurſt*, O may that delightful ſeat, (rendered for ever venerable, by being the birth place of our Author) boaſt to the lateſt poſterity a continual ſucceſſion of ſuch illuſtrious perſonages, as not only bear the name and title, but ſhare the polite accompliſhments of it's preſent Poſſeſſor.

BEING fully ſatisfied, my LORD, that you are as much an enemy to flattery, as you are a friend to ſincerity; I freely declare to the world,

DEDICATION.

that the only pride I take in this addreſs, is the honour of having your LORDSHIP's permiſſion to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

Moſt Obedient,

And moſt Devoted

Humble Servant.

The EDITOR.

THE

WORKS

OF

The HONOURABLE

Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

The FIRST, and SECOND BOOKS of the COUNTESS of *Pembroke*'s ARCADIA.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXV

TO

MY DEAR LADY and SISTER,

THE

Countesſs of *Pembroke*.

HERE now have you (moſt dear, and moſt worthy to be moſt dear lady!) this idle work of mine; which I fear, like the *Spider*'s web, will be thought fitter to be ſwept away, than worn to any other purpoſe. For my part, in very truth, (as the cruel fathers among the *Greeks* were wont to do to the babes they

they would not foſter) I could well find in my heart, to caſt out, in ſome deſart of forgetfulneſs, this child, which I am loth to father. But you deſired me to do it, and your deſire to one heart is an abſolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you: if you keep it to your ſelf, or commend it to ſuch friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of good-will, I hope, for the father's ſake, it will be pardoned, perchance, made much of, though in it ſelf it have deformities. For indeed, for ſeverer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear ſelf can beſt witneſs the manner, being done in looſe ſheets of paper, moſt of it in your preſence;

ſence; the reſt by ſheets ſent unto you, as faſt as they were done. In ſum, a young head, not ſo well ſtayed as I would it were, and ſhall be when God will, having many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in ſome way delivered, would have grown a monſter, and more ſorry might I be that they came in, than that they gat out. But this chief ſafety, ſhall be the not walking abroad; and his chief protection, the bearing the livery of your name, which, if much good-will do not deceive me, is worthy to be a ſanctuary for a greater offender. This ſay I, becauſe I know thy virtue ſo, and this ſay I, becauſe it may be ever ſo, or to ſay better,

ter, becauſe it will be ever ſo. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it, blame not, but laugh at. And ſo, looking for no better ſtuff, than as in a Haberdaſher's ſhop, glaſſes, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and moſt heartily prays you may long live, to be a principal ornament to the family of the *SIDNEYS.*

Your loving Brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE

LIFE

OF

Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

THIS MARCELLUS of the *Engliſh* Nation, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, the ſhort-liv'd Ornament of his Noble Family, hath deſerved, and, without Diſpute or Envy, enjoyed, the moſt exalted Praiſes of his own, and of ſucceeding Ages. The Poets of his Time, eſpecially SPENSER, reverenced him, not only as a Patron, but a Maſter; and he was almoſt the only Perſon in any Age, I will not except MECÆNAS, that could teach the beſt Rules of Poetry, and moſt freely reward the Performances of Poets. He was

a Man of a ſweet Nature, of excellent Behaviour, of much, and, withal, of well digeſted Learning; ſo that rarely Wit, Courage, Breeding, and other additional Accompliſhments of Converſation, have met in ſo high a Degree in any ſingle Perſon. *

Sir HENRY SIDNEY, his Father, was a Man of excellent natural Wit, large Heart, ſweet Converſation: And ſuch a Governor, as ſought not to make an End of the State in himſelf, but to plant his own Ends in the Proſperity of his Country. Witneſs his ſound Eſtabliſhments, both in *Wales* and *Ireland*, where his Memory is worthily grateful unto this Day.

On the other Side, his Mother, as ſhe was a Woman, by Deſcent, of great Nobility (the Lady MARY, eldeſt Daughter of JOHN DUDLEY, Duke of *Northumberland*) ſo was ſhe, by Nature, of a large ingenious Spirit †. He was born at *Penſhurſt*, in the County of *Kent*, on the Twenty-ninth Day

* *See* Wood's Athen. Oxon. *Fol. p.* 226.

† *See his Life, written by Sir* Fulke Grevil, *Kt. Lord* Brook. *Printed* Ann. 1652. 8*vo. p.* 5.

of

of *November*, in the Year One thouſand Five hundred and Fifty-four, and had his Chriſtian Name given him by his Father, from King PHILIP, then lately married to Queen MARY. While he was very young, he was ſent to *Chriſt-Church-College* in *Oxford*, to be improved in all Sorts of Learning; where continuing 'till he was about Seventeen Years of Age, under the Tuition of Dr. THO. THORNTON, Canon of that Houſe, he was, in *June* One thouſand Five hundred and Seventy-two, ſent to travel; for on the Twenty-fourth of *Auguſt* following, when the Maſſacre fell out at *Paris*, he was then there, and at that Time, as I conceive, he, with other *Engliſhmen*, did fly to the Houſe of the Ambaſſador from the Queen of *England* *. Thence he went through *Lorrain*, and by *Strasburgh* and *Heydelburgh* to *Frankfort*, in *September* or *October* following, where he ſettles, is entertained Agent for the Duke of *Saxony*, and an underhand Miniſter for his own King. Lodged he was in WECHEL's Houſe, the Printer of *Frankfort* †. Here he was

* Wood, ut ſupra.
† *See his Life*, ut ſupra. *p.* 8.

accompanied by the famous HUBERT LANGUET. And in the next Spring, One thouſand Five hundred and Seventy-three, LANGUET removed to *Vienna*, where our Author met him again, and ſtayed with him 'till *September*, when he went into *Hungary*, and thoſe Parts. Thence he journied into *Italy*, where he continued all the Winter following, and moſt of the Summer, One thouſand Five hundred and Seventy-four, and then he returned into *Germany* with LANGUET; and the next Spring he returned by *Frankfort*, *Heydelburgh*, and *Antwerp*, home into *England*, about *May*, One thouſand Five hundred and Seventy-five.

In the Year One thouſand Five hundred Seventy-ſix, he was ſent by the QUEEN to RODOLPH the Emperor, to condole the Death of MAXIMILIAN, and alſo to other Princes of *Germany*; at which Time he cauſed this Inſcription to be written under his Arms, which he then hung up in all Places where he lodged;

Illu-

Illuſtriſſimi & Generoſiſſimi Viri
Philippi Sidnæi, Angli,
Pro-regis Hiberniæ *filii*, *Comitum* Warwici
Et Leiceſtriæ *Nepotis*, *Sereniſſimæ*
Reginæ Angliæ *ad* Cæſarem *Legati.*

The next Year, One thouſand Five hundred Seventy-ſeven, in his Return, he ſaw that gallant Prince *Don John de Auſtria*, Viceroy in the *Low-Countries* for the King of *Spain*, and WILLIAM Prince of *Orange*; by the former of which, though at firſt he was lightly eſteemed upon the Account of his Youth, yet, after ſome Diſcourſe, he found himſelf ſo ſtrucken with him, that the Beholders wondered to ſee what Tribute that brave and high-minded Prince paid to his Worth, giving more Honour and Reſpect to him, in his private Capacity, than to the Ambaſſadors of mighty Princes.

In the Year One thouſand Five hundred Seventy-nine, He, though neither Magiſtrate or Counſellor, did ſhew himſelf, for ſeveral weighty Reaſons, oppoſite to the QUEEN's Matching with the Duke of

Anjou, which [illegible] pithily expreſſed by a due Addreſs [illegible] humble Reaſons to her, as may be fully ſeen in a Book called CABALA, (Part [illegible] 281.) The ſaid Addreſs was written at the Deſire of ſome great Perſonage, his Uncle ROBERT, I ſuppoſe, Earl of *Leiceſter*; upon which a great Quarrel happened between him and EDWARD VERE, Earl of *Oxford*. This, as I conceive, might occaſion his Retirement from Court next Summer, One thouſand Five hundred Eighty, wherein, perhaps, he wrote that pleaſant Romance called ARCADIA.*

In One thouſand Five hundred Eighty-one, the Treaty of Marriage was renewed, and our Author, SIDNEY, with FULKE GREVIL †, were Two of the Tilters at the Entertainment of the *French* Ambaſſador; and at the Departure of the Duke of ANJOU from *England*, in *February* the ſame Year, he attended him to *Antwerp*. §

---

* See *Wood*. *f.* 227.

† *Annal. Camdeni, ſub. Ann.* 1581.

§ *Id. Ann.* 1582.

On

On the Eighth of *January*, One thouſand Five hundred Eighty-two, He, with PERIGRINE BERTIE, received the Honour of Knighthood from the QUEEN; and in the Beginning of One thouſand Five hundred Eighty-five, he deſigned an Expedition with Sir FRANCIS DRAKE into *America*, but being hindred by the QUEEN (in whoſe Opinion he was ſo highly prized, that ſhe thought the Court deficient without him) he was, in *October* following, made Governor of *Fluſhing*, about that Time delivered to the QUEEN for one of the Cautionary Towns, and General of the Horſe. In both which Places of great Truſt, his Carriage teſtified to the World his Wiſdom and Valour, with Addition of Honour to his Country by them; and eſpecially the more, when in *July*, One thouſand Five hundred Eighty-ſix, he ſurprized *Axil*, and preſerved the Lives and Honour of the *Engliſh* Army at the Enterprize of *Gravelin*: So that whereas (through the Fame of his high Deſerts) he was then, or rather before, in Election for the Crown of *Poland*, the Queen of *England* refuſed to further his Advancement, not out of Emulation, but out of Fear to loſe the Jewel of her Times. What can

be ſaid more? He was a Stateſman, Soldier, and Scholar; a compleat Maſter of Matter and Language, as his immortal Pen ſhews. His Pen and his Sword have rendered him famous enough: He died by the one, and by the other he will ever live, as having been hitherto highly extolled for it by the Pens of Princes. This is the Happineſs of Art, That although the Sword doth atchieve the Honour, yet the Arts do record it, and no Pen hath made it better known than his own, in that Book called ARCADIA. Certain it is, He was a Noble and Matchleſs Gentleman; and it may be juſtly ſaid, without Hyperbole or Fiction, as it was of CATO UTICENSIS, That *he ſeemed to be born to that only which he went about.* His written Works are theſe;

The Counteſs of *Pembroke's* ARCADIA, which being the moſt celebrated Romance that was ever written, was conſecrated to his Noble, Virtuous, and Learned Siſter MARY the Wife of HENRY Earl of *Pembroke*, who having lived to a very fair Age, died in her Houſe in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, in *London*, the Twenty-fifth of *September*, One thouſand Six hundred Twenty-one; whereupon her Body

Body was buried in the Cathedral-Church of *Salisbury*, among the Graves of the *Pembrochian* Family. This ARCADIA, though then, and ſince, it was, and is, taken into the Hands of all ingenious Men, and ſaid by one, living at, or near, the Time when firſt publiſhed, to be *a Book moſt famous for rich Conceipts, and Splendor of courtly Expreſſions.*

This Work was firſt printed in the Year One thouſand Six hundred Thirteen, in Quarto, it hath been tranſlated into *French*, *Dutch*, and other Languages, in One thouſand Six hundred Twenty-four.

Beſides ASTROPHEL and STELLA §; A *Remedy* for *Love*; The *Defenſe* of *Poeſy* †; *Sonnets*, &c. Sir PHILIP alſo turned the PSALMS of DAVID into *Engliſh* Verſe, which are in Manuſcript in the Library of the Earl of *Pembroke* at *Wilton*, curiouſly bound in a Crimſon Velvet Cover, left thereunto by his Siſter MARY, Counteſs of *Pembroke*.*

§ *Firſt printed*, 1591.
† *Firſt printed* 1595.
* *See*, Wood, ut ſupra.

The

The following Dialogue, compoſed by our Author, was ſpoken between Two Shepherds, in a Paſtoral Entertainment before ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies, at the Seat of the Noble Family above-mentioned.

Will. *DICK*, ſince we cannot dance, come, let a chearful Voice
Shew, that we do not grudge at all, when others do rejoice.

Dick. **Ah, *Will*, though I grudge not, I count it feeble Glee,**
With Sight made dim with daily Tears, another's Sport to ſee.
Who ever Lambkins ſaw (yet Lambkins love to play)
To play when that their loved Dams are ſtoll'n or gone aſtray?
If this in them be true, as true in Men, think I,
A luſtleſs Song, forſooth, thinks he, that hath more luſt to cry.
Will. **A Time there is for all, my Mother often ſays,**
When ſhe with Skirts tuck'd very high, with Girls at Stool-ball plays.
When thou haſt mind to weep, ſeek out ſome ſmoaky Room:
Now let thoſe lightſome Sights we ſee, thy Darkneſs overcome.

Dick. What Joy the joyful Sun gives unto bleared Eyes,
That Comfort in theſe Sports you like, my Mind his Comfort tries.

Will.

Will. What! is thy Bag-pipe broke? or are thy Lambs miſwent?
Thy Wallet or thy Tar-box loſt? or thy new Rayment rent?

Dick. I would it were but thus, for thus it were too well.

Will. Thou ſeeſt my Ears do itch at it, good *Dick*, thy Sorrow tell.

Dick. Hear then, and learn to ſigh, A Miſtreſs I do ſerve,
Whoſe Wages make me beg the more, who feeds me 'till I ſtarve,
Whoſe Livery is ſuch, as moſt I freeze apparelled moſt,
And look! ſo near unto my Cure, that I muſt needs be loſt.

Will. What? theſe are Riddles ſure, art thou then bound to her?

Dick. Bound as I neither Power have, nor would have Power to ſtir.

Will. Who bound thee? *D.* Love, my Lord. *W.* What Witneſſes thereto?

Dick. Faith in myſelf, and Worth in her, which no Proof can undo.

Will. What Seal? *D.* My Heart deep graven. *W.* What made the Band ſo faſt?

Dick. Wonder, that by Two ſo black Eyes, the glittering Stars be paſt.

Will. What keepeth ſafe thy Band? *D.* Remembrance is the Cheſt,
Lock'd faſt with knowing that ſhe is of worldly things the beſt.

Will. Thou late of Wages 'plainſt: What Wages mayſt thou have?

Dick. Her Heav'nly Looks, which more and more do give me Cauſe to crave.

Will.

Will. If Wages make you want, what Food is that ſhe gives?

Dick. Tear's Drink, Sorrow's Meat, wherewith, not I, but in me my Death lives.

Will. What Living get you then? *D.* Diſdain; but juſt Diſdain:

So have I Cauſe myſelf to plain, but no Cauſe to complain.

Will. What Care takes ſhe for thee? *D.* Her Care is to prevent

My Freedom with ſhew of her Beauty, with Virtue my Content.

Will. God ſhield us from ſuch Dames. If fo our Downs be ſped,

The Shepherds will grow lean, I trow, their Sheep will be ill fed;

But, *Dick*, my Counſel mark: Run from the Place of Woe;

The Arrow being ſhot from far, doth give the ſmaller Blow.

Dick. Good *Will*, I cannot lack the good Advice, before
That Foxes leave to ſteal, becauſe they find they die therefore.

Will. Then, *Dick*, let us go hence, leſt we great Folks annoy;
For nothing can more tedious be, then Plaint in Time of Joy.

Dick. Oh, hence! O cruel Word! which even dogs do hate;
But hence, even hence, I muſt needs go, ſuch is my dogged Fate.

To

To return again to Sir PHILIP.

* In the Year One thouſand Five hundred Eighty-ſix, when that unfortunate Stand was made againſt the *Spaniards* before *Zutphen*, the Twenty-ſecond of *September*, while he was getting upon the Third Horſe, having had Two ſlain under him before, he was wounded with a Musket-ſhot out of the Trenches, which brake the Bone of his Thigh. The Horſe he rode upon, was rather furiouſly cholerick, than bravely proud, and ſo forced him to forſake the Field, but not his Back, as the nobleſt and fitteſt Bier to carry a martial Commander to his Grave. In which ſad Progreſs, paſſing along by the reſt of the Army, where his † Uncle, the General, was, and being thirſty with Exceſs of bleeding, he called for Drink, which was preſently brought him; but as he was putting the Bottle to his Mouth, he ſaw a poor Soldier carried along, who had eaten his laſt at the ſame Feaſt, ghaſtly caſting up his Eyes

* *See his Life*, ut ſupra. *p.* 141. *& ſeq.*
† *Sir* Robert Dudley, *Earl of* Leiceſter.

at

at the Bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his Head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor Man, with theſe Words, *Thy Neceſſity is yet greater than Mine.* And when he had pledged the poor Soldier, he was preſently carried to his Tent, where the principal Surgeons of the Camp attended for him. When they began to dreſs his Wound, he, both by way of Charge, and Advice, told them, That while his Strength was yet entire, his Body free from Fever, and his Mind able to endure, they might freely uſe their Art, cut, and ſearch to the Bottom; But if they ſhould neglect their Art, and renew Torments in the Declination of Nature, their Ignorance, or over-Tenderneſs, would prove a kind of Tyranny to their Friend, and, conſequently, a Blemiſh to their reverend Science. With Love and Care well mixed, they began the Cure, and continued it ſome Sixteen Days, with ſuch Confidence of his Recovery, as the Joy of their Hearts overflowed their Diſcretion, and made them ſpread the Intelligence of it to the Queen, and all his Noble Friends here in *England*, where it was received, not as *private*, but *publick* good News.

At the ſame Time Count HOLLOCK was under the Care of a moſt excellent Surgeon, for a Wound in his Throat by a Musket-ſhot, yet did he neglect his own Extremity to ſave his Friend, and to that End had ſent him to Sir PHILIP. This Surgeon, notwithſtanding, out of Love to his Maſter, returning one Day to dreſs his Wound, the Count chearfully asked him, How Sir PHILIP did? and he anſwered, with a heavy Countenance, That *he was not well.* At theſe Words the worthy Prince, as having more Senſe of his Friend's Wound than his own, cries out, *Away, Villain! never ſee my Face again, 'till thou bring better News of that Man's Recovery, for whoſe Redemption, many ſuch as I were happily loſt.*

Now, after the Sixteenth Day was paſt, and the very Shoulder-bones of this delicate Patient worn through his Skin, with conſtant and obedient poſturing of his Body to the Surgeon's Art; he judiciouſly obſerving the Pangs his Wound ſtang him with by Fits, together with many other Symptoms of Decay, few or none of Recovery, began rather to ſubmit his Body to theſe Artiſts, than

than any farther to believe in them. He called the Miniſters unto him, who were all excellent Men, of divers Nations, and before them made ſuch a Confeſſion of Chriſtian Faith, as no Book but the Heart, can truly and feelingly deliver. Then calling for his Will, and ſetling his Worldly Affairs, the laſt Scene of this Tragedy, was the Parting between the Two Brothers: The Weaker ſhewing infinite Strength in ſuppreſſing Sorrow, and the Stronger, infinite Weakneſs in expreſſing of it. And to ſtop the natural Torrent of Affection in both, Sir PHILIP took his Leave, with theſe admoniſhing Words: *Love my Memory; cheriſh my Friends; their Faith to me, may aſſure you they are honeſt. But, above all, govern your Will and Affections, by the Will and Word of your Creator: In me, beholding the End of this World, with all her Vanities.* And with this Farewel, deſired the Company to lead him away.

After his Death, which happened on the Sixteenth Day of *October*, the States of *Zealand* became Suiters to her Majeſty, and his Noble Friends, that they might have the Honour of burying his Body at

the publick Expence of their Government*. This was not permitted; for ſoon after, his Body was brought to *Fluſhing*, and being embarked, with great Solemnity, on the Firſt of *November*, landed at *Tower-Wharf* on the Sixth Day of the ſame Month. Thence it was conveyed to the *Minories* without *Aldgate*, where it lay in State for ſome Time, 'till his magnificent Funeral in St. PAUL's Cathedral, the Sixteenth of *February* following; which, as many Princes have not exceeded in the Solemnity, ſo few have equalled in the Sorrow for his Loſs. He was buried near to that Place which his Father-in-Law Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM had deſigned (as I have heard) to be entombed in, without any Monument or Inſcription. King JAMES honoured him with an Epitaph of his Compoſition, and the Muſes both of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, lamenting much for his Loſs, compoſed Verſes to his Memory: Beſides, ſeveral private Perſons did alſo exerciſe their Fancies upon this Occaſion: For ſo general was the Lamentation, that it was accounted a Sin for any

* See his Life, ſupra. p. 165.

Gentleman of Quality, for many Months after, to appear at Court or City, in any light or gaudy Apparel.

No Monument hath ſince been erected over him, whereof this Reaſon is aſſigned; That *he is his own Monument, whoſe Memory is eternized in his Writings, and who was born into the World to ſhew unto our Age a Sample of antient Virtues.**

He left behind him a Daughter named *Elizabeth*, who was born in One thouſand Five hundred Eighty-five: She married *Roger Mannours*, Earl of Rutland, but died without Iſſue.†

* I confeſs it is commonly reported, That Sir PHILIP, ſome Hours before his Death, enjoyned a near Friend to conſign theſe his Works to the Flames, whereby Poſterity had been deprived of much Pleaſure and Profit accruing thereby. What Promiſe his Friend returned herein is uncertain; but if he brake his Word to be faithful to the Publick Good, Poſterity will abſolve

* *Camd. Brit.* in *Kent.*

§ *See his Life prefixed to* [illegible] *supra.*

abſolve him, without doing any Penance, for being guilty of ſuch a meritorious Offence, wherewith he hath obliged ſo many Ages. Hear the excellent *Epigrammatiſt*, OWEN, Lib. 2.

Ipſe tuam moriens, vel conjuge teſte, jubebas
Arcadiam *ſævis ignibus eſſe cibum.*
Si meruit mortem, quia flammam accendit amoris;
Mergi, non Uri debuit iſte liber.
In libros quoscunque cadat ſententia; nullâ
Debuit ingenium morte perire tuum.

As the Ancient *Ægyptians* preſented Secrets under their myſtical *Hieroglyphicks*, ſo that an eaſy Figure was exhibited to the Eye, and an higher Notion tendered under it to the Judgment; So all the ARCADIA is a continual Grove of Morality, ſhadowing Moral and Politick Reſults under the plain and eaſy Emblems of Lovers; ſo that the Reader may be deceived, but not hurt thereby, when ſurprized on a ſudden to more Knowledge than he expected.

I will not here endeavour to offer the Reader a Key to unfold what Perſons were intended under the fictitious Denomina-

tions; herein muſt Men ſhoot at the wild Rovers of their own Conjectures: And many have forged *Keys* of their own Fancies, all pretended to be the right, though unlike one to another. But, beſides, it is an Injury to impoſe Gueſſes for Truths on any Belief; ſuch Applications, rather made than meant, are not without Reflections on Families, as may juſtly give Diſtaſte; I dare confidently aver, That the Wards of this Lock are grown ſo ruſty with Time, that a modern Key will ſcarce unlock it, ſeeing in above a hundred Years, many Criticiſms of Time, Place and Perſon, wherein the Life and Luſtre of this Story did conſiſt, are utterly loſt, and unknown in our Age.

Vita PHILIPPI SIDNEI.

Qui dignos ipſi vitâ ſcripſere libellos
Illorum vitam ſcribere non opus eſt.
Sidnei *in Tumulo eſt, corpus non vita:* Philippi
Producit vitam gloria, longa brevem.

OWEN.

TESTI-

TESTIMONIES

CONCERNING THE

AUTHOR.

GULIELMUS CAMDENUS de Prælio inter *Anglos* & *Hiſpanos* prope *Zutphaniam* in *Geldriâ*.

Anno Dom. 1586.

EX Anglis *pauci deſiderati*; *ſed qui inſtar plurimorum*, SIDNEIUS, *equo profoſſo dum alterum aſcendit, glande femur trajectus*, * *viceſimo quinto pòſt die, magno ſui deſiderio bonis relicto, in flore ætatis exſpiravit, vix quatuor menſes patri ſuperſtes. Cui* Leiceſtrius *avunculus in* Angliam *reverſus, exequias, magno apparatu, & militari ritu, in Templo* Sti Pauli Londini

* Viz. *Octob.* 16. 1586.

ſolvit,

solvit, Jacobus *Rex* Scotorum *epitaphio parentavit; utraque Academia lacrymas consecravit, & Novum* Oxoniæ *Collegium elegantissimum* * Peplum *contexuit. Hæc & ampliora viri virtus, ingenium splendidum, eruditio petitissima, moresque suavissimi meruerunt.*

Mr. CAREW *in his Survey of* Cornwall, p. 102.

"*BEING a Scholar at* Oxford, *of Fourteen Years of Age, and Three Years standing, upon a wrong conceived Opinion, touching my Sufficiency, I was then called to dispute* Extempore *with the matchless Sir* Philip Sidney, *in Presence of the Earls of* Leicester, *and* Warwick, *and divers other great Personages.*†

Dr. HEYLIN, *in his* Cosmography.

ARCADIA *in* Greece, *is a Country, whose Fitness for Pasturage and Grazing hath made it the Subject of many worthy and witty*

---

* *The Title of the* Oxford *Verses published upon the Death of our Author.*

† *We cannot fix the Date, nor on what Occasion this great Appearance of Nobility was then at* Oxford, *only that the Earl of* Leicester *was High Chancellor of the University.*

Dis-

Diſcourſes, eſpecially that of Sir Philip Sidney, *of whom I cannot but make honourable Mention. A Book, which, beſides its excellent Language, rare Contrivances, and delectable Stories, hath in it all the Strains of Poeſy; comprehendeth the univerſal Art of Speaking; and, to them who can diſcern, and will obſerve, affordeth notable Rules for Demeanour, both Private and Publick.*

Mr. LLOYD, *in his* State-Worthies.

HIS Romance was *but Policy played with* Machiavel *in Jeſt, and State-Maxims ſweetened to a Courtier's Palate. He writ Men as exactly as he ſtudied them; and diſcerned Humours in the Court, with the ſame deep Inſight he deſcribed them in his Book.——All were pleaſed with his* ARCADIA *but himſelf, whoſe Tears advanced him ſo much beyond himſelf, as his Parts did beyond others: He condemned his* Arcadia, *in his more retired Judgment, to the* Fire, *which wiſe Men think will continue to the* laſt Conflagration.——*It was he whom Queen* Elizabeth *called Her* * Philip, *the Prince of* Orange *his Maſter; and whoſe Friendſhip my*

* *In Oppoſition to* Philip *of* Spain.

Lord Brooks *was ſo proud of, that he would have no other Epitaph on his Grave than this,*

Here lieth Sir *Philip Sidney*'s Friend.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, *in his* ESSAY *on* POETRY.

THE true Spirit or Vein of Ancient Poetry, under the Name of Romance, ſeems to ſhine moſt in Sir Philip Sidney, *whom I eſteem, both the greateſt Poet, and the nobleſt Genius of any that have left Writings behind them, and publiſhed in ours, or any other modern Language: A Perſon born capable, not only of forming the greateſt Ideas, but of leaving the nobleſt Examples, if the Length of his Life had been equal to the Excellence of his Wit, and his Virtues.*

Mr. LEE, *in his* Dedication *of* CÆSAR BORGIA.

To the Right Honourable PHILIP, *Earl of* Pembroke *and* Montgomery.

My LORD,

YOUR illuſtrious Fore-fathers, and all your eminent Relations, have always been of the Firſt-rate Nobility, Patrons of Wit and Arms, magnificently brave, True Old Stamp

Heroes.

Britons, *and ever foremoſt in the Race of Glory. Not to unravel half your Honourable Records, I challenge all the Men of Fame to ſhew an Equal to the immortal* SIDNEY, *even when ſo many contemporary Worthies flouriſhed: I mean Sir* PHILIP, *true Rival of your Honour; one that could match your Spirit: So moſt extravagantly great, that he refuſed to be a King. He was at once a* CÆSAR *and a* VIRGIL, *the leading Soldier, and the foremoſt Poet. All after this muſt fail: I have paid juſt Veneration to his Name; and, methinks, the Spirit of* SHAKESPEARE *bulhed the Commendation.*

Mr. PHILIPS *in his Sixth* Paſtoral.

FULL fain, O bleſt ELIZA! *would I praiſe*
Thy Maiden Rule, and Albion's *Golden Days.*
Then gentle SIDNEY *liv'd, the Shepherd's Friend;*
Eternal Bleſſings on his Shade attend!

CRITICISMS ON Paſtoral Writing.

Rura mihi & rigui placeant in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina amem Sylvaſque inglorius ——— Virg.

PASTORAL Poetry not only amuſes the Fancy the moſt delightfully, but is likewiſe more indebted to it than any other Sort whatſoever. It tranſports us into a Kind of *Fairy-Land*, where ours Ears are ſoothed with the Melody of Birds, bleating Flocks, and purling Streams; our Eyes inchanted with flowry Meadows, and ſpringing Greens; we are laid under cool Shades, and entertained with all the Sweets and Freſhneſs of Nature. It is a Dream, 'tis a Viſion, which we wiſh may be real, and we believe that it is true.

In

In order to form a right Judgment of Paſtoral Poetry, it will be neceſſary to caſt back our Eyes on the firſt Ages of the World. For ſince that Way of Life is not now in Being, we muſt enquire into the Manner of it when it actually did exiſt. Before Mankind was formed into large Societies, or Cities were built, and Commerce eſtabliſhed, the Wealth of the World conſiſted chiefly in Flocks and Herds. The tending of theſe, we find to have been the Imployment of the firſt Princes, whoſe Subjects were Sheep and Oxen, and their Dominions, the adjoining Vales. As they lived in great Affluence and Eaſe, we may preſume, That they injoyed ſuch Pleaſures as that Condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their Manner of Life gave them Vigour of Body, and Serenity of Mind. The Abundance they were poſſeſſed of ſecured them from Avarice, Ambition, or Envy; they could ſcarce have any Anxieties or Contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love, indeed, might occaſion ſome Rivallhips amongſt them, becauſe many Lovers fix upon one Object, for the Loſs of which, they will be ſatisfied with no Compenſation. Otherwiſe it was a State of Eaſe, Innocence, and Contentment; where Plenty begot Pleaſure, and Pleaſure begot Singing; Singing begot Poetry, and Poetry begot Pleaſure again.

Thus

Thus happy was the firſt Race o
but rude withal, and uncultivate
before they could make any conſ
Progreſs in Arts and Sciences, the
quility of the Rural Life was deſtroyed by
turbulent and ambitious Spirits; who, hav-
ing built Cities, raiſed Armies, and ſtudied
Policies of State, made Vaſſals of the de-
fenſeleſs Shepherds, and rendred that which
was before eaſy and unreſtrained, a mean,
laborious, miſerable Condition. Hence, if
we conſider the Paſtoral Period before
Learning, we ſhall find it unpoliſhed; if
after, we ſhall find it unpleaſant.

The Uſe that I would make of this ſhort
Review of the Country Life, ſhall be this:
An Author, that would amuſe himſelf by
writing Paſtorals, ſhould form in his Fancy
a Rural Scene of perfect Eaſe and Tran-
quility, where Innocence, Simplicity, and
Joy abound. It is not enough that he
writes about the Country; he muſt give
us what is agreeable in that Scene, and
hide what is wretched. It is, indeed, com-
monly affirmed, That Truth, well-painted,
will certainly pleaſe the Imagination; but
it is ſometimes convenient not to diſcover
the whole Truth, but that Part which only
is delightful. We muſt ſometimes ſhew
only Half an Image to the Fancy; which
if we diſplay in a lively Manner, the Mind
is ſo dexterouſly deluded, that it doth not

readily perceive that the other Half is concealed. Thus, in writing Paſtorals, let the Tranquility of that Life appear full and plain, but hide the Meanneſs of it; repreſent its Simplicity as clear as you pleaſe, but cover its Miſery. I would not hereby be ſo underſtood, as if I thought nothing that is irkſome or unpleaſant ſhould have a Place in theſe Writings; I only mean, That this State of Life in general ſhould be ſuppoſed agreeable. But as there is no Condition exempt from Anxiety, I will allow Shepherds to be afflicted with ſuch Misfortunes, as the Loſs of a Favourite Lamb, or a faithleſs Miſtreſs. He may, if you pleaſe, pick a Thorn out of his Foot, or vent his Grief for loſing the Prize in Dancing; but theſe being ſmall Torments, they recommend that State which only produces ſuch trifling Evils. Again, I would not ſeem ſo ſtrict in my Notions of Innocence and Simplicity, as to deny the Uſe of a little Railing, or the Liberty of ſtealing a Kid, or a Sheep-Hook. For theſe are likewiſe ſuch petty Enormities, that we muſt think the Country happy where theſe are the greateſt Tranſgreſſions.

When a Reader is placed in ſuch a Scene as I have deſcribed, and introduced into ſuch Company as I have choſen, he gives himſelf up to the pleaſing Deluſion, and ſince every one doth not know how it comes

to

to paſs, I will venture to tell him why he is pleaſed.

The firſt Reaſon is, Becauſe all Mankind loves Eaſe: Though Ambition and Avarice imploy moſt Mens Thoughts, they are ſuch uneaſy Habits, that we do not indulge them out of Choice, but from ſome Neceſſity, real or imaginary. We ſeek Happineſs, in which Eaſe is the principal Ingredient, and the End propoſed in our moſt reſtleſs Purſuits, is Tranquility. We are therefore ſoothed and delighted with the Repreſentation of it, and fancy we partake of the Pleaſure.

A Second Reaſon is, Our Approbation of Innocence and Simplicity: Human Nature is not ſo much depraved, as to hinder us from reſpecting Goodneſs in others, tho' we ourſelves want it. This is the Reaſon why we are ſo much charmed with the pretty Prattle of Children, and even the Expreſſions of Pleaſure or Uneaſineſs in ſome Part of the Brute Creation. They are without Artifice or Malice; and we love Truth too well to reſiſt the Charms of Sincerity.

A Third Reaſon is, Our Love of the Country: Health, Tranquility, and pleaſing Objects, are the Growth of the Country; and though Men, for the general Good of the World, are made to love popu-

lous

lous Cities, the Country hath the greateſt Share in an uncorrupted Heart. When we paint, deſcribe, or any way indulge our Fancy, the Country is the Scene which ſupplies us with the moſt lovely Images. This State was that wherein God placed *Adam* when in *Paradiſe*; nor could all the fanciful Wits of Antiquity imagine any thing that could adminiſter more exquiſite Delight in their *Elyſium*.

Having already conveyed my Reader into the Fairy, or Paſtoral Land, and informed him what manner of Life the Inhabitants of that Region lead; I ſhall give him ſome Marks, whereby he may diſcover, whether he is impoſed upon by thoſe who pretend to be of that Country; or, in other Words, What are the Characteriſticks of a true ARCADIAN.

From the foregoing Account of the Paſtoral Life, we may diſcover, that Simplicity is neceſſary in the Character of Shepherds. Their Minds muſt be ſuppoſed ſo rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheleſs we are not obliged to repreſent them dull and ſtupid, ſince fine Spirits were undoubtedly in the World before Arts were invented to poliſh and adorn them. We may therefore introduce Shepherds with good Senſe, and even with Wit, provided their Manner of thinking be not too

too gallant or refined. For all Men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive Things the ſame Way (Truth being eternally the ſame to all) though they expreſs them very differently. For here lies the Difference: Men, who by long Study and Experience have reduced their Ideas to certain Claſſes, and conſider the general Nature of Things abſtracted from Particulars, expreſs their Thoughts after a more conciſe, lively, and ſurprizing Manner. Thoſe who have little Experience, or cannot abſtract, deliver their Sentiments in plain Deſcriptions, by Circumſtances, and thoſe Obſervations, which either ſtrike upon the Senſes, or are the firſt Motions of the Mind. And though the former raiſes our Admiration more, the latter gives more Pleaſure, and ſooths us more naturally.

THE

THE

Countess of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparel againſt the approach of her lover, and that the ſun running a moſt even courſe, becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day, when the hopeleſs ſhepherd *Strephon* was come to the ſands, which lie againſt the iſland of *Cithera*; where viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and ſometimes caſting his eyes to the iſleward, he called his friendly rival, the paſtor *Claius* unto him; and ſetting firſt down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what he would ſpeak, O my *Claius*, ſaid he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are ſo called unto by over-buſy *remembrance*, *remembrance*, reſtleſs *remembrance*, which claims not only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget our ſelves. I pray you, when we were amid our flock, and that of other ſhepherds ſome were running after their ſheep, ſtrayed beyond their bounds; ſome delighting their eyes with ſeeing them nibble upon the ſhort and ſweet graſs; ſome

medicining their ſick ewes; ſome ſetting a bell for an enſign of a ſheepiſh ſquadron; ſome with more leiſure inventing new games of exerciſing their bodies, and ſporting their wits; did *remembrance* grant us any holy-day, either for paſtime or devotion? nay either for neceſſary food, or natural reſt? but that ſtill it forced our thoughts to work upon this place, where we laſt (alas that the word *laſt* ſhould ſo long laſt) did graze our eyes upon her ever-flouriſhing beauty, did it not ſtill cry within us? Ah you baſe minded wretches! are your thoughts ſo deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for reſpect of gain ſome paltry wool may yield you, to let ſo much time paſs without knowing perfectly her eſtate, eſpecially in ſo troubleſome a ſeaſon? to leave that ſhore unſaluted from whence you may ſee to the iſland where ſhe dwelleth? to leave thoſe ſteps unkiſſed wherein *Urania* printed the farewel of all beauty? Well then, *remembrance* commanded, we obeyed, and here we find, that as our *remembrance* came ever clothed unto us in the form of this place, ſo this place gives new heat to the fever of our languiſhing *remembrance*. Yonder, my *Claius*, *Urania* lighted, the very horſe, methought, bewailed to be ſo disburdened: and as for thee, poor *Claius*, when thou wenteſt to help her down, I ſaw reverence and deſire ſo divide thee, that thou didſt at one inſtant both bluſh and quake, and inſtead of bearing her, wert ready to fall down thy ſelf. There ſhe ſat, vouchſafing my cloak (then moſt gorgeous) under her: at yonder riſing of the ground ſhe turned her ſelf, looking back towards her wonted abode, and becauſe of her parting, bearing much ſorrow in her eyes, the lightſomneſs whereof had yet ſo natural a cheerfulneſs, as it made even ſorrow ſeem to ſmile; at that turning ſhe ſpake to us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine ears did feed upon the ſweet words ſhe uttered! And here ſhe laid her hand over thine eyes, when ſhe ſaw the tears ſpringing in them, as if ſhe would conceal them from other, and yet her

ſelf

elf feel ſome of thy ſorrow. But woe is me, yonder, yonder, did ſhe put her foot into the boat, at that inſtant, as it were dividing her heavenly beauty, between the earth and the ſea. But when ſhe was imbarked, did you not mark how the winds whiſtled, and the ſeas danced for joy? How the ſails did ſwell with pride, and all becauſe they had *Urania*? O *Urania*, bleſſed be thou *Urania*, the ſweeteſt fairneſs, and faireſt ſweetneſs! With that word his voice brake ſo with ſobbing, that he could ſay no farther; and *Claius* thus anſwered; Alas my *Strephon* (ſaid he) what needs this ſcore to reckon up only our loſſes? What doubt is there, but that the ſight of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of *affection*, held by that racking ſteward *remembrance*? As well may ſheep forget to fear when they 'ſpy wolves, as we can miſs ſuch fancies, when we ſee any place made happy by her treading. Who can chuſe that ſaw her, but think where ſhe ſtayed, where ſhe walked, where ſhe turned, where ſhe ſpoke? But what is all this? truly no more, but as this place ſerved us to think of thoſe things, ſo thoſe things ſerve as places to call to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us think with conſideration, and conſider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midſt of all woes: let us in ſuch ſort think, I ſay, that our poor eyes were ſo inriched as to behold, and our low hearts ſo exalted as to love a maid, who is ſuch, that as the greateſt thing the world can ſhew, is her beauty, ſo the leaſt thing that may be praiſed in her, is her beauty. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleaſant to behold, than two white kids climbing up a fair tree, and browſing on his tendereſt branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-ſhining ſtars contained in them; and as her breath is more ſweet than a gentle ſouth-weſt wind, which comes creeping over flowry fields and ſhadowed waters in the extreme heat of ſummer; and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing ſpeech that breath doth car-

ry: no more all that our eyes can ſee of her (though when they have ſeen her, what elſe they ſhall ever ſee is but dry ſtubble after clover-graſs) is to be matched with the flock of unſpeakable virtues, laid up delightfully in that beſt builded fold. But indeed, as we can better conſider the ſun's beauty, by marking how he gilds theſe waters and mountains, than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes: ſo it may be our conceits (not able to bear her ſun-ſtaining excellency) will better weigh it by her works upon ſome meaner ſubject imployed. And alas, who can better witneſs *that* than we, whoſe experience is grounded upon feeling? Hath not the only love of her made us (being ſilly ignorant ſhepherds) raiſe up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world, ſo as great clerks do not diſdain our conference? Hath not the deſire to ſeem worthy in her eyes, made us, when others were ſleeping, to ſit viewing the courſe of the heavens? when others were running at *Baſe*, * to run over learned *writings*? when others mark their *ſheep*, we to mark *our ſelves*? Hath not ſhe thrown reaſon upon our deſires, and, as it were, given eyes unto *Cupid*? Hath in any, but in her, love-fellowſhip maintained friendſhip between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chaſtity?

He was going on with his praiſes, but *Strephon* bad him ſtay, and look: and ſo they both perceived a thing which floated, drawing nearer and nearer to the bank; but rather by the favourable working of the ſea, than by any ſelf-induſtry. They doubted a while what it ſhould be; till it was caſt up even hard before them: at which time they fully ſaw that it was a man. Whereupon running for pity ſake unto him, they found his hands (as it ſhould appear, conſtanter friends to his life, than his memory) faſt griping upon the edge of a ſquare ſmall coffer, which lay all under his breaſt: elſe in him-

* An exerciſe much uſed by the country people, (called *Priſon-baſe*) who divide themſelves into parties at a *Running-match*, and that *Party*, which takes moſt priſoners from the *other*, gains the *Prize*.

ſelf

of no ſhew of life, ſo as the board ſeemed to be but a bier to carry him a land to his ſepulchre. So drew they up a young man of goodly ſhape, and well-pleaſing favour, that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance; and that, though he were naked, nakedneſs was to him an apparel. That ſight increaſed their compaſſion, and their compaſſion called up their care; ſo that lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of ſalt water come out of his mouth, they laid him upon ſome of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath, the ſervant, and warmth, the companion of living. At length opening his eyes, he gave a great groan, (a doleful note, but a pleaſant ditty) for by that, they found not only life, but ſtrength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, until (his ſpirits being well returned) he (without ſo much as thanking them for their pains) gat up, and looking round about to the uttermoſt limits of ſight, and crying upon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor ſeeing nor hearing cauſe of comfort, what (ſaid he) and ſhall *Muſidorus* live after *Pyrocles*'s deſtruction? Therewithal he offered wilfully to caſt himſelf again into the *ſea:* a ſtrange ſight to the ſhepherds, to whom it ſeemed, that before being in appearance dead, had yet ſaved his life; and now coming to his life, ſhould be a cauſe to procure his death; but they ran unto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force ſtickled that unnatural fray. I pray you (ſaid he) honeſt men, what ſuch right have you in me, as not to ſuffer me to do with my ſelf what I liſt? And what policy have you to beſtow a benefit where it is counted an injury? They hearing him ſpeak in *Greek* (which was their natural language) became the more tender-hearted towards him; and conſidering by his calling, and looking that the loſs of ſome dear friend was great cauſe of his ſorrow, told him, they were poor men that were bound, by courſe of humanity, to prevent ſo great a miſchief; and that they wiſhed him, if

opinion of ſome body's periſhing bred ſuch deſperate anguiſh in him, that he ſhould be comforted by his own proof, who had lately eſcaped as apparent danger as any might be. No, no (ſaid he) it is not for me to attend ſo high a bliſsfulneſs: but ſince you take care of me, I pray you find means that ſome barque may be provided, that will go out of the *haven*, that if it be poſſible we may find the body, far, far too precious food for fiſhes: and for that hire (ſaid he) I have within this casket, of value ſufficient to content them. *Claius* preſently went to a fiſherman, and having agreed with him, and provided ſome apparel for the naked ſtranger, he imbarked, and the ſhepherds with him: and were no ſooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven, but that ſome way into the ſea they might diſcern (as it were) a ſtain of the water's colour, and by times ſome ſparks and ſmoke mounting thereout. But the young man no ſooner ſaw it, but that beating his breaſt, he cryed, that there was the beginning of his ruin, intreating them to bend their courſe as near unto it as they could; telling, how that ſmoke was but a ſmall relique of a great fire, which had driven both him and his friend rather to commit themſelves to the cold mercy of the ſea, than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ſhip, that he was (if any where) in that courſe to be met withal. They ſteered therefore as near thither-ward as they could: but when they came ſo near as their eyes were full maſters of the object, they ſaw a ſight full of piteous ſtrangeneſs: a ſhip, or rather the carkaſs of the ſhip, or rather ſome few bones of the carkaſs, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death having uſed more than one dart to that deſtruction. About it, floated great ſtore of very rich things, and many cheſts which might promiſe no leſs. And amidſt the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewiſe did not only teſtifie both elements violence, but that the chief violence was grown of human inhumanity: for their bodies were full of griſly

griſly wounds, and their blood had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the ſea's viſage; which it ſeemed the ſea would not waſh away, that it might witneſs it is not always his fault, when we do condemn his cruelty. In ſum, a defeat, where the conquered kept both field and ſpoil: a ſhipwrack without ſtorm or ill footing: and a waſte of fire in the midſt of the water.

But a little way off they ſaw the maſt, whoſe proud height now lay along; like a widow having loſt her mate of whom ſhe held her honour: but upon the maſt they ſaw a young man (at leaſt if he were a man) bearing ſhew of about eighteen years of age, who ſat (as on horſe-back) having nothing upon him but his ſhirt, which being wrought with blue ſilk and gold, had a kind of reſemblance to the ſea: on which the ſun (then near (his *weſtern* home) did ſhoot ſome of his beams. His hair (which the young men of *Greece* uſed to wear very long) was ſtirred up and down with the wind, which ſeemed to have a ſport to play with it, as the ſea had to kiſs his feet; himſelf full of admirable beauty, ſet forth by the ſtrangeneſs both of his ſeat and geſture: for, holding his head up full of unmoved majeſty, he held a ſword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity. But the fiſhermen, when they came ſo near him that it was time to throw out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their ſimplicity bred ſuch amazement, and their amazement ſuch ſuperſtition, that (aſſuredly thinking it was ſome God begotten between *Neptune* and *Venus*, that had made all this terrible ſlaughter) as they went under ſail by him, held up their hands and made their prayers. Which, when *Muſidorus* ſaw, though he were almoſt as much raviſhed with joy, as they with aſtoniſhment, he leaped to the mariner, and took the cord out of his hand, and (ſaying, Doſt thou live, and art well? who anſwered, Thou canſt tell beſt, ſince moſt of my well being ſtands in thee) threw it out, but already the ſhip was paſt beyond *Pyracles*: and

therefore *Muſidorus* could do no more but perſuade the mariners to caſt about again, aſſuring them that he was but a man, although of moſt divine excellencies, and promiſing great rewards for their pains.

And now they were already come upon the ſhips when one of the ſailors deſcryed a galley which came with ſails and oars directly in the chace of them; and ſtraight perceived it was a well known pirate, who hunted not only for goods, but for bodies of men, which he imployed either to be his galley-ſlaves or to ſell at the beſt market. Which when the maſter underſtood, he commanded forthwith to ſet on all the canvaſs they could, and flie homeward, leaving in that ſort poor *Pyrocles* ſo near to be reſcued. But what did not *Muſidorus* ſay? what did he not offer to perſuade them to venture to fight? but fear ſtanding at the gates of their ears, put back all perſuaſions: ſo that he had nothing wherewith to accompany *Pyrocles*, but his eyes, nought to ſuccour him, but his wiſhes. Therefore praying for him, and caſting a long look that way, he ſaw the galley leave the purſuit of them, and turn to take up the ſpoils of the other wrack: and laſtly he might well ſee them lift up the young man; and alas (ſaid he to himſelf) dear *Pyrocles*, ſhall that body of thine be inchained? ſhall thoſe victorious hands of thine be commanded to baſe offices? ſhall virtue become a ſlave to thoſe that be ſlaves to viciouſneſs? alas, better had it been thou hadſt ended nobly thy noble days: what death is ſo evil as unworthy ſervitude? but that opinion ſoon ceaſed, when he ſaw the galley ſetting upon another ſhip, which held long and ſtrong fight with her: for then he began afreſh to fear the life of his friend, and to wiſh well to the pirates whom before he hated, leſt in their ruin he might periſh. But the fiſherman made ſuch ſpeed into the haven, that they abſented his eyes from beholding the iſſue: where being entered, he could procure neither them, or any other as then, to put themſelves into the ſea: ſo that being ſo full of ſorrow for being unable to

do

to any thing, as void of counſel how to do any thing: beſides, that ſickneſs grew ſomething upon him, the honeſt ſhepherds *Strephon* and *Claius* (who being themſelves true friends, did the more perfectly judge the juſtneſs of his ſorrow) adviſe him, that he ſhould mitigate ſomewhat of his woe, ſince he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from aſſured perſuaſion of his death, to have no cauſe to deſpair of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his ſheep ſhould after know they were but ſtrayed, would receive pleaſure, though readily he knew not where to find them.

Now Sir (ſaid they) thus for our ſelves it is; we are in profeſſion but ſhepherds, and in this country of *Laconia* little better than ſtrangers, and therefore neither in skill, nor ability of power greatly to ſtead you. But what we can preſent unto you is this: *Arcadia*, of which country we are, is but a little way hence; and even upon the next confines there dwelleth a gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchſafeth much favour unto us: a man, who, for his hoſpitality, is ſo much haunted, that no news ſtir, but comes to his ears; for his upright dealing ſo beloved of his neighbours, that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermoſt ſervice; and by the great good will our prince bears him, may ſoon obtain the uſe of his name and credit, which hath a principal ſway, not only in his own *Arcadia*, but in all theſe countries of *Peloponneſus*: and (which is worth all) all theſe things give him not ſo much power, as his nature gives him will to benefit: ſo that it ſeems no muſick is ſo ſweet to his ear as deſerved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent ſearch for your friend; and therefore you muſt labour for it. Beſides, we are ſure the comfort of courteſy, and eaſe of wiſe counſel ſhall not be wanting.

Muſidorus (who, beſides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits aſtoniſhed with ſorrow) gave eaſy conſent to that, from which he ſaw no reaſon

to diſagree: and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring beſtowed upon them) they took their journey together through *Laconia*; *Clains* and *Strephon* by course carrying his cheſt for him, *Muſidorus* only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a ſorrowful mind, ſupported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of ſorrow is not, at the firſt, to be ſtriven withal, (being like a mighty beaſt, ſooner tamed with following, than overthrown by withſtanding) they gave way unto it, for that day and the next; never troubling him, either with asking queſtions, or finding fault with his melancholy; but rather fitting to his dolor, dolorous diſcourſes of their own and other folks misfortune. Which ſpeeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his ſenſes ſhut up in ſorrow, yet like one half aſleep he took hold of much of the matters ſpoken unto him, ſo as a man may ſay, e'er ſorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away ſomething elſe beſide his own ſorrow, which wrought ſo in him, that at length he grew content to mark their ſpeeches, then to marvel at ſuch wit in ſhepherds, after to like their company, and laſtly to vouchſafe conference: ſo that the third day after, in the time that the morning did ſtrew roſes and violets in the heavenly floor againſt the coming of the ſun, the nightingales (ſtriving one with the other which could in moſt dainty variety recount their wrong-cauſed ſorrow) made them put off their ſleep, and riſing from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed *Muſidorus*'s eyes (wearied with the waſted ſoil of *Laconia*) with delightful proſpects. There were hills which garniſhed their proud heights with ſtately trees: humble vallies, whoſe baſe eſtate ſeemed comforted with the refreſhing of ſilver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all ſorts of eye-pleaſing flowers; thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſant ſhade were witneſſed ſo too, by the cheerful diſpoſition of many well-tuned birds; each paſture ſtored with ſheep, feeding with ſober ſecurity,

while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved ms comfort: here a ſhepherd's boy piping, as he ſhould never be old: there a young ſhepherdeſs knitting, and withal ſinging, and it ſeemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-muſick. As for the houſes of the country (for many houſes came under their eye) they were all ſcattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not ſo far off as that it barred mutual ſuccour: a ſhew, as it were, of an accompanable ſolitarineſs, and of a civil wildneſs. I pray you (ſaid *Muſidorus*, then firſt unſealing his long ſilent lips) what countries be theſe we paſs through, which are ſo divers in ſhew, the one wanting no ſtore, the other having no ſtore but of want?

The country (anſwered *Claius*) where you were caſt aſhore, and now are paſt through, is *Laconia*, not ſo poor by the barrenneſs of the ſoil (though in it ſelf not paſſing fertile) as by a civil war, which being theſe two years within the bowels of that eſtate, between the gentlemen and the peaſants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this ſort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it ſo unhoſpitable as now you have found it: the towns neither of the one ſide, nor the other, willingly opening their gates to ſtrangers, nor ſtrangers willingly entering for fear of being miſtaken.

But this country (where now you ſet your foot) is *Arcadia*: and even hard by is the houſe of *Kalander*, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and (the child of peace) good husbandry, theſe houſes you ſee ſo ſcattered, are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their ſheep: and therefore in the diviſion of the *Arcadian* eſtate are termed ſhepherds; a happy people, wanting little, becauſe they deſire not much. What cauſe then, ſaid *Muſidorus*, made you venture to leave this ſweet life, and put your ſelf in yonder unpleaſant and dangerous realm? guarded with poverty (anſwered *Strephon*) and guided with

with love. But now (ſaid *Claius*), ſince it hath pleaſed you to ask any thing of us, whoſe blindneſs is ſuch as the very knowledge is darkneſs, give us leave to know ſomething of you, and of the young man you ſo much lament, that at leaſt we may be the better inſtructed to inform *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Muſidorus* (according to the agreement between *Pyrocles* and him to alter their names) anſwered, that he called himſelf *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I have him again (ſaid he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my ſtory is of nothing; his entertainment (ſince ſo good a man he is) cannot be ſo low as I account my eſtate; and in ſum, the ſum of all his courteſy may be to help me by ſome means to ſeek my friend.

They perceived he was not willing to open himſelf farther, and therefore, without farther queſtioning, brought him to the houſe; about which they might ſee (with fit conſideration both of the air, the proſpect, and the nature of the ground) all ſuch neceſſary additions to a great houſe, as might well ſhew *Kalander* knew that *proviſion* is the *foundation* of *hoſpitality*, and *thrift* the *fuel* of *magnificence*. The houſe it ſelf was built of fair and ſtrong ſtone, not affecting ſo much any extraordinary kind of fineneſs, as an honourable repreſenting of a firm ſtatelineſs. The lights, doors and ſtairs, rather directed to the uſe of the gueſt, than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, ſo the other not neglected; each place handſome without curioſity, and homely without loathſomeneſs; not ſo dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet ſlubbered up with good fellowſhip; all more laſting than beautiful, but that the conſideration of the exceeding laſtingneſs, made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The ſervants not ſo many in number, as cleanly in apparel, and ſerviceable in behaviour, teſtifying even in their countenances, that their maſter took as well care to be ſerved, as of them that did ſerve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the ſhepherds,

herds, as men, who though they were poor, their master greatly favoured; and understanding by them, that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, so that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune; he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to *Musidorus*, *Strephon* privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

No, said *Kalander* (speaking aloud) I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which (if this young man's face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind, than you have done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in shew like a merchant's prentice, who, taking *Strephon* by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and *Claius* from *Urania*: which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter) and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving *Musidorus* even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them: and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him, that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that sight *Kalander* soon judged, that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, *Musidorus* found his sickness (which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly, so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to *Kalander*, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously

ouſly and cunningly ſet in divers manners, deſiring him he would keep thoſe triſles, and if he died, he would beſtow ſo much of it as was needful, to find out and redeem a young man, naming himſelf *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of *Laconian* pirates.

But *Kalander* ſeeing him faint more and more, with careful ſpeed conveyed him to the moſt commodious lodging in his houſe: where being poſſeſſed with an extreme burning fever, he continued ſome while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victory of ſickneſs, ſo that in ſix weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a creditable ambaſſador of his health, to the great joy of *Kalander*, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the ſea in *Miſſenia*, ſet forth a ſhip and a galley to ſeek and ſuccour *Daiphantus*; ſo at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify *Palladius*.

For, having found in him (beſides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily diſcourſes, which he delighted himſelf to have with him, a mind of moſt excellent compoſition, a piercing wit, quite void of oſtentation, high erected thought ſeated in a heart of courteſy, an eloquence as ſweet in the uttering, as ſlow to come to the uttering, a behaviour ſo noble, as gave a majeſty to adverſity; and all in a man whoſe age could not be above one and twenty years; the good old man was even enamoured with a fatherly love towards him, or rather became his ſervant by the bonds ſuch virtue laid upon him; once, he acknowledged himſelf ſo to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* having gotten his health, and only ſtaying there to be in place, where he might hear anſwer of the ſhips ſet forth; *Kalander* one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his houſe, which he thought to ſhew him before his going, as the place himſelf, more than in any other, delighted in. The backſide of the houſe was neither field, garden, nor orchard;

her it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as ſoon as the deſcending of the ſtairs had delivered them they came into a place cunningly ſet with trees of the moſt taſte-pleaſing fruits: but ſcarcely they had taken that into their conſideration, but that they were ſuddenly ſtept into a delicate green; of each ſide of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a Moſaical floor, ſo that it ſeemed that Art therein woulds needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy Error, and making order in confuſion.

In the midſt of all the place was a fair pond, whoſe ſhaking cryſtal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, ſo that it bare ſhew of two gardens; one in deed, the other in ſhadows: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a naked *Venus* of white marble, wherein the graver had uſed ſuch cunning, that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places, to ſet forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breaſt ſhe had her babe *Æneas*, who ſeemed, having begun to ſuck, to leave that, to look upon her fair eyes, which ſmiled at the babe's folly, mean while the breaſt running.

Hard by, was a houſe of pleaſure, built for a ſummer-retiring place; whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a ſquare room full of delightful pictures, made by the moſt excellent workman of *Greece*. There was *Diana*, when *Actæon* ſaw her bathing; in whoſe cheeks the painter had ſet ſuch a colour, as was mixed between ſhame and diſdain, and one of her fooliſh nymphs, who weeping, and withal lowering, one might ſee the workman meant to ſet forth tears of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the poſture of whoſe limbs was ſo lively expreſſed, that if the eyes were only judges, as they be the only ſeers, one would have ſworn the very picture had run. Beſides many more, as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole*: but in none of them all beauty ſeemed to ſpeak ſo much as in a large table, which contained a comely old man, with a lady of

middle

middle age, but of excellent beauty, and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there ſtood beſides them a young maid, whoſe wonderfulneſs took away all beauty from her, but that which it might ſeem ſhe gave her back again by her very ſhadow. And ſuch difference (being known that it did indeed counterfeit a perſon living) was there between her and all the other, tho' Goddeſſes, that it ſeemed the skill of the painter beſtowed nothing on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her beſtowed new skill on the painter. Though he thought inquiſitiveneſs an uncomely gueſt, he could not chuſe but ask who ſhe was, that bearing ſhew of one being indeed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. *Kalander* anſwered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the younger daughter of his prince, who alſo with his wife were contained in that table: the painter meaning to repreſent the preſent condition of the young lady, who ſtood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents; and that he would alſo have drawn her eldeſt ſiſter, eſteemed her match for beauty, in her ſhepherdiſh attire, but that rude clown her guardian would not ſuffer it; neither durſt he ask leave of the prince, for fear of ſuſpicion. *Palladius* perceived that the matter was wrapped up in ſome ſecrecy, and therefore would, for modeſty, demand no farther; but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence deſire it: Which *Kalander* perceiving; Well (*ſaid he*) my dear gueſt, I know your mind, and I will ſatisfy it: neither will I do it like a niggardly anſwerer, going no farther than the bounds of the queſtion; but I will diſcover unto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me; knowing ſo much in you (though not long acquainted) that I ſhall find your ears faithful treaſurers. So then ſitting down in two chairs, and ſometimes caſting his eye to the picture, he thus ſpake.

This country *Arcadia* among all the provinces of *Greece*, hath ever been had in ſingular reputation; partly for

for the ſweetneſs of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the ſhining title of glory, ſo much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happineſs of life) are the only people, which, as by their juſtice and providence give neither cauſe nor hope to their neighbours to annoy; ſo are they not ſtirred with falſe praiſe to trouble others quiet, thinking it a ſmall reward for the waſting of their own lives in ravening, that their poſterity ſhould long after ſay, they had done ſo. Even the muſes ſeem to approve their good determination, by chuſing this country for their chief repairing place, and by beſtowing their perfections ſo largely here, that the very ſhepherds have their fancies lifted to ſo high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince (whoſe picture you ſee) by name *Baſilius*; a prince of ſufficient skill to govern ſo quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had ſet down good laws, and the well-bringing up of the people doth ſerve as a moſt ſure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing ſo much as the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only paſs all his own foregoers, but as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cauſe is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wiſdom, height of courage, and largeneſs of magnificence; yet is he notable in thoſe which ſtir affection, as truth of word, meekneſs, courteſy, mercifulneſs, and liberality.

He, being already well ſtricken in years, married a young princeſs, named *Gynecia*, daughter to the king of *Cyprus*, of notable beauty, as by her picture you ſee: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of moſt unſpotted chaſtity; but of ſo working a mind, and ſo vehement ſpirits, as a man

may ſay; it was happy ſhe took a good course, for other-wiſe it would have been terrible.

Of theſe two are brought into the world two daughters, ſo beyond meaſure excellent in all the parts allotted to reaſonable creatures, that we may think they were born to ſhew, that nature is no ſtep-mother to that ſex, how much ſoever ſome men (ſharp-witted only in evil ſpeaking) have ſought to diſgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferior to her ſiſter: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was, (if at leaſt ſuch perfections may receive the word of more) more ſweetneſs in *Philoclea*, but more majeſty in *Pamela*: methought love played in *Philoclea*'s eyes, and threatened in *Pamela*'s: methought *Philoclea*'s beauty only perſuaded, but ſo perſuaded as all hearts muſt yield; *Pamela*'s beauty uſed violence, and ſuch violence as no heart could reſiſt. And it ſeems that ſuch proportion is between their minds: *Philoclea* ſo baſhful, as though her excellencies had ſtoln into her before ſhe was aware; ſo humble, that ſhe will put all pride out of countenance; in ſum, ſuch proceeding as will ſtir hope, but teach hope good manners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wiſdom, greatneſs, nobility, but (if I can gueſs aright) knit with a more conſtant temper. Now then, our *Baſilius* being ſo publickly happy, as to be a prince, and ſo happy in that happineſs, as to be a beloved prince; and ſo in his private eſtate bleſſed, as to have ſo excellent a wife, and ſo over-excellent children, hath of late taken a courſe, which yet makes him more ſpoken of than all theſe bleſſings. For, having made a journey to *Delphos*, and ſafely returned, within ſhort ſpace, he brake up his Court, and retired himſelf, his wife and children into a certain foreſt hereby, which he called his deſart; wherein (beſides an houſe appointed for ſtables, and lodgings for certain perſons of mean calling, who do all houſhold-ſervices) he hath builded two fine lodges; in the one of them himſelf remains

mains with his younger daughter *Philoclea* (which was the cauſe they three were matched together in this picture) without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

Which though it be ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange as the courſe he hath taken with the princeſs *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how think you accompanied? truly with none other but one *Dametas*, the moſt arrant doltiſh clown, that I think ever was without the privilege of a bable, with his wife *Miſo* and daughter *Mopſa*, in whom no wit can deviſe any thing, wherein they may pleaſure her, but to exerciſe her patience, and to ſerve for a foil of her perfections. This lowtiſh clown is ſuch, that you never ſaw ſo ill-favoured a vizor; his behaviour ſuch, that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparel, even as I would wiſh him: *Miſo* his wife ſo handſome a beldam, that only her face and her ſplay-foot have made her accuſed for a witch; only one good point ſhe hath, that ſhe obſerves *decorum*, having a froward mind in a wretched body. Between the two perſonages (who never agreed in any humour, but in diſagreeing) is iſſued forth miſtreſs *Mopſa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but becauſe a pleaſant fellow of my acquaintance ſet forth her praiſes in verſe, I will only repeat them, and ſpare mine own tongue, ſince ſhe goes for a woman. The verſes are theſe, which I have ſo often cauſed to be ſung, that I have them without book,

What length of verſe can ſerve, brave Mopſa's *good to ſhow?*
When virtues ſtrange, and beauties ſuch, as no man them may know:
Thus ſhrewdly burden'd then, how can my muſe eſcape?
The Gods muſt help, and precious things muſt ſerve, to ſhew her ſhape.
Like great God Saturn *fair, and like fair* Venus *chaſt:*
As ſmooth as Pan, *as* Juno *mild, like Goddeſs* Iris *fac't,*

With Cupid *ſhe forſees, and goes God* Vulcan's *pace.*
And for a taſte of all theſe gifts, ſhe ſteals God Momus *wreſt.*
Her forehead Jacinth-*like, her cheeks of* Opal *hue,*
Her twinkling eyes bedeck'd with Pearl, *her lips a* Saphire *dew.*
Her hair like Crapal *ſtone; her mouth, O heavenly wide!*
Her ſkin like burniſh'd gold, *her hands like* ſilver *ore vary'd.*
As for her parts unknown, *which* hidden *ſure are beſt:*
Happy be they which will believe, *and never ſeek the reſt.*

Now truly having made theſe deſcriptions unto you, methinks you ſhould imagine that I rather feign ſome pleaſant device, than recount a truth, that a prince (not baniſhed from his own wits) could poſſibly make ſo unworthy a choice. But truly (dear gueſt) ſo it is, that princes (whoſe doings have been often ſmoothed with good ſucceſs) think nothing ſo abſurd, which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the prince's ſtraying out of the way, one time he hunted, where meeting his fellow, and asking him the way; and ſo falling into other queſtions, he found ſome of his anſwers (as a dog ſure, if he could ſpeak, had wit enough to deſcribe his kennel) not unſenſible, and all uttered with ſuch rudeneſs, which he interpreted plainneſs (though there be great difference between them) that *Baſilius*, conceiving a ſudden delight, took him to his court, with apparent ſhow of his good opinion: where the flattering courtier had no ſooner taken the prince's mind, but that there were ſtraight reaſons to confirm the prince's doing, and ſhadows of virtues found for *Dametas*. His ſilence grew wit, his bluntneſs integrity, his beaſtly ignorance virtuous ſimplicity: and the prince (according to the nature of great perſons, in love with that he had done himſelf) fancied that his weakneſs with his preſence would much be mended. And ſo like a creature of his own making, he liked him more and more; and thus having firſt given him the office of principal herdman; laſtly, ſince he took this ſtrange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himſelf and his child-

children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a ſail for ſo ſmall a boat) doth ſo overſway poor *Dametas*, that, if before he were a good fool in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy, ſo as I doubt me (I fear me indeed) my maſter will in the end (with his coſt) find, that his office is not to make men, but to uſe men as men are, no more than a horſe will be taught to hunt, or an aſs to manage. But in ſooth I am afraid I have given your ears too great a ſurfeit, with groſs diſcourſe of that heavy piece of fleſh. But the zealous grief I conceive to ſee ſo great an error in my Lord, hath made me beſtow more words than I confeſs ſo baſe a ſubject deſerveth.

Thus much now that I have told you, is nothing more than in effect any *Arcadian* knows. But what moved him to this ſtrange ſolitarineſs, hath been imparted (as I think) but to one perſon living. My ſelf can conjecture, and indeed more than conjecture by this accident that I will tell you: I have an only ſon, by name *Clitiphon*, who is now abſent, preparing for his own marriage, which I mean ſhortly ſhall be here celebrated. This ſon of mine (while the prince kept his court) was of his bed-chamber: now ſince the breaking up thereof, returned home, and ſhewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copy which he had taken of a letter: which when the prince had read, he had laid in a window, preſuming no body durſt look in his writings: but my ſon not only took a time to read it, but to copy it. In truth I blamed *Clitiphon* for the curioſity, which made him break his duty in ſuch a kind, whereby kings ſecrets are ſubject to be revealed, but ſince it was done, I was content to take ſo much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I ever ſince, for my good liking, have carried about me: which before I read unto you, I muſt tell you from whom it came. It is a noble man of his country, named *Philanax*, appointed by the prince, regent, in this time of his retiring, and moſt worthy ſo to be: for, there lives no man, whoſe excellent wit more ſimply embraceth

integrity, beſide his unfeigned love to his maſter, wherein never yet any could make queſtion, ſaying whether he loved *Baſilius*, or the prince better; a rare temper, while moſt men either ſervilely yield to all appetites, or with an obſtinate auſterity looking to that they fancied good, in effect neglect the prince's perſon. This then being the man, whom of all other (and moſt worthy) the prince chiefly loves, it ſhould ſeem (for more than the letter I have not to gueſs by) that the prince upon his return from *Delphos*, (*Philanax* then lying ſick) had written unto him his determination, riſing (as evidently appears) upon ſome oracle he had there received; whereunto he wrote this anſwer:

Philanax *his letter to* Baſilius.

MOST redoubted and beloved prince. O that it had pleaſed you at your going to Delphos, *as now, to have uſed my humble ſervice, both I ſhould in better ſeaſon, and to better purpoſe have ſpoken; and you (if my ſpeech had prevailed) ſhould have been at this time, as no way more in danger, ſo much more in quietneſs? I would then have ſaid, that* wiſdom and virtue be the only deſtinies appointed to man to follow; *whence we ought to ſeek all our knowledge, ſince they be ſuch guides as cannot fail; which, beſides their inward comfort, do lead ſo direct a way of proceeding, as either proſperity muſt enſue; or, if the wickedneſs of the world ſhould oppreſs it, it can never be ſaid, that evil happeneth to him who falls accompanied with virtue: I would then have ſaid the heavenly powers ought to be reverenced, and ſearched into; and their mercies rather by prayers to be ſought, than their hidden counſels by curioſity. Theſe kinds of ſooth-ſayings (ſince they have left us in our ſelves ſufficient guides) be nothing but fancy, wherein there muſt either be vanity, or infalliblineſs, and ſo either not to be reſpected, or not to be prevented. But ſince it is vaineſs too much to remember what ſhould have been done, and that your commandment ſtretched to know what is to be done, I do (moſt dear*

dear Lord) with humble boldneſs ſay, that the manner of your determination doth in no ſort better pleaſe me, than the cauſe of your going. Theſe thirty years you have ſo governed this region, that neither your ſubjects have wanted juſtice of you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours have found you ſo hurtleſly ſtrong, that they thought it better to reſt in your friendſhip, than make new tryal of your enmity. If this then have proceeded out of the good conſtitution of your ſtate, and out of a wiſe providence; generally to prevent all thoſe things, which might encumber your happineſs; why ſhould you now ſeek new courſes, ſince your own example comforts you to continue, and that it is to me moſt certain (though it pleaſe you not to tell me the very words of the oracle) that yet no deſtiny nor influence whatſoever, can bring man's wit to a higher point, than wiſdom and goodneſs: why ſhould you deprive your ſelf of government, for fear of loſing your government, like one that ſhould kill himſelf for fear of death? Nay, rather, if this oracle be to be accounted of, arm up your courage the more againſt it: for who will ſtick to him that abandons himſelf: let your ſubjects have you in their eyes, let them ſee the benefits of your juſtice daily more and more, and ſo muſt they needs rather like of preſent ſureties than uncertain changes. Laſtly, whether your time call you to live or die; do both like a prince. Now for your ſecond reſolution, which is to ſuffer no worthy prince to be a ſuitor to either of your daughters, but while you live to keep them both unmarried, and, as it were, to kill the joy of poſterity, which in your time you may enjoy, moved perchance by a miſunderſtood oracle? what ſhall I ſay, if the affection of a father to his own children, cannot plead ſufficiently againſt ſuch fancies? once, certain it is, the God which is God of nature, doth never teach unnaturalneſs; and even the ſame mind hold I touching your baniſhing them from company, leſt I know not what ſtrange loves ſhould follow. Certainly, Sir, in my ladies your daughters, nature promiſeth nothing but goodneſs, and their education by your fatherly care hath been hitherto ſuch, as hath been moſt fit to reſtrain all evil; giving their minds virtuous delight, and not grieving them for want of well-

ruled liberty. Now to fall to a ſudden ſtraightning them, what can it do but argue ſuſpicion? a thing [illegible] pleaſant, than unſure, for the preſerving of virtue. Leave women's minds, the moſt untamed that way of any, ſeeing whether a cage can pleaſe a bird; or whether a dog [illegible] fiercer with tying? what doth jealouſy, but ſtir up [illegible] to think, what it is from which they are reſtrained? for they are treaſures or things of great delight, which men uſe to hide, for the aptneſs they have to each man's fancy: and the thought once awaked to that, harder ſure it is to keep thoſe thoughts from accompliſhment, than had been before to have kept the mind (which being the chief part, by this means is defiled) from thinking. Laſtly, for the recommending to principal a charge of the princeſs Pamela *(whoſe mind goes beyond the governing of many thouſand ſuch) to ſuch a perſon as* Dametas *is (beſides that the thing in it ſelf is ſtrange) it comes of a very ill ground, that ignorance ſhould be the mother of faithfulneſs; O no,* He cannot be good that knows not why he is good; *but ſtands ſo far good as his fortune may keep him unaſſayed: but coming once to that, his rude ſimplicity is either eaſily changed, or eaſily deceived: and ſo grows that to be the laſt excuſe of his fault, which ſeemed to have been the foundation of his faith. Thus far hath your commandment and my zeal drawn me; which I, like a man in a valley that may diſcern hills, or like a poor paſſenger that may ſpie a rock, ſo humbly ſubmit to your gracious conſideration, beſeeching you again to ſtand wholly upon your own virtue, as the ſureſt way to maintain you in that you are, and to avoid any evil which may be imagined.*

By the contents of this letter you may perceive, that the cauſe of all, hath been the vanity which poſſeſſeth many, who (making a perpetual manſion of this poor baiting-place of man's life) are deſirous to know the certainty of things to come, wherein there is nothing ſo certain as our continual uncertainty. But what in particular points the oracle was, in faith I know not, neither (as you may ſee by one place of *Philanax*'s letter) he himſelf diſtinctly

ly knew. But this experience ſhews us, that *Baſilius*'s judgment, corrupted with a prince's fortune, hath rather heard than followed the wiſe (as I take it) counſel of *Philanax*. For having left the ſtern of his government, with much amazement to the people, among whom many ſtrange bruits are received for currant, and with ſome appearance of danger in reſpect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew, and much envying the ambitious number of the nobility againſt *Philanax*, to ſee *Philanax* ſo advanced, though (to ſpeak ſimply) he deſerve more than as many of us as there be in *Arcadia*: the prince himſelf hath hidden his head, in ſuch ſort as I told you, not ſticking plainly to confeſs, that he means not (while he breathes) that his daughters ſhall have any husband, but keep them thus ſolitary with him: where he gives no other body leave to viſit him at any time but a certain prieſt, who being excellent in poetry, he makes him write out ſuch things as he beſt likes, he being no leſs delightful in converſation, than needful for devotion, and about twenty ſpecified ſhepherds, in whom (ſome for exerciſes, and ſome for eclogues) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my ſelf: wherein if I have held you over-long, lay hardly the fault upon my old age, which in the very diſpoſition of it, is talkative, whether it be (ſaid he ſmiling) that nature loves to exerciſe that part moſt, which is leaſt decayed, and that is our tongue, or, that knowledge being the only thing whereof we poor old men can brag, we cannot make it known but by utterance: or, that mankind by all means ſeeking to eternize himſelf ſo much the more, as he is near his end, doth it not only by the children that come of him, but by ſpeeches and writings recommended to the memory of hearers and readers.

And yet thus much I will ſay for my ſelf, that I have not ſaid theſe matters, either ſo openly or largely to any as to your ſelf: ſo much (if I much fail not) do I ſee in you, which makes me both love and truſt you. Never

yer may he be old, answered *Palladius*, that [illegible] not reverence that age, whose heaviness, if it weigh [illegible] frail and fleshly balance, it as much lifts up the noble and spiritual part; and well might you have alledged another reason, that their wisdom makes them willing to profit others. And that have I received of you, never to be forgotten, but with ungratefulness. But among many strange conceits you told me, which have shewed effects in your prince, truly even the last, that he should conceive such pleasure in shepherds discourses, would not seem the least unto me, saving that you told me at the first, that this country is notable in those wits, and that indeed my self having been brought not only to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become such shepherds as *Homer* speaks of, that be governors of people, than such senators who hold their council in a sheep-cote. For them two (said *Kalander*) especially [illegible] they are beyond the rest by so much, as learning commonly doth add to nature: for, having neglected their wealth in respect of their knowledge, they have not so much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithstanding, it is a sport to hear how they impute to love, which hath indued their thoughts (say they) with such a strength.

But certainly all the people of this country from high to low, are given to those sports of the wit, so as you would wonder to hear how soon even children will begin to versify. Once, ordinary it is amongst the meanest sort, to make songs and dialogues in metre, either love whetting their brain, or long peace having begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not so much, but the clown *Dametas* will stumble sometimes upon some songs that might become a better brain: but no sort of people are so excellent in that kind as the pastors; for their living standing but upon the looking to their beasts, they have *ease, the nurse of poetry*. Neither are our shepherds such as (I hear) they be in other countries; but they are the

very

very owners of the ſheep, to which either themſelves look, or their children give daily attendance. And then truly, it would delight you under ſome tree, or by ſome river's ſide (when two or three of them meet together) to hear their rural muſe, how prettily it will deliver out, ſometimes joys, ſometimes lamentations, ſometimes challengings one of the other, ſometimes under hidden forms, uttering ſuch matters as otherwiſe they durſt not deal with. Then have they moſt commonly one, who judgeth the prize to the beſt ſinger, of which they are no leſs glad, than great princes are of triumphs: and his part is to ſet down in writing all that is ſaid, ſave that it may be his pen with more leiſure doth poliſh the rudeneſs of an unthought on ſong. Now the choice of all (as you may well think) either for goodneſs of voice, or pleaſantneſs of wit, the prince hath: among whom alſo there are two or three ſtrangers, whom inward melancholies having made weary of the world's eyes, have come to ſpend their lives among the country-people of *Arcadia*, and their converſation being well approved, the prince vouchſafeth them his preſence, and not only by looking on, but by great courteſy and liberality animates the ſhepherds the more exquiſitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cauſe to blame the prince for ſometimes hearing them; the blame-worthineſs is, that to hear them, he rather goes to ſolitarineſs, than makes them come to company. Neither do I accuſe my maſter for advancing a countryman, *Dametas* is, ſince God forbid, but where worthineſs is (as truly it is among divers of that fellowſhip) any outward lowneſs ſhould hinder the higheſt riſing; but that he would needs make election of one, the baſeneſs of whoſe mind is ſuch, that it ſinks a thouſand degrees lower than the baſeſt body could carry the moſt baſe fortune: which, although it might be anſwered for the prince, that it is rather a truſt he hath in his ſimple plainneſs, than any great advancement, but being chief herdman; yet all honeſt hearts feel that the truſt of their lord goes beyond all advancement. But I am ever too

long

long upon him, when he croſſeth the way of my ſpeech, and by the ſhadow of yonder tower, I ſee it is fitter time with our ſupper to pay the duties we owe to our ſtomachs, than to break the air with my idle diſcourſes: and more wit I might have learned of *Homer* (whom even now you mentioned) who never entertained either gueſts or hoſts with long ſpeeches, till the mouth of hunger be thoroughly ſtopped. So withal he roſe, leading *Palladius* through the garden again to the parlor, where they uſed to ſup; *Palladius* aſſuring him that he had already been more fed to his liking, than he could be by the skilful leſt trencher-men of *Medea*.

But being come to the ſupping-place, one of *Kalander*'s ſervants rounded in his ear; at which (his colour changing) he retired himſelf into his chamber; commanding his men diligently to wait upon *Palladius*, and to excuſe his abſence with ſome neceſſary buſineſs he had preſently to diſpatch: which they accordingly did, for ſome few days forcing themſelves to let no change appear: but, though they framed their countenances never ſo cunningly, *Palladius* perceived there was ſome ill-pleaſing accident fallen out. Whereupon, being again ſet alone at ſupper, he called to the ſteward, and deſired him to tell him the matter of his ſudden alteration: who, after ſome trifling excuſes, in the end confeſſed unto him, that his maſter had received news, that his ſon before the day of his near marriage, chanced to be at a battel, which was to be fought between the gentlemen of *Lacedæmon* and the *Helots*: who winning the victory, he was there made priſoner, going to deliver a friend of his taken priſoner by the *Helots*; that the poor young gentleman had offered great ranſom for his life; but that the hate thoſe peaſants conceived againſt all gentlemen was ſuch, that every hour he was to look for nothing but ſome cruel death: which hitherto had only been delayed by the captain's vehement dealing for him, who ſeemed to have a heart of more manly pity than the reſt. Which loſs had ſtricken the old gentleman with ſuch ſorrow, as if abundance

abundance of years did not seem sufficiently to witness it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and hair, and cursing his old age, that had not made his grave to stop his ears from such advertisements: but that his faithful servants had written in his name to all his friends, followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the governor refusing to deal in it as a private cause, but yet giving leave to seek their best redress, so as they wronged not the state of *Lacedæmon*) of whom there were now gathered upon the frontiers good forces, that he was sure would spend their lives by any way to redeem or revenge *Clitiphon*. Now Sir (said he) this is my master's nature, though his grief be such, as to live is a grief unto him, and that even his reason is darkened with sorrow; yet the laws of hospitality (long and holily observed by him) give still such a sway to his proceeding, that he will no way suffer the stranger, lodged under his roof, to receive (as it were) any infection of his anguish, especially you, toward whom I know not whether his love, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could scarce hear out his tale with patience, so was his heart torn in pieces with compassion of the case, liking of *Kalander*'s noble behaviour, kindness for his respect to him-ward, and desire to find some remedy, besides the image of his dearest friend *Daiphantus*, whom he judged to suffer either alike or worse fortune. Therefore rising from the board, he desired the steward to tell him particularly the ground and event of this accident, because by knowledge of many circumstances, there might perhaps some way of help be opened. Whereunto the steward easily in this sort condescended.

My Lord! (said he) when our good king *Basilius*, with better success than expectation, took to wife (even in his more than decaying years) the fair young princess *Gynecia*; there came with her a young lord, cousin german to her self, named *Argalus*, led hither partly with the love and honour of his noble kinswoman, partly with the humour of youth, which ever thinks that good, whose goodness he sees not. And in this court he received so good increase of knowledge, that after some years spent, he so manifested a most virtuous mind in all his actions,

that

that *Arcadia* gloried ſuch a plant was tranſported unto them, being a gentleman indeed moſt rarely accompliſhed, excellently learned, but without all vain glory: friendly without factiouſneſs; valiant, ſo as for my part, I think the earth hath no man that hath done more heroical acts than he; howſoever now of late the fame flies of the two princes of *Theſſalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble prince *Amphialus*; who indeed in our parts is only accounted likely to match him: but I ſay for my part, I think no man, for valour of mind, and ability of body, to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet ſo valiant, as he never durſt do any body injury: in behaviour, ſome will ſay, ever ſad, ſurely ſober, and ſomewhat given to muſing; but never uncourteous; his word ever led by his thought, and followed by his deed; rather liberal than magnificent, tho' the one wanted not, and the other had ever good choice of the receiver: in ſum (for I perceive I ſhall eaſily take a great draught of his praiſes, whom both I, and all this country love ſo well) ſuch a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the niceſt eye can find a ſpot in, if the over-vehement conſtancy of yet ſpotleſs affection, may not in hard-wreſted conſtructions be counted a ſpot: which in this manner began that work in him, which hath made both him, and it ſelf in him, over all this country famous. My maſter's ſon *Clitophon* (whoſe loſs gives the cauſe to this diſcourſe, and yet gives me cauſe to begin with *Argalus*, ſince his loſs proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young gentleman as of great birth (being our king's ſiſter's ſon) ſo truly of good nature, and one that can ſee good and love it, haunted more the company of this worthy *Argalus*, than of any other; ſo, as if there were not a friendſhip (which is ſo rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing in deed, or but a word) at leaſt there was ſuch a liking and friendlineſs, as hath brought forth the effects which you ſhall hear. About two years ſince, it ſo fell out, that he brought him to a great lady's houſe, ſiſter to my maſter, who had with her

her

her only daughter, the fair *Parthenia*, fair indeed (ſame I think herſelf daring not to call any fairer, if it be not *Helena* queen of *Corinth*, and the two incomparable ſiſters of *Arcadia*) and that which made her fairneſs much the fairer, was, that it was but a fair ambaſſador of a moſt fair mind; full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge it ſelf, than to ſhew it ſelf: her ſpeech being as rare, as precious; her ſilence without ſullenneſs; her modeſty without affectation; her ſhamefacedneſs without ignorance: in ſum, one that to praiſe well, one muſt firſt ſet down with himſelf, what it is to be excellent: for ſo ſhe is.

I think you think, that theſe perfections meeting, could not chuſe but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likeneſs of manners is likely in reaſon to draw liking with affection; men's actions do not always croſs with reaſon: to be ſhort, it did ſo indeed. They loved, although for a while the fire thereof (hope's wings being cut off) were blown by the bellows of deſpair upon this occaſion.

There had been a good while before, and ſo continued, a ſuitor to this ſame lady, a great noble man, though of *Laconia*, yet near neighbour to *Parthenia*'s mother, named *Demagoras*; a man mighty in riches and power, and proud thereof, ſtubbornly ſtout, loving no body but himſelf, and, for his own delight's ſake, *Parthenia*: and purſuing vehemently his deſire, his riches had ſo gilded over all his other imperfections, that the old lady (though contrary to my lord her brother's mind) had given her conſent; and uſing a mother's authority upon her fair daughter had made her yield thereunto, not becauſe ſhe liked her choice, but becauſe her obedient mind had not yet taken upon it to make choice, and the day of their aſſurance drew near, when my young lord *Clitiphon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principally to ſee ſo rare a ſight, as *Parthenia* by all well-judging eyes was judged.

But though few days were before the time of aſſurance appointed, yet love that ſaw he had a great journey to make

make in ſhort time, haſted ſo himſelf, that before her word could tie her to *Demagoras*, her heart had vowed her to *Argalus*, with ſo grateful a receipt in mutual affection, that if ſhe deſired above all things to have *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to miſs *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and miſliking, loving and loathing, and out of paſſion began to take the authority of judgment; inſomuch, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud joy) thought to receive the gift of her ſelf; ſhe, with words of reſolute refuſal (though with tears, ſhewing ſhe was ſorry ſhe muſt refuſe) aſſured her mother, ſhe would firſt be bedded in her grave, than wedded to *Demagoras*. The change was no more ſtrange, than unpleaſant to the mother: who being determinately (leſt I ſhould ſay of a great lady, wilfully) bent to marry her to *Demagoras*, tried all ways, which a witty and hard-hearted mother could uſe, upon ſo humble a daughter in whom the only reſiſting power was love. But the more ſhe aſſaulted, the more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more ſhe made her mother obſtinate in the aſſault: who at length finding that *Argalus* ſtanding between them, was it that moſt eclipſed her affection from ſhining upon *Demagoras*, ſhe ſought all means how to remove him, ſo much the more as he manifeſted himſelf an unremoveable ſuitor to her daughter: firſt by imploying him in as many dangerous enterprizes, as ever the evil ſtepmother *Juno* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his virtue was tried, the more pure it grew, while all the things ſhe did to overthrow him, did ſet him up upon the height of honour; enough to have moved her heart, eſpecially to a man every way ſo worthy as *Argalus*: but ſhe ſtruggling againſt all reaſon, becauſe ſhe would have her will, and ſhew her authority in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more virtuous *Argalus* was, the more ſhe hated him, thinking her ſelf conquered in his conqueſts, and therefore ſtill imploying him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the

the mean while ſhe uſed all extremities poſſible upon her fair daughter, to make her give over her ſelf to her direction. But it was hard to judge whether he in doing, or ſhe in ſuffering, ſhewed greater conſtancy of affection; for, as to *Argalus* the world ſooner wanted occaſions, than he valour to go through them: ſo to *Parthenia*, malice ſooner ceaſed, than her unchanged patience. Laſtly, by treaſons *Demagoras* and ſhe would have made away *Argalus*; but he with providence and courage ſo paſt over all, that the mother took ſuch a ſpiteful grief at it, that her heart brake withal, and ſhe died.

But then *Demagoras* aſſuring himſelf, that now *Parthenia* was her own, ſhe would never be his, and receiving as much by her own determinate anſwer, not more deſiring his own happineſs, than envying *Argalus*, whom he ſaw with narrow eyes, even ready to enjoy the perfection of his deſires, ſtrengthening his conceit with all the miſchievous counſels which diſdained love, and envious pride could give unto him; the wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his country, to fetch ſome of his principal friends to honour the marriage, which *Parthenia* had moſt joyfully conſented unto) the wicked *Demagoras*, I ſay, deſiring to ſpeak with her, with unmerciful force (her weak arms in vain reſiſting) rubbed all over her face a moſt horrible poiſon: the effect whereof was ſuch, that never leper looked more ugly than ſhe did: which done, having his men and horſes ready, departed away in ſpite of his ſervants, as ready to revenge as could be, in ſuch an unexpected miſchief. But the abominableneſs of this fact being come to my L. *Kalander*, he made ſuch means, both by our king's interceſſion and his own, that by the king and ſenate of *Lacedæmon*, *Demagoras* was, upon pain of death, baniſhed the country: who hating the puniſhment, where he ſhould have hated the fault, joined himſelf, with all the power he could make, unto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion againſt that ſtate: and (they (glad to have a man of ſuch authority among them) made him their gene-

ral; and under him have committed divers the moſt outragious villanies, that a baſe multitude (full of deſperate revenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pitiful fact com[mitted] on *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poor Gentl[eman] ing her fair image in his heart, and already [fore] eyes the uttermoſt of his felicity when the [no] body elſe daring to tell it him) were the firſt me[ſſen]gers to themſelves of their own misfortune. I [will] not to move paſſion with telling you the grief of [Argalus], when he knew her, for at firſt he did not; nor at [his] knowledge could poſſibly have virtue's aid ſo ready, as not even weakly to lament the loſs of ſuch a jewel, ſo much the more, as that skilful men in that art aſſured it was unrecoverable: but within a while, truth of love (which will hold the firſt face in his memory) a virtuous conſtancy, and even a delight to be conſtant, faith given, and inward worthineſs ſhining through the fouleſt miſts, took ſo full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not only in ſuch comfort which witty arguments may beſtow upon adverſity, but even with the moſt abundant kindneſs that an eye-raviſhed lover can expreſs, he laboured both to drive the extremity of ſorrow from her, and to haſten the celebration of their Marriage: whereunto he unfeignedly ſhewed himſelf no leſs cheerfully earneſt, than if ſhe had never been diſinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had ſo liberally bequeathed unto her; and for that cauſe deferred his intended revenge upon *Demagoras*, becauſe he might continually be in her preſence; ſhewing more humble ſerviceableneſs, and joy to content her, than ever before.

But as he gave this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*: ſo of the other ſide, ſhe took as ſtrange a courſe in affection: for, when ſhe deſired to enjoy him, more than to live, yet did ſhe overthrow both her own deſire and life, and in no ſort would yield to marry him: with a ſtrange encounter of love's affects and effects; that he by an affection ſpring from exceſſive beauty, ſhould delight in horrible foulneſs

neſs; and the of a vehement deſire to have him, ſhould kindly build a reſolution never to have him; for truth it is, that ſo in heart ſhe loved him, as ſhe could not find in her heart he ſhould be tied to what was unworthy of his preſence.

Truly, Sir, a very good orator might have a fair field to uſe eloquence in, if he did but only repeat the lamentable, and truly affectionated ſpeeches, while he conjured her by remembrance of her affection, and true oaths of his own affection, not to make him ſo unhappy, as to think he had not only loſt her face, but her heart; that her face, when it was faireſt, had been but as a marſhal, to lodge the love of her in his mind, which now was ſo well placed, as it needed no farther help of any outward harbinger: beſeeching her, even with tears, to know, that his love was not ſo ſuperficial, as to go no farther than the skin; which yet now to him was moſt fair ſince it was hers: how could he be ſo ungrateful, as to love her the leſs for that which ſhe had only received for his ſake? that he never beheld it, but therein he ſaw the lovelineſs of her love towards him: proteſting unto her, that he would never take joy of his life, if he might not enjoy her, from whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that over-heard them) ſhe (wringing him by the hand) made no other anſwer but this; my lord, ſaid ſhe, God knows I love you; if I were princeſs of the whole world, and had withal, all the bleſſings that ever the world brought forth, I ſhould not make delay, to lay my ſelf and them under your feet; or if I had continued but as I was, though (I muſt confeſs) far unworthy of you, yet would I (with too great a joy for my heart now to think of) have accepted your vouchſafing me to be yours, and with faith and obedience would have ſupplied all other defects. But firſt let me be much more miſerable than I am, e'er I match *Argalus* to ſuch a *Parthenia*; live happy dear *Argalus*. I give you full liberty, and I

beſeech you take it; and I aſſure you I ſhall rejoyce (whatſoever become of me) to ſee you ſo coupled, as may be fit both for your honour and ſatisfaction. With that ſhe burſt out in crying and weeping, not able longer to contain her ſelf from blaming her fortune, and wiſhing her own death.

But *Argalus* with a moſt heavy heart ſtill purſuing his deſire, ſhe fixed of mind to avoid farther intreaty, and to flie all company; which (even of him) grew unpleaſant unto her, one night ſhe ſtole away: but whither, as yet it is unknown or indeed what is become of her.

Argalus fought her long, and in many places; at length (deſpairing to find her, and the more he deſpaired, the more enraged) weary of his life: but firſt determining to be revenged of *Demagoras*, he went alone diſguiſed into the chief town held by the *Helots*: where coming into his preſence, guarded about by many of his ſoldiers, he could delay his fury no longer for a fitter time: but ſetting upon him, in deſpight of a great many that helped him, gave him divers mortal wounds, and himſelf (no queſtion) had been there preſently murthered, but that *Demagoras* himſelf deſired he might be kept alive: perchance with intention to feed his own eyes with ſome cruel execution to be laid upon him: but death came ſooner than he looked for; yet having had leiſure to appoint his ſucceſſor, a young man, not long before delivered out of the priſon of the king of *Lacedæmon*, where he ſhould have ſuffered death for having ſlain the king's nephew, but him he named, who at that time was abſent, making inroads upon the *Lacedæmonians*; but being returned, the reſt of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceived of that young man, eſpecially becauſe they had none among themſelves to whom the others would yield, were content to follow *Demagoras*'s appointment. And well hath it ſucceeded with them, he having ſince done things beyond the hope of the youngeſt heads: of which I ſpeak the rather, becauſe he hath hitherto preſerved *Argalus* alive, under pretence to have him publickly [illegible]

with exquiſite torments executed after the end of theſe wars, of which they hope for a ſoon and proſperous iſſue.

And he hath likewiſe hitherto kept my young lord *Clitophon* alive, who (to redeem his friend) went with certain other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to beſiege this young and new ſucceſſor: but he iſſuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, ſlew many of the noble men, and took *Clitophon* priſoner, whom with much ado he keepeth alive, the *Helots* being villainouſly cruel; but he tempereth them ſo, ſometimes by following their humour, ſometimes by ſtriving with it, that hitherto he hath ſaved both their lives, but in different eſtates; *Argalus* being kept in a cloſe and hard priſon, *Clitophon* at ſome liberty. And now, Sir, though (to ſay the truth) we can promiſe our ſelves little of their ſafeties, while they are in the *Helot*'s hand, I have delivered all I underſtand touching the loſs of my lord's ſon, and the cauſe thereof: which though it was not neceſſary to *Clitophon*'s caſe, to be ſo particularly told, yet the ſtrangeneſs of it, made me think it would not be unpleaſant unto you.

Palladius thanked him greatly for it, being even paſſionately delighted with hearing ſo ſtrange an accident of a knight ſo famous over the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himſelf a long deſire to meet: ſo had fame poured a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then (well bethinking himſelf) he called for armour, deſiring them to provide him of horſe and guide, and armed all ſaving the head, he went up to *Kalander*, whom he found lying upon the ground, having ever ſince baniſhed both ſleep and food, as enemies to the mourning, which paſſion perſuaded him was reaſonable. But *Palladius* raiſed him up, ſaying unto him: No more, no more of this my L. *Kalander*; let us labour to find, before we lament the loſs: you know my ſelf miſs one, who though he be not my ſon, I would diſdain the favour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weakneſs of ſorrow, make the ſtrength of it languiſh;

guiſh: take comfort, and good ſucceſs will follow. And with thoſe words, comfort ſeemed to lighten in his eyes, and in his face and geſture was painted victory. Once, *Kalander*'s ſpirits were ſo revived withal, that (receiving ſome ſuſtenance, and taking a little reſt) he armed himſelf, and thoſe few of his ſervants he had left unſent, and ſo himſelf guided *Palladius* to the place upon the frontiers; where already there were aſſembled between three and four thouſand men, all well diſpoſed (for *Kalander*'s ſake) to abide any peril: but like men diſuſed with a long peace, more determinate to do, than skilful how to do: luſty bodies, and brave armours; with ſuch courage, as rather grew of deſpiſing their enemies, whom they knew not, than of any confidence for any thing which in themſelves they knew: but neither cunning uſe of their weapons, nor art ſhewed in their marching or incamping. Which *Palladius* ſoon perceiving, he deſired to underſtand (as much as could be delivered unto him) the eſtate of the *Helots*.

And he was anſwered by a man well acquainted with the affairs of *Laconia*, that they were a kind of people, who having been of old freemen and poſſeſſioners, the *Lacedæmonians* had conquered them, and laid not only tribute, but bondage upon them, which they had long borne, till of late the *Lacedæmonians*, through greedineſs growing more heavy than they could bear, and through contempt leſs careful how to make them bear, they had with a general conſent (rather ſpringing by the generalneſs of the cauſe, than of any artificial practice) ſet themſelves in arms, and whetting their courage with revenge, and grounding their reſolution upon deſpair, they had proceeded with unlooked for ſucceſs, having already taken divers towns and caſtles with the ſlaughter of many of the gentry; for whom no ſex nor age could be accepted for an excuſe. And that although at the firſt they had fought rather with beaſtly fury, than any ſoldiery diſcipline, practice had now made them comparable to the beſt of the *Lacedæmonians*, and more of late than

than ever, by reaſon, firſt of *Demagoras*, a great lord, who had made himſelfof their party, and ſince his death, of another captain they had gotten, who had brought up their ignorance, and brought down their fury, to ſuch a mean of good government, and withal led them ſo valorouſly, that (beſides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in ſome other great conflicts: in ſuch wiſe, that the eſtate of *Lacedæmon* had ſent unto them, offering peace with moſt reaſonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* having gotten this general knowledge of the party againſt whom, as he had already of the party for whom he was to fight, he went to *Kalander*, and told him plainly that by plain force, there was ſmall appearance of helping *Clitophon*; but ſome device was to be taken in hand, wherein no leſs diſcretion than valour was to be uſed.

Whereupon, the counſel of the chief men was called, and at laſt, this way *Palladius* (who by ſome experience, but eſpecially by reading hiſtories, was acquainted with ſtratagems) invented, and was by all the reſt approved, that all the men there ſhould dreſs themſelves like the pooreſt ſort of the people in *Arcadia*, having no banners, but bloody ſhirts hanged upon long ſtaves, with ſome bad bag-pipes inſtead of drum and fife: their armour they ſhould, as well as might be, cover, or at leaſt make them look ſo ruſtily, and ill-favouredly as might well become ſuch wearers, and this the whole number ſhould do, ſaving two hundred of the beſt choſen gentlemen, for courage and ſtrength, whereof *Palladius* himſelf would be one, who ſhould have their arms chained, and be put in carts like priſoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the town of *Cardamila* where *Clitophon* was captive; and being come two hours before ſun-ſet within view of the walls, the *Helots* already deſcrying their number, and beginning to ſound the alarm, they ſent a cunning fellow (ſo much the cunninger as that he could mask it under rudeneſs) with with ſuch a kind of rhetorick, as weeded out all flowers of rhetorick, delivered unto the *Helots* aſſembled

together, that they were country-people of *Arcadia*, no leſs oppreſſed by their lords, and no leſs deſirous of liberty than they, and therefore had put themſelves in the field, and had already (beſides a great number ſlain) taken nine or ten ſcore gentlemen priſoners, whom they had there well and faſt chained. Now becauſe they had no ſtrong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keep the field againſt the prince's forces, they were come to them for ſuccour; knowing that daily more and more of their quality would flock unto them, but that in the mean time, leſt their prince ſhould purſue them, or the *Lacedæmonian* king and nobility (for the likeneſs of the cauſe) fall upon them, they deſired that if there were not room enough for them in the town, that yet they might encamp under the walls, and for ſurety have their priſoners (who were ſuch men as were able to make their peace) kept within the town.

The *Helots* made but a ſhort conſultation, being glad that their contagion had ſpread it ſelf into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out between them and their king, that it was the beſt way to ſet fire in all the parts of *Greece*; beſides their greedineſs to have ſo many gentlemen in their hands, in whoſe ranſoms they already meant to have a ſhare; to which baſe of concluding, two things well helped; the one, that their captain, with the wiſeſt of them, was at that time abſent, about confirming or breaking the peace with the ſtate of *Lacedæmon*: the ſecond, that over-many good fortunes began to breed a proud reckleſneſs * in them; therefore ſending to view the camp, and finding that by their ſpeech they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no war, never ſuſpecting a private man's credit could have gathered ſuch a force, and that all other tokens witneſſed them to be of the loweſt calling (beſide the chains upon the gentlemen) they granted not only leave for the priſoners, but for ſome others of the company, and to all, that they might harbour under the walls. So opened by

* *I. E.* Careleſneſs. See *Spenſer*.

the

the gates, and received in the carts; which being done, and *Palladius* ſeeing fit time, he gave the ſign, and ſhaking off their chains (which were made with ſuch art, that though they ſeemed moſt ſtrong and faſt, he that ware them might eaſily looſe them) drew their ſwords hidden in the carts, and ſo ſetting upon the ward, made them to flie either from the place, or from their bodies, and ſo give entry to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make any head to reſiſt them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened againſt dangers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market-place, and thence would have given a ſhrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming thoſe that were ſlow, heartening them that were forward, but eſpecially with his own example leading them) made ſuch an impreſſion into the ſquadron of the *Helots*, that at firſt the great body of them beginning to ſhake and ſtagger; at length, every particular body recommended the protection of his life to his feet. Then *Kalander* cryed to go to the priſon where he thought his ſon was; but *Palladius* wiſhed him (firſt ſcouring the ſtreets) to houſe all the *Helots*, and make themſelves maſters of the gates.

But e'er that could be accompliſhed, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with divers ſorts of ſhot from corners of ſtreets, and houſe-windows, galled them; which courage was come unto them by the return of their captain; who, though he brought not many with him (having diſperſed moſt of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet poſſeſſed by the *Arcadians*, he made them turn face, and with banners diſplayed, his trumpet give the loudeſt teſtimony he could of his return; which once heard, the reſt of the *Helots*, which were otherwiſe ſcattered, bent thitherward with a new life of reſolution: as if their captain had been a root, out of which (as into branches) their courage had ſprung. Then began the fight to grow moſt ſharp, and the encounters of more cruel obſtinacy: the *Arcadians* fighting to keep

that

that they had won; the *Helots* to recover what they had loſt; the *Arcadians* as in an unknown place, having no ſuccour but in their hands; the *Helots* as in their own place, fighting for their livings, wives and children. There was victory and courage againſt revenge and deſpair: ſafety of both ſides being no otherwiſe to be gotten, but by deſtruction.

At length, the left wing of the *Arcadians* began to loſe ground; which *Palladius* ſeeing, he ſtraight thruſt himſelf with his choice band againſt the throng that oppreſſed them, with ſuch an overflowing of valour, that the captain of the *Helots* (whoſe eyes ſoon judged of that wherewith themſelves were governed) ſaw that he alone was worth all the reſt of the *Arcadians*: which he ſo wondered at, that it was hard to ſay, whether he more liked his doings, or miſliked the effects of his doings: but determining that upon that caſt the game lay, and diſdaining to fight with any other, ſought only to joyn with him: which mind was no leſs in *Palladius*, having eaſily marked that he was at the firſt mover of all the other hands. And ſo their thoughts meeting in one point, they conſented (though not agreed) to try each others fortune: and ſo drawing themſelves to be the uttermoſt of the one ſide, they began a combat, which was ſo much inferior to the battel in noiſe and number, as it was ſurpaſſing it in bravery of fighting, and, as it were, delightful terribleneſs. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage, neither did their hardineſs darken their wit, nor their wit cool their hardineſs: both valiant, as men deſpiſing death, both confident, as unwonted to be overcome: yet doubtful by their preſent feeling, and reſpectful by what they had already ſeen. Their feet ſteady, their hands diligent, their eyes watchful, and their hearts reſolute. The parts either not armed, or weakly armed, were well known, and according to the knowledge ſhould have been ſharply viſited, but that the anſwer was as quick as the objections. Yet ſome lightening, the ſmart bred rage, and the rage

bred ſmart again: till both ſides beginning to wax faint, and rather deſirous to die accompanied, than hopeful to live victorious, the captain of the *Helots* with a blow, whoſe violence grew of fury, not of ſtrength, or of ſtrength proceeding of fury, ſtruck *Palladius* upon the ſide of the head, that he reeled aſtonied: and withal the helmet fell off, he remaining bare-headed, but other of the *Arcadians* were ready to ſhield him from any harm might riſe of that nakedneſs.

But little needed it, for his chief enemy, inſtead of purſuing that advantage, kneeled down, offering to deliver the pommel of his ſword, in token of yielding; withal ſpeaking aloud unto him, that he thought it more liberty to be his priſoner, than any other's general. *Palladius* ſtanding upon himſelf, and miſdoubting ſome craft, and the *Helots*, that were next their captain, wavering between looking for ſome ſtratagem, or fearing treaſon; what, ſaid the captain, hath *Palladius* forgotten the voice of *Daiphantus*.

By that watch-word *Palladius* knew that it was his only friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had loſt upon the ſea, and therefore both moſt full of wonder, ſo to be met, if they had not been fuller of joy than wonder, cauſed the retreat to be ſounded, *Daiphantus* by authority, and *Palladius* by perſuaſion; to which helped well the little advantage that was of either ſide: and that of the *Helots* party, their captain's behaviour had made as many amazed as ſaw or heard of it: and of the *Arcadian* ſide the good old *Kalander*, ſtriving more than his old age could achieve, was newly taken priſoner. But indeed the chief parter of the fray was the night, which with her black arms pulled their malicious ſights one from the other. But he that took *Kalander*, meant nothing leſs than to ſave him, but only ſo long, as the captain might learn the enemies ſecrets, towards whom he led the old gentleman, when he cauſed the retreat to be ſounded; looking for no other delivery from that captivity, but by the painful taking away of all pain: when whom ſhould he ſee next to

the

the captain (with good token how valiantly he had fought that day againſt the *Arcadians*) but his ſon *Clitophon*? but now the captain had cauſed all the principal *Helots* to be aſſembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receive a meſſage from the *Arcadians*, among whom *Palladius*'s virtue (beſides the love *Kalander* bare him) having gotten principal authority, he had perſuaded them to ſeek rather by parley to recover the father and the ſon, than by the ſword: ſince the goodneſs of the captain aſſured him that way to ſpeed, and his valour (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him think any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in orderly manner, giving them to underſtand, that as they came but to deliver *Clitophon*, ſo offering to leave the footing they already had in the town, to go away without any farther hurt, ſo as they might have the father and the ſon without ranſom delivered. Which conditions being heard and conceived by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* perſuaded them without delay to accept them. For firſt, ſaid he, ſince the ſtriſe is within our own homes, if you loſe, you loſe all that in this life can be dear unto you: if you win, it will be a bloody victory with no profit, but the flattering in our ſelves that ſame bad humour of revenge. Beſides, it is like to ſtir *Arcadia* upon us, which now by uſing theſe perſons well, may be brought to ſome amity. Laſtly, but eſpecially, leſt the king and nobility of *Laconia*, (with whom now we have made a perfect peace) ſhould hope, by occaſion of this quarrel, to join the *Arcadians* with them, and ſo break off the profitable agreement already concluded: in ſum, as in all deliberations (weighing the profit of the good ſucceſs with the hurt of the evil ſucceſs) you ſhall find this way moſt ſafe and honourable.

The *Helots*, as much moved by his authority, as perſuaded by his reaſons, were content therewith. Whereupon *Palladius* took order that the *Arcadians* ſhould preſently march out of the town, taking with them their priſoners, while the night with mutual diffidence might

keep them quiet, and e'er day came, they might be well on of their way, and ſo avoid thoſe accidents which in late enemies, a look, a word, or a particular man's quarrel might engender. This being on both ſides concluded on, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, who now, with infinite joy did know each other, came to kiſs the hands and feet of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father how *Daiphantus*, not without danger to himſelf, had preſerved him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: and even that day going to conclude the peace (leſt in his abſence he might receive ſome hurt) he had taken him in his company, and given him armour, upon promiſe he ſhould take the part of the *Helots*; which he had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was againſt his father; but, ſaid *Clitophon*, here is he, who, as a father, hath now begotten me, and, as a God, hath ſaved me from many deaths, which already laid hold on me: which *Kalander* with tears of joy acknowledged, beſides his own deliverance, only his benefit. But *Daiphantus*, who loved doing well for it ſelf, and not for thanks, brake off thoſe ceremonies; deſiring to know how *Palladius*, for ſo he called *Miſidemus*, was come into that company, and what his preſent eſtate was; whereof receiving a brief declaration of *Kalander*, he ſent him word by *Clitophon*, that he ſhould not as now come unto him, becauſe he held himſelf not ſo ſure a maſter of the *Helots* minds, that he would adventure himſelf in their power, who was ſo well known with an unfriendly acquaintance; but that he deſired him to return with *Kalander*, whither alſo he within few days, having diſpatched himſelf of the *Helots*, would repair. *Kalander* would needs kiſs his hand again for that promiſe, proteſting he would eſteem his houſe more bleſſed than a temple of the gods, if it had once received him. And then deſiring pardon for *Argalus*, *Daiphantus* aſſured them that he would die but he would bring him (though till then kept in cloſe priſon, indeed for his ſafety, the *Helots* being ſo animated againſt him as elſe he could not have lived) and ſo taking their leave of him, *Kalander*, *Cli-*

Clitophon, *Palladius*, and the reſt of the *Arcadians* ſwearing that they would no farther in any ſort moleſt the *Helots*, they ſtraightway marched out of the town, carrying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were already within the limits of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other ſide ſhutting their gates, gave themſelves to bury their dead, to cure their wounds, and reſt their wearied bodies; till (the next day beſtowing the cheerful uſe of the light upon them) *Daiphantus* making a general convocation, ſpake unto them in this manner: We are firſt, ſaid he, to thank the gods, that (farther than we had either cauſe to hope, or reaſon to imagine) have delivered us out of this gulf of danger, wherein we were already ſwallowed. For all being loſt, had they not directed my return ſo juſt as they did, it had been too late to recover that, which being had, we could not keep. And had I not happened to know one of the principal men among them, by which means the truce began between us, you may eaſily conceive, what little reaſon we have to think, but that either by ſome ſupply out of *Arcadia*, or from the nobility of this country, (who would have made fruits of wiſdom grow out of this occaſion) we ſhould have had our power turned to ruin, our pride to repentance and ſorrow. But now, the ſtorm, as I tell, ſo it ceaſed: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly than his age or quarrel deſerved, becomes a ſharply learned experience, to uſe, in other times, more moderation.

Now have I to deliver unto you the concluſion between the kings with the nobility of *Lacedæmon*, and you; which is in all points as our ſelves deſired: as well for that you would have granted, as for the aſſurance of what is granted. The towns and forts you preſently have, are ſtill left unto you, to be kept either with, or without garriſon, ſo as you alter not the laws of the country, and pay ſuch duties as the reſt of the *Lacedæmons* do; your ſelves are made, by publick decree, freemen, and ſo capable both to give and receive voice in election of magiſtrates.

ſtrates. The diſtinction of names between *Helots* and *Lacedæmonians* to be quite taken away, and all indifferently to enjoy both names and privileges of *Laconians*. Your children to be brought up with theirs in the *Spartan* diſcipline: and ſo you (framing your ſelves to be good members of that eſtate) to be hereafter *fellows*, and no longer *ſervants*.

Which conditions, you ſee, carry in themſelves no more contention than aſſurance; for this is not a peace which is made with them; but this is a peace, by which you are made of them. Laſtly, a *Forgetfulneſs* decreed of all what is paſt, they ſhewing themſelves glad to have ſo valiant men as you are, joyned with them, ſo that you are to take minds of peace, ſince the cauſe of war is finiſhed; and as you hated them before like oppreſſors, ſo now to love them as brothers; to take care of their eſtate, becauſe it is yours; and to labour by virtuous doing, that the poſterity may not repent your joyning. But now one article only they ſtood upon, which in the end I with your commiſſioners have agreed unto, that I ſhould no more tarry here, miſtaking perchance my humour, and thinking me as ſeditious as I am young; or elſe it is the king *Amiclas* procuring, in reſpect that it was my ill hap to kill his nephew *Eurileon*; but howſoever it be, I have condeſcended. But ſo will not we, cried almoſt the whole aſſembly, counſelling one another, rather to try the uttermoſt event, than loſe him by whom they had been victorious. But he as well with general orations, as particular dealing with the men of moſt credit, made them thoroughly ſee how neceſſary it was to prefer ſuch an opportunity before a vain affection; but could not prevail, till openly he ſware, that he would (if at any time the *Lacedæmonians* brake this treaty) come back again, and be their captain.

So then, after a few days, ſetting them in perfect order, he took his leave of them, whoſe eyes bad him farewel with tears, and mouths with kiſſing the places where he ſtepped, and after making temples unto him, as to a demi-

god;

god; thinking it beyond the degree of humanity to have a wit ſo far over-going his age, and ſuch dreadful terror proceed from ſo excellent beauty. But he for his ſake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, whom alſo (upon oath never to bear arms againſt the *Helots*) he delivered: and taking only with him certain principal jewels of his own, he would have parted alone with *Argalus* (whoſe countenance well ſhewed, while *Parthenia* was loſt, he counted not himſelf delivered) but that the whole multitude would needs guard him into *Arcadia*. Where again leaving them all to lament his departure, he by enquiry got to the well-known houſe of *Kalander*. There was he received with loving joy of *Kalander*, with joyful love of *Palladius*, with humble, though doleful, demeanour of *Argalus*, (whom ſpecially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with grateful ſerviceableneſs of *Clitophon*, and honourable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to have no hair on his face, to witneſs him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to look with a certain almoſt baſhful kind of modeſty, as if he feared the eyes of men, who was unmoved with the ſight of the moſt horrible countenances of death; and as if nature had miſtaken her work to have a *Mars*'s heart in a *Cupid*'s body: all that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quick meſſengers to their minds, that there they had ſeen the uttermoſt that in mankind might be ſeen. The like wonder *Palladius* had before ſtirred, but that *Daphantus* as younger and newer come, had gotten now the advantage in the moiſt and fickle impreſſion of eye-ſight. But while all men, ſaving poor *Argalus*, made the joy of their eyes ſpeak for their hearts towards *Daiphantus*: Fortune (that belike was bid to that banquet, and meant to play the good-fellow) brought a pleaſant adventure among them. It was, that as they had newly dined, there came in to *Kalander* a meſſenger, that brought him word, a young noble lady, near kinſwoman to the fair *Helen*, queen of *Corinth*, was come thither, and deſired to be lodged in

in his houſe. *Kalander* (moſt glad of ſuch an occaſion) went out, and all his other worthy gueſts with him, ſaving only *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, deſirous that this company were once broken up, that he might go in his ſolitary queſt after *Parthenia*. But when they met this lady, *Kalander* ſtraight thought he ſaw his niece *Parthenia*, and was about in ſuch familiar ſort to have ſpoken unto her; but ſhe, in grave and honourable manner, giving him to underſtand that he was miſtaken; he, half aſhamed, excuſed himſelf with the exceeding likeneſs was between them, though indeed it ſeemed that this lady was of the more pure and dainty complexion, ſhe ſaid, it might very well be, having been many times taken one for another. But as ſoon as ſhe was brought into the houſe, before ſhe would reſt her, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with *Argalus* publickly, who ſhe heard was in the houſe. *Argalus* came haſtily, and as haſtily thought as *Kalander* had done, with ſudden change of joy into ſorrow. But ſhe, when ſhe had ſtaid their thoughts with telling them her name and quality, in this ſort ſpake unto him. My Lord *Argalus*, ſaid ſhe, being of late left in the court of queen *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chief in her abſence, ſhe being upon ſome occaſion gone thence, there came unto me the lady *Parthenia*, ſo disfigured, as I think *Greece* hath nothing ſo ugly to behold. For my part, it was many days, before, with vehement oaths, and ſome good proofs, ſhe could make me think that ſhe was *Parthenia*. Yet at laſt finding certainly it was ſhe, and greatly pitying her misfortune, ſo much the more, as that all men had even told me, as now you do, of the great likeneſs between us, I took the beſt care I could of her, and of her underſtood the whole tragical hiſtory of her undeſerved adventure: and therewithal, of that moſt noble conſtancy in you my lord *Argalus*: which whoſoever loves not, ſhews himſelf to be a hater of virtue, and unworthy to live in the ſociety of mankind. But no outward cheriſhing could ſalve the inward ſore of her mind; but a few days ſince ſhe died; before her death earneſtly deſiring

ſiring, and perſuading me to think of no husband but of you, as of the only man in the world worthy to be loved. Withal ſhe gave me this ring to deliver you, deſiring you, and by the authority of love commanding you, that the affection you bare her, you ſhould turn to me; aſſuring you, that nothing can pleaſe her ſoul more, than to ſee you and me matched together. Now my lord, though this office be not, perchance, ſuitable to my eſtate, nor ſex, who ſhould rather look to be deſired; yet, an extraordinary deſert requires an extraordinary proceeding: and therefore I am come, with faithful love built upon your worthineſs, to offer my ſelf, and to beſeech you to accept the offer: and if theſe noble gentlemen preſent will ſay it is great folly, let them withal ſay, it is great love. And then ſhe ſtaid, earneſtly attending *Argalus*'s anſwer; who, firſt making moſt hearty ſighs, doing ſuch obſequies as he could to *Parthenia*, thus anſwered her.

Madam, ſaid he, infinitely am I bound unto you, for this, no more rare than noble courteſy; but much bound for the goodneſs I perceive you ſhewed to the lady *Parthenia* (with that the tears ran down his eyes, but he followed on) and as much as ſo unfortunate a man, fit to be the ſpectacle of miſery, can do you ſervice; determine you have made a purchaſe of a love, while I live, never to fail you. But this great matter you propoſe unto me, wherein I am not ſo blind as not to ſee what happineſs it ſhould be unto me; excellent lady, know that if my heart were mine to give, you before all other ſhould have it; but *Parthenia*'s it is, though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of affection: I hope I ſhall not long tarry after her, with whoſe beauty if I had only been in love, I ſhould be ſo with you, who have the ſame beauty; but it was *Parthenia*'s ſelf I loved, and love, which no likeneſs can make one, no commandment diſſolve, no foulneſs defile, nor no death finiſh. And ſhall I receive, ſaid ſhe, ſuch diſgrace as to be refuſed? noble lady, ſaid he, let not that hard word be uſed; who know your exceeding worthineſs far beyond my deſert: but it

is only happineſs I refuſe, ſince of the only happineſs I could and can deſire, I am refuſed."

He had ſcarce ſpoken thoſe words, when ſhe ran to him, and embracing him, why then *Argalus*, ſaid ſhe, take thy *Partheria*: and *Parthenia* it was indeed. But becauſe ſorrow forbad him too ſoon to believe, ſhe told him the truth, with all circumſtances: how being parted alone, meaning to die in ſome ſolitary place, as ſhe happened to make her complaint, the queen *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewiſe felt her part of miſeries) being then walking alſo alone in that lovely place, heard her, and never left, till ſhe had known the whole diſcourſe. Which the noble queen greatly pitying, ſhe ſent to her a phyſician of hers, the moſt excellent man in the world, in hope he could help her: which in ſuch ſort as they ſaw he had performed, and ſhe taking with her of the queen's ſervants, thought yet to make this trial, whether he would quickly forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her ſpeech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* gentlemen, who before had kept her counſel, and *Argalus* eaſily perſuaded to what more than ten thouſand years of life he deſired: and *Kalander* would needs have the marriage celebrated in his houſe, principally the longer to hold his dear gueſt, towards whom he was now, beſides his own habit of hoſpitality, carried with love and duty: and therefore omitted no ſervice that his wit could invent and his power miniſter.

But no way he ſaw he could ſo much pleaſure them, as by leaving the two friends alone, who being ſhrunk aſide to the banqueting-houſe, where the pictures were; there *Palladius* recounted unto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ſhip (and either of them taking ſomething under him, the better to ſupport him to the ſhore) he knew not how, but either with over-labouring in the fight, and ſudden cold, or the too much receiving of ſalt-water, he was paſt himſelf: but yet holding faſt, as the nature of dying men is to do, the cheſt that was under him, he was caſt on the ſands, where he was taken

up by a couple of ſhepherds, and by them brought to life again, and kept from drowning himſelf, when he deſpaired of his ſafety. How after having failed to take him into the fiſher-boat, he had by the ſhepherds perſuaſion come to this gentleman's houſe; where being dangerouſly ſick, he had yielded to ſeek the recovery of health, only for that he might the ſooner go ſeek the delivery of *Pyrocles*; to which purpoſe *Kalander* by ſome friends of his in *Meſſina*, had already ſet a ſhip or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophon*'s taking had ſo bleſſedly procured their meeting. Then did he ſet forth unto him the noble entertainment and careful cheriſhing of *Kalander* towards him, and ſo upon occaſion of the pictures preſent, delivered with the frankneſs of a friend's tongue, as near as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had told him touching the ſtrange ſtory, with all the particularities belonging, of *Arcadia*; which did in many ſorts ſo delight *Pyrocles* to hear, that he would needs have much of it again repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himſelf had anſwered him divers queſtions.

But firſt, at *Muſidorus*'s requeſt, though in brief manner, his mind much running upon the ſtrange ſtory of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what courſe of adventures he was come to make up their mutual happineſs in meeting. When, couſin ſaid he, we had ſtripped our ſelves, and were both leaped into the ſea, and ſwam a little toward the ſhore, I found, by reaſon of ſome wounds I had, that I ſhould not be able to get the land, and therefore returned back again to the maſt of the ſhip, where you found me, aſſuring my ſelf, that if you came alive to ſhore, you would ſeek me; if you were loſt, as I thought it as good to periſh as to live, ſo that place as good to periſh in as another. There I found my ſword among ſome of the ſhrowds, wiſhing, I muſt confeſs, if I died, to be found with that in my hand, and withal waving it about my head, that ſailers by, might have the better glimpſe of me. There you miſſing me, was taken up by pirates, who putting me under board priſoner, pre-

preſently ſet upon another ſhip, and maintaining a long fight, in the end put them all to the ſword. Amongſt whom I might hear them greatly praiſe one young man, who fought moſt valiantly, who (as love is careful, and misfortune ſubject to doubtfulneſs) I thought certainly to be you. And ſo holding you as dead, from that time till the time I ſaw you, in truth I ſought nothing more than a noble end, which perchance made me more hardy than otherwiſe I would have been. Trial whereof came within two days after: for the kings of *Lacedæmon* having ſet out ſome gallies, under the charge of one of their nephews, to ſcour the ſea of the pirates, they met with us, where our captain wanting men, was driven to arm ſome of his priſoners, with promiſe of liberty for well fighting: among whom I was one; and being boarded by the admiral, it was my fortune to kill *Eurylcon* the king's nephew: but in the end they prevailed, and we were all taken priſoners, I not caring much what became of me (only keeping the name of *Daiphantus*, according to the reſolution you know is between us:) but being laid in the jayl of *Tenaria*, with ſpecial hate to me for the death of *Eurylcon*, the popular ſort of that town conſpired with the *Helots*, and ſo by night opened them the gates; where entering and killing all of the genteel and rich faction, for honeſty-ſake brake open all priſons, and ſo delivered me: and I moved with grateſulneſs, and encouraged with carleſneſs of life, ſo behaved my ſelf in ſome conflicts they had within few days, that they barbarouſly thinking unſenſible wonders of me, and withal ſo much the better truſting me, as they heard I was hated of the king of *Lacedæmon*, their chief captain being ſlain, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perſuaſion) having borne a great affection unto me, and to avoid the dangerous emulation which grew among the chief, who ſhould have the place, and alſo affected, as rather to have a ſtranger than a competitor, they elected me (God wot little proud of that dignity,) reſtoring unto me ſuch things of mine as being taken firſt by

by the pirates, and then by *Lacedemonians*, they had gotten in the ſack of the town. Now being in it, ſo good was my ſucceſs with many victories, that I made a peace for them, to their own liking, the very day that you delivered *Clitophon*; whom I, with much ado, had preſerved. And in my peace the king *Amiclas*, of *Lacedæmon*, would needs have me baniſhed, and deprived of the dignity, whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may ſee how much you are bound to me) for your ſake I was content to ſuffer, a new hope riſing in me that you were not dead: and ſo meaning to travel over the world to ſeek you; and now here, my dear *Muſidorus!* you have me. And with that, embracing and kiſſing each other, they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* deſired to hear the full ſtory, which before he had recounted to *Palladius*, and to ſee the letter of *Philanax*, which he read and well marked.

But within ſome days after, the marriage between *Argalus* and the fair *Parthenia* being to be celebrated, *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* ſelling ſome of their jewels, furniſhed themſelves of very fair apparel, meaning to do honour to their loving hoſt; who as much for their ſakes, as for their marriage, ſet forth each thing in moſt gorgeous manner. But all the coſt beſtowed did not ſo much enrich, nor all the fine decking ſo much beautify, nor all the dainty devices ſo much delight, as the fairneſs of *Parthenia*, the pearl of all the maids of *Mantinea*; who as ſhe went to the temple to be married, her eyes themſelves ſeemed a temple, wherein love and beauty were married; her lips, though they were kept cloſe with modeſt ſilence, yet with a pretty kind of natural ſwelling, they ſeemed to invite gueſts that looked on them; her cheeks bluſhing, and withal, when ſhe was ſpoken unto, a little ſmiling, were like roſes, when their leaves are with a little breath ſtirred; her hair being laid at the full length down her back, bare ſhew as if the yoward failed, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, O *Jupiter!* (ſaith he ſpeaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beauty is only

only confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his ſpeech, ſome days were continued in the ſolemnizing the marriage, with all conceits that might deliver delight to men's fancies.

But ſuch a change was grown in *Daiphantus*, that (as if chearfulneſs had been tediouſneſs, and good entertainment were turned to diſcourteſy) he would ever get himſelf alone, though almoſt when he was in company, he was alone; ſo little attention he gave to any that ſpake unto him: even the colour and figure of his face began to receive ſome alteration, which he ſhewed little to heed: but every morning early going abroad, either to the garden, or to ſome woods towards the deſart, it ſeemed his only comfort to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true love made ready to mark, and long knowledge able to mark; and therefore being now grown weary of his abode in *Arcadia*, having informed himſelf fully of the ſtrength and riches of the country, of the nature of the people, and manner of their laws: and ſeeing the court could not be viſited, prohibited to all men, but to certain ſhepherdiſh people; he greatly deſired a ſpeedy return to his own country, after the many mazes of fortune he had trodden. But perceiving this great alteration in his friend, had thought firſt to break with him thereof, and then to haſten his return; whereof he found him but ſmally inclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certain graces and countenances, as if he were diſputing with the trees, began in this manner to ſay unto him.

A mind well trained and long exerciſed in virtue, my ſweet and worthy couſin! doth not eaſily change any courſe it once undertakes, but upon well-grounded and well-weighed cauſes; for being witneſs to it ſelf of its own inward good, it finds nothing without it of ſo high a price for which it ſhould be altered. Even the very countenance and behaviour of ſuch a man doth ſhew forth images of the ſame conſtancy, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yielding it ſelf

ſuitable to the virtuous reſolution of the mind. This ſpeech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles!*) the excellency of whoſe mind and well choſen courſe in virtue, if I do not ſufficiently know, having ſeen ſuch rare demonſtrations of it, it is my weakneſs, and not your unworthineſs: but as indeed I know it, and knowing it, moſt dearly love both it, and him that hath it: ſo muſt I needs ſay that ſince our late coming into this country, I have marked in you, I will not ſay, an alteration, but a relenting truly, and a ſlacking of the main career, you had ſo notably begun and almoſt performed, and that in ſuch ſort, as I cannot find ſufficient reaſon in my great love toward you how to allow it: for (to leave off at her ſecreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me eaſily find) this in effect to any man may be manifeſt, that whereas you were wont in all places you came, to give your ſelf vehemently to the knowledge of thoſe things which might better your mind, to ſeek the familiarity of excellent men in learning and ſoldiery, and laſtly to put all theſe things in practice both by continual wiſe proceeding, and worthy enterpriſes, as occaſion fell for them; you now leave all theſe things undone: you let your mind fall aſleep: beſide your countenance troubled, which ſurely comes not of virtue, for virtue, like the clear heaven, is without clouds: and laſtly, you ſubject your ſelf to ſolitarineſs, the fly enemy, that doth moſt ſeparate a man from well doing. *Pyrocles*'s mind was all this while ſo fixed upon another devotion, that he no more attentively marked his friend's diſcourſe, than the child that hath leave to play, marks the laſt part of his leſſon; or the diligent pilot in a dangerous tempeſt doth attend the unskilful words of a paſſenger: yet the very ſound having imprinted the general points of his ſpeech in his heart, pierced without any miſlike of ſo dearly an eſteemed friend, and deſirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler conſideration of him, with a ſhame-faced look (witneſſing he rather could not help, than did not know his fault) anſwered him to this purpoſe: excellent [illegible]

ſidorus! in the praiſe you gave me in the beginning of your ſpeech, I eaſily acknowledge the force of your good will unto me; for neither could you have thought ſo well of me, if extremity of love hath not made your judgment partial, nor could you have loved me, ſo entirely, if you had not been apt to make ſo great, though undeſerved, judgments of me; and even ſo muſt I ſay to thoſe imperfections, to which, though I have ever through weakneſs been ſubject, yet you by the daily mending of your mind have of late been able to look into them which before your could not diſcern; ſo that the change you ſpeak of, falls not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet under the leave of your better judgment, I muſt needs ſay thus much (my dear couſin!) that I find not my ſelf wholly to be condemned, becauſe I do not with continual vehemency follow thoſe knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it ſelf muſt, like other things, ſometimes be unbent, or elſe it will be either weakened, or broken: and theſe knowledges, as they are of good uſe; ſo are they not all the mind may ſtretch it ſelf unto: who knows whether I feed not my mind with higher thoughts? truly, as I know not all the particulars, ſo yet I ſee the bounds of all theſe knowledges: but the workings of the mind, I find much more infinite than can be led unto by the eye, or imagined by any that diſtract their thought without themſelves. And ſuch contemplation, or, as I think, more excellent, I enjoy my ſolitarineſs, and my ſolitarineſs perchance is the nurſe of theſe contemplations. Eagles we ſee flie alone, and they are but ſheep which always herd together; condemn not therefore my mind ſometimes to enjoy it ſelf; nor blame not the taking of ſuch times as ſerve moſt fit for it. And alas (dear *Aſtroſidorus!*) if I be ſad, who knows better than you the juſt cauſes I have of ſadneſs? And here *Pyrocles* ſuddenly ſtopped, like a man unſatisfied in himſelf, though his wit might well have ſerved to have ſatisfied another. And ſo looking with a countenance, as though he deſired he

ſhould

ſhould know his mind without hearing him ſpeak, and yet deſirous to ſpeak, to breathe out ſome part of his inward evil, ſending again new blood to his face, he continued his ſpeech in this manner: and lord, dear couſin, ſaid he, doth not the pleaſantneſs of this place carry in it ſelf ſufficient reward for any time loſt in it? do you not ſee how all things conſpire together to make this country a heavenly dwelling? do you not ſee the graſs, how in colour they excel the emerald, every one ſtriving to paſs his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equal height? and ſee you not the reſt of theſe beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to expreſs? do not theſe ſtately trees ſeem to maintain their flouriſhing old age with the only happineſs of their ſear, being clothed with a continual ſpring, becauſe no beauty here ſhould ever fade? doth not the air breathe health, which the birds, delightful both to ear and eye, do daily ſolemnize with the ſweet conſent of their voices? is not every *Echo* thereof a perfect muſick? and theſe freſh and delightful brooks how ſlowly they ſlide away, as loth to leave the company of ſo many things united in perfection? and with how ſweet a murmur they lament their forced departure? certainly, certainly, couſin, it muſt needs be that ſome goddeſs inhabiteth this region, who is the ſoul of this ſoil: for neither is any leſs than a goddeſs, worthy to be ſhrined in ſuch a heap of pleaſures: nor any leſs than a goddeſs could have made it ſo perfect a plat of the celeſtial dwellings. And ſo ended with a deep ſigh, ruefully * caſting his eye upon *Muſidorus*, as more deſirous of pity than pleading. But *Muſidorus* had all this while held his look fixed upon *Pyrocles*'s countenance; and with no leſs loving attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both theſe, he perceived ſuch ſtrange diverſities; that they rather increaſed new doubts, than gave him ground to ſettle any judgment: for beſides his eyes ſometimes even great with tears, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of ſhaking unſtayedneſs over all his body, he might ſee in his countenance

* Woefully.

tenance ſome great determination mixed with fear; and might perceive in him ſtore of thoughts, rather ſtirred, than digeſted; his words interrupted continually with ſighs, which ſerved as a burthen to each ſentence, and the tenour of his ſpeech, though of his wonted phraſe, not knit to gether to one conſtant end, but rather diſſolved in it ſelf, as the vehemency of the inward paſſion prevailed: which made *Muſidorus* frame his anſwer neareſt to that humour, which ſhould ſooneſt put out the ſecret. For having in the beginning of *Pyrocles's* ſpeech, which defended his ſolitarineſs, framed in his mind a reply againſt it, in the praiſe of honourable action, in ſhewing that ſuch a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idleneſs; that in action a man did not only better himſelf, but benefit others: that the gods would not have delivered a ſoul into the body, which had arms and legs, only inſtruments of doing, but that it were intended the mind ſhould employ them, and that the mind ſhould beſt know his own good or evil by practice, which knowledge was the only way to increaſe the one, and correct the other: beſides many other arguments, which the plentifulneſs of the matter yielded to the ſharpneſs of his wit. When he found *Pyrocles* leave that, and fall into ſuch an affected praiſing of the place, he left it likewiſe, and joined with him therein: becauſe he found him in that humour utter more ſtore of paſſion; and even thus kindly embracing him, he ſaid, your words are ſuch (noble couſin!) ſo ſweetly and ſtrongly handled in the praiſe of ſolitarineſs, as they would make me likewiſe yield my ſelf up into it, but that the ſame words make me know, it is more pleaſant to enjoy the company of him that can ſpeak ſuch words, than by ſuch words to be perſuaded to follow ſolitarineſs. And even ſo do I give you leave, ſweet *Pyrocles*, ever to defend ſolitarineſs, ſo long as to defend it, you ever keep company. But I marvel at the exceſſive praiſes you give to this country; in truth it is not unpleaſant, but yet if you would return into *Macedon*, you ſhould either ſee many heavens, or find this no more than

earthly,

earthly. And even *Tempe* in my *Theſſalia* (where you and I, to my great happineſs, were brought up together) is nothing inferior unto it. But I think you will make me ſee, that the vigour of your wit can ſhew it ſelf in any ſubject: or elſe you feed ſometimes your ſolitarineſs with the conceits of the poets, whoſe liberal pens can as eaſily travel over mountains as molehills: and ſo like well-diſpoſed men, ſet up every thing to the higheſt note; eſpecially, when they put ſuch words in the mouths of one of theſe fantaſtical mind-infected people, that children and muſicians call *Lovers*. This word, *Lover*, did no leſs pierce poor *Pyrocles*, than the right tune of muſick toucheth him that is ſick of the *Tarantula* *. There was not one part of his body that did not feel a ſudden motion, while his heart, with panting ſeemed to dance to the ſound of that word; yet after ſome pauſe (lifting up his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Muſidorus*) armed with the very countenance of the poor priſoner at the bar, whoſe anſwer is nothing but guilty: with much ado he brought forth this queſtion. And alas, ſaid he, (dear couſin!) what if it be not ſo much the poet (the freedom of whoſe pen can exerciſe it ſelf in any thing) as even that miſerable ſubject of his cunning whereof you ſpeak? now the eternal gods forbid, mainly cried out *Muſidorus*, that ever my ear ſhould be poiſoned with ſo evil news of you. O let me never know that any baſe affection ſhould get any lordſhip in your thoughts. But as he was ſpeaking more, *Kalander* came and brake off their diſcourſe, with inviting them to the hunting of a goodly ſtag, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good ſport, and drive away ſome part of *Daiphantus*'s melancholy. They condeſcended, and ſo going to their lodgings, furniſhed themſelves as liked them; *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left ſealed in a letter againſt their return.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander*

* A venemous *Spider* (ſo called from *Tarento* a city of *Naples*) whoſe bite is of ſuch a Nature, that it is to be cured only by muſick.

enter-

entertaining them with pleaſant diſcourſing, how well he loved the ſport of hunting when he was a young man, how much, in the compariſon thereof, he diſdained all chamber-delights, that the ſun (how great a journey ſoever he had to make) could never prevent him earlineſs, nor the moon, with her ſober countenance, diſſuade him from watching till midnight for the deers feeding. O ſaid he, you will never live to my age, without you keep your ſelves in breath with exerciſe, and in heart with joyfulneſs: too much thinking doth conſume the ſpirits, and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then ſpared he not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was changed ſince his youth: activity and good fellowſhip being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, ſtill worſe and worſe. Then would he tell them ſtories of ſuch gallants as he had known: and ſo with pleaſant company beguiled the time's haſte, and ſhortened the way's length, till they came to the ſide of the wood, where the hounds were in couples ſtaying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and marks ſo reſembling, that it ſhewed they were of one kind. The huntſmen handſomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of ſummer, with ſtaves in their hands, to beat the guiltleſs earth, when the hounds were at a fault, and with horns about their necks, to ſound an alarm upon a ſilly fugitive: the hounds were ſtraight uncoupled, and e'er long the ſtag thought it better to truſt to the nimbleneſs of his feet, than to the ſlender fortification of his lodging: but even his feet betrayed him; for howſoever they went, they themſelves uttered themſelves to the ſcent of their enemies; who one taking it of another, and ſometimes believing the wind's advertiſement, ſometimes the view of their faithful counſellors, the huntſmen, with open mouths then denounced war, when the war was already begun; their cry being compoſed of ſo well-ſorted mouths, that any man would perceive therein ſome kind of proportion,

tion, but the skilful wood-men did find a muſick. Then delight, and variety of opinion, drew the horſmen ſundry ways, yet chearing their hounds with voice and horn, kept ſtill, as it were, together. The wood ſeemed to conſpire with them againſt his own citizens, diſperſing their noiſe through all his quarters, and even the nymph *Echo* left to bewail the loſs of *Narciſſus*, and became a hunter. But the ſtag was in the end ſo hotly purſued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of deſpair; and ſo turning his head, made the hounds, with change of ſpeech, to teſtify that he was at a bay: as if from hot purſuit of their enemy, they were ſuddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalander*, by his skill of coaſting the country, was amongſt the firſt that came in to the beſieged deer, whom when ſome of the younger ſort would have killed with their ſwords, he would not ſuffer: but with a croſs-bow ſent a death to the poor beaſt, who with tears ſhewed the unkindneſs he took of man's cruelty.

But by the time that the whole company was aſſembled, and that the ſtag had beſtowed himſelf liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was miſſed, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no news could be given him, but by one that ſaid, he thought he was returned home; for that he marked him, in the chief of the hunting, take a bye-way, which might lead to *Kalander*'s houſe. That anſwer for the time ſatisfying, and they having performed all duties, as well for the ſtag's funeral, as the hounds triumph, they returned: ſome talking of the fatneſs of the deer's body; ſome of the fairneſs of his head; ſome of the hounds cunning; ſome of their ſpeed, and ſome of their cry; till coming home, about the time that the candles begin to inherit the ſun's office, they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly marvelling, and a day or two paſſing, while neither ſearch nor enquiry could help him to knowledge, at laſt he lighted upon the letter which *Pyrocles* had written before he went a hunting, and left in his ſtudy among other of his writ-

writings; The letter was directed to *Palladius* himſelf, and contained theſe words.

My only friend! violence of love leads me into ſuch a courſe, whereof your knowledge may much more vex you, than help me. Therefore pardon my concealing it from you, ſince, if I wrong you, it is in the reſpect I bear you. Return into Theſſalia, *I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of deſire: and if I live, I will in a ſhort time follow; if I die, love my memory.*

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twice or thrice over. Ah, ſaid he, *Pyrocles* what means this alteration? what have I deſerved of thee, to be thus baniſhed of thy counſels? heretofore I have accuſed the ſea, condemned the pirates; and hated my evil fortune, that deprived me of thee; but now thy ſelf is the ſea, which drowns my comfort; thy ſelf is the pirate that robs thy ſelf from me; thy own will becomes my evil fortune. Then turned he his thoughts to all forms of gueſſes that might light upon the purpoſe and courſe of *Pyrocles*: for he was not ſo fixed by his words, that it was love, as he was doubtful where the love was. One time he thought, ſome beauty in *Laconia* had laid hold of his eyes; another time he feared, that it might be *Parthenia's* excellency, which had broken the bands of all former reſolution; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of objection riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

Then as careful he was what to do himſelf: at length determined, never to leave ſeeking him, till his ſearch ſhould be either by meeting accompliſhed, or by death ended. Therefore (for all the unkindneſs, bearing tender reſpect, that his friend's ſecret determination ſhould be kept from any ſuſpicion in others) he went to *Kalander*, and told him, that he had received a meſſage from his friend, by which he underſtood he was gone back again into *Laconia*, about ſome matters greatly importing the poor men, whoſe protection he had undertaken, and that it was in any ſort fit for him to follow him, but in ſuch private wiſe, as not to be known, and that therefore he

he would as then bid him farewel; arming himſelf in a black armour, as either a badge, or prognoſtication of his mind: and taking only with him good ſtore of money, and a few choice jewels, leaving the greateſt number of them, and moſt of his apparel with *Kalander*; which he did, partly to give the more cauſe to *Kalander* to expect their return, and ſo to be the leſs curiouſly inquiſitive after them: and partly to leave thoſe honourable thanks unto him, for his charge and kindneſs, which he knew he would not other way receive. The good old man having neither reaſon to diſſuade, nor hope to perſuade, received the things, with mind of a keeper, not of an owner; but before he went, deſired he might have the happineſs, fully to know what they were; which he ſaid, he had ever till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune: but now he could not be ſo much an enemy to his deſires, as any longer to impriſon them in ſilence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter was not ſo ſecret, but that ſo worthy a friend deſerved the knowledge, and ſhould have it as ſoon as he might ſpeak with his friend; without whoſe conſent (becauſe their promiſe bound him otherwiſe) he could not reveal it: but bade him hold for moſt aſſured, that if they lived but a while, he ſhould find, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would give him and his, cauſe to think his noble courteſy well employed. *Kalander* would preſs him no farther, but deſiring that he might have leave to go, or at leaſt to ſend his ſon and ſervants with him: *Palladius* brake off all ceremonies, by telling him, his caſe ſtood ſo, that his greateſt favour ſhould be in making leaſt ado of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber than courteſy to ſtrive, abſtained from farther urging him, but not from hearty mourning the loſs of ſo ſweet a converſation.

Only *Clitophon* by vehement importunity obtained to go with him, to come again to *Daiphantus*, whom he named and accounted his lord. And in ſuch private guiſe departed

departed *Palladius*, though having a companion to talk withal, yet talking much more with unkindneſs. And firſt they went to *Mantinea*; whereof becauſe *Parthenia* was, he ſuſpected there might be ſome cauſe of his abode. But finding there no news of him, he went to *Tegea*, *Ripa*, *Eniſpæ*, *Stimphalus*, and *Phineus*, famous for the poiſonous *Stygian* water, and through all the reſt of *Arcadia*, making their eyes, their ears, and their tongues ſerve almoſt for nothing, but that enquiry. But they could know nothing but that in none of thoſe places he was known. And ſo went they, making one place ſucceed to another, in like uncertainty to their ſearch, many times encountering ſtrange adventures, worthy to be regiſtred in the rolls of fame: but this may not be omitted. As they paſt in a pleaſant valley (of either ſide of which high hills lifted up their beetle-brows, as if they would overlook the pleaſantneſs of their under-proſpect) they were by their daintineſs of the place, and the wearineſs of themſelves, invited to light from their horſes; and pulled off their bits, that they might ſomething refreſh their mouths upon the graſs (which plentifully grew, brought up under the care of thoſe well-ſhading trees) they themſelves laid them down hard by the murmuring muſick of certain waters, which ſpouted out of the ſide of the hills, and in the bottom of the valley made of many ſprings a pretty brook, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while hearkened to the perſuaſion of ſleep, they roſe, and walked onward in that ſhady place, till *Clitophon* eſpied a piece of armour, and not far off another piece: and ſo the ſight of one piece teaching him to look for more, he at length found all, with head-piece and ſhield, by the device whereof, (which was * * * * * * * * *) he ſtraight knew it to be the armour of his couſin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (fearing ſome inconvenience happened unto him) he told both his doubt, and cauſe of doubt to *Palladius*, who, conſidering thereof, thought beſt to make no longer ſtay, but to follow on:

leſt perchance ſome violence were offered to ſo worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world ſeemed to ſet in balance with any knight living. Yet with a ſudden conceit, having long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought beſt to take that armour, thinking thereby to learn by them that ſhould know that armour, ſome news of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the ſearch of *Daiphantus* too. So he by the help of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one piece wanting, though hacked in ſome places, bewraying ſome fight nor long ſince paſſed. It was ſomething too great, but yet ſerved well enough. And ſo getting on their horſes, they travelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley into a fair field, they met with a coach drawn with four milk-white horſes, furniſhed all in black, with a black-a-moor boy upon every horſe, they all apparelled in white, the coach it ſelf very richly furniſhed in black and white. But before they could come ſo near as to diſcern what was within, there came running upon them above a dozen horſemen, who cried to them to yield themſelves priſoners, or elſe they ſhould die. But *Palladius* not accuſtomed to [illegible] over the poſſeſſion of himſelf, upon ſo unjuſt [illegible], with ſword drawn, gave them ſo rude an anſwer, that divers of them never had breath to reply again: for being well backed by *Clitophon*, and having an excellent horſe under him, when he was overpreſſed by ſome, he voided them, and e'er the other thought of it, puniſhed in him, his fellow's faults: and ſo either with cunning, or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either living, or able to make his life ſerve to others hurt. Which being done, he approached the coach, aſſuring the black boys they ſhould have no hurt, who were elſe ready to have run away; and looking in the coach, he found in the one end, a lady of great beauty, and ſuch a beauty, as ſhewed forth the beams both of wiſdom and good nature, but all as much darkened as might be, with ſorrow. In the other, two ladies, who by their demeanour ſhewed well,

they

they were but her ſervants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly gentleman, whom he knew not, painted, having in their faces a certain waiting ſorrow, their eyes being infected with their miſtreſs's weeping. But the chief lady having not ſo much as once heard the noiſe of this conflict (ſo had ſorrow cloſed up all the entries of her mind, and love tied her ſenſes to that beloved picture) now the ſhadow of him falling upon the picture made her caſt up her eye; and ſeeing the armour which too well ſhe knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus*, the lord of her deſires (blood coming more freely into her cheeks, as though it would be bold, and yet there growing new again pale for fear) with a pitiful look, like one unjuſtly condemned, my lord *Amphialus*, ſaid ſhe, you have enough puniſhed me, it is time for cruelty to leave you, and evil fortune me; if not, I pray you (and to grant my prayer, fitter time nor place you can have) accompliſh the one even now, and finiſh the other. With that ſorrow, impatient to be ſlowly uttered in her often ſtaying ſpeeches, poured it ſelf ſo faſt into tears, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam, ſaid he, I perceive you miſtake me; I am a ſtranger in theſe parts, ſet upon, without any cauſe given by me, by ſome of your ſervants; whom, becauſe I have in my juſt defence evil intreated, I came to make my excuſe to you, whom ſeeing ſuch as I do, I find greater cauſe why I ſhould crave pardon of you. When ſhe ſaw his face, and heard his ſpeech, ſhe looked out of the coach; and ſeeing her men, ſome ſlain, ſome lying under their dead horſes, and ſtriving to get from under them, without making more account of the matter; truly, ſaid ſhe, they are well ſerved that durſt lift up their arms againſt that armour. But Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, I pray you tell me, how came you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owned it, then have I more to ſay unto you. *Palladius* aſſured her it was not ſo, telling her the true manner how he found it. It is like enough, ſaid ſhe, for that agrees with the manner he hath

lately uſed. But I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſince your proweſs hath bereft me of my company, let it yet ſo far heal the wounds it ſelf hath given, as to guard me to the next town. How great ſoever my buſineſs be, fair lady, ſaid he, it ſhall willingly yield to ſo noble a cauſe: but firſt, even by the favour you bear to the lord of this noble armour, I conjure you to tell mé the ſtory of your fortune herein; leſt hereafter, when the image of ſo excellent a lady in ſo ſtrange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemn my ſelf of want of conſideration in not having demanded thus much. Neither ask I it without proteſtation, that wherein my ſword and faith may avail you, they ſhall bind themſelves to your ſervice. Your conjuration, fair knight, ſaid ſhe, is too ſtrong for my poor ſpirit to diſobey, and that ſhall make me (without any other hope, my ruin being but by one unrelievable) to grant your will herein: and to ſay the truth, a ſtrange niceneſs were it in me to refrain that from the ears of a perſon repreſenting ſo much worthineſs, which I am glad even to rocks and woods to utter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, queen by birth, and hither to poſſeſſed of the fair city and territory of *Corinth*. I can ſay no more of my ſelf, but that I am beloved of my people; and may juſtly ſay beloved, ſince they are content to bear with my abſence, and folly. But I being left by my father's death, and accepted by my people, in the higheſt degree that country could receive; as ſoon, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it, my court quickly ſwarmed full of ſuitors: ſome perchance loving my eſtate, others my perſon; but once, I know all of them, howſoever my poſſeſſions were in their heart, my beauty, ſuch as it is, was in their mouths, many ſtrangers of princely and noble blood, and all of mine own country, to whom either birth or virtue gave courage to avow ſo high a deſire.

Among the reſt, or rather before the reſt, was the lord *Philoxenus*, ſon and heir to the virtuous nobleman *Timotheus*; which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, paren-

parentage, and, which paſſed all theſe, goodneſs, and, which followed all theſe, love of the people, beyond any of the great men of my country. Now this ſon of his, I muſt ſay truly, not unworthy of ſuch a father, bending himſelf by all means of ſerviceableneſs to me, and ſetting forth of himſelf to win my favour, wan thus far of me, that in truth I leſs miſliked him than any of the reſt; which, in ſome proportion, my countenance delivered unto him. Though I muſt proteſt it was a very falſe ambaſſador, if it delivered at all any affection, whereof my heart was utterly void, I as then eſteeming my ſelf born to rule, and thinking foul ſcorn willingly to ſubmit my ſelf to be ruled.

But while *Philoxenus* in good ſort purſued my favour, and perchance nouriſhed himſelf with over-much hope, becauſe he found I did in ſome ſort acknowledge his value; one time among the reſt he brought with him a dear friend of his, with that ſhe looked upon the picture before her, and ſtraight ſighed, and ſtraight tears followed, as if the idol of duty ought to be honoured with ſuch oblations, and then her ſpeech ſtayed the tale, having brought her to that look, but that look having quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pitying ſo ſweet a ſorrow in a lady, whom by fame he had already known and honoured; beſought for her promiſe ſake, to put ſilence ſo long unto her moaning, till ſhe had recounted the reſt of this ſtory. Why, ſaid ſhe, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I ſay more unto you? What ear is ſo barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who follows deeds of arms, but every where finds monuments of *Amphialus*? who is courteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are all heroical parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus*, I would thou wert not ſo excellent, or I would I thought thee not ſo excellent, and yet would I not that I would ſo, with that ſhe wept again; till he again ſolliciting the concluſions of her ſtory; then you muſt, ſaid ſhe, know the ſtory of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life,

his life my hiſtory: and indeed in what can I better employ my lips than in ſpeaking of *Amphialus?*

This knight then, whoſe figure you ſee, but whoſe mind can be painted by nothing but by their true ſhape of virtue, is brother's ſon to *Baſilius*, king of *Arcadia*; and in his childhood eſteemed his heir: till *Baſilius* in his old years, marrying a young and fair lady, had of her, thoſe two daughters, ſo famous for their perfection in beauty: which put by their young couſin from that expectation. Whereupon his mother (a woman of an haughty heart, being daughter to the king of *Argos*) either diſdaining, or fearing, that her ſon ſhould live under the power of *Baſilius*, ſent him to that lord *Timotheus* (between whom and her dead husband there had paſſed ſtraight bands of mutual hoſpitality) to be brought up in company with his ſon *Philoxenus*.

A happy reſolution for *Amphialus*, whoſe excellent nature was by this means trained on with as good education, as any prince's ſon in the world could have; which otherwiſe it is thought his mother, far unworthy of ſuch a ſon, would not have given him; the good *Timotheus* no leſs loving him than his own ſon. Well, they grew in years; and ſhortly occaſions fell aptly to try *Amphialus*, and all occaſions were but ſteps for him to climb fame by. Nothing was ſo hard, but his valour overcame; which yet ſtill he ſo guided with true virtue; that, although no man was in our parts ſpoken of, but he, for his manhood, yet, as though therein he excelled himſelf, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus*. An endleſs thing it were for me to tell, how many adventures, terrible to be ſpoken of, he atchieved; what monſters, what giants, what conqueſts of countries, ſometimes uſing policy, ſometimes force, but always virtue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus*: between whom and him, ſo faſt a friendſhip by education was knit, that at laſt *Philoxenus* having no greater matter to employ his friendſhip in, than to win me, therein deſired, and had his uttermoſt furtherance: to that purpoſe brought

brought he him to my court, where truly I may juſtly witneſs with him, that what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as far as the limits of reaſon ſtretched) was all directed to the ſetting forward the ſuit of his friend *Philoxenus*: mine ears could hear nothing from him, but touching the worthineſs of *Philoxenus*, and of the great happineſs it would be unto me to have ſuch a husband; with many arguments, which God knows, I cannot well remember; becauſe I did not much believe. For why ſhould I uſe many circumſtances to come to that where already I am, and ever while I live muſt continue? in few words, while he pleaded for another, he wan me for himſelf: if at leaſt, with that ſhe ſighed, he would account it winning; for his fame had ſo framed the way to my mind, that his preſence, ſo full of beauty, ſweetneſs, and noble converſation, had entered there before he vouchſafed to call for the keys. O lord, how did my ſoul hang at his lips while he ſpake! O when he in feeling manner would deſcribe the love of his friend, how well, thought I, doth love between thoſe lips! when he would with daintieſt eloquence ſtir pity in me toward *Philoxenus*, why ſure, ſaid I to my ſelf, *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pity: and when he would extol the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who indeed had but waited on him therein, alas, thought I, good *Philoxenus*, how evil doth it become thy name to be ſubſcribed to this letter? what ſhall I ſay? nay, what ſhould I not ſay, (noble knight!) who am not aſhamed, nay am delighted, thus to expreſs my own paſſions?

Days paſt, his eagerneſs for his friend never decreaſed, my affection to him ever increaſed. At length, in way of ordinary courteſy, I obtained of him, who ſuſpected no ſuch matter, this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I fear that I ſhall ever enjoy: and grown bolder, or madder, or bold with madneſs, I diſcovered my affection unto him. But lord, I ſhall never forget, how anger and courteſy, at one inſtant appeared in his eyes, when he

heard that motion: how with his bluſh he taught me ſhame. In ſum, he left nothing unaſſayed, which might diſgrace himſelf, to grace his friend, in ſweet terms making me receive a moſt reſolute refuſal of himſelf. But when he found that his preſence did far more purſuade for himſelf, than his ſpeech could do for his friend, he left my court; hoping that forgetfulneſs, which commonly waits upon abſence, would make room for his friend; to whom he would not utter thus much, I think, for a kind fear not to grieve him, or perchance, though he cares little for me, of a certain honourable gratefulneſs, not yet to diſcover ſo much of my ſecrets: but, as it ſhould ſeem, meant to travel into far countries, until his friend's affections either ceaſed or prevailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to ſee how onward the fruits were of his friend's labour, when (as in truth I cared not much how he took it) he found me ſitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am ſure with a moſt affectionate mind. I ſt[illegible] found jealouſy and diſdain took hold of him, and [illegible] pain of mine own heart made me ſo d[illegible] him, whom I eſteemed to be the chief[illegible] that when he with humble geſture, an[illegible] ſued for my favour, I told him, [illegible] more willingly, if he would ſpeak [illegible] as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: he ne[illegible] red me, but pale and quaking, went ſtraight away; and ſtraight my heart miſgave me ſome evil ſucceſs: and yet, though I had authority enough to have ſtayed him (as in theſe fatal things it falls out, that the high working powers make ſecond cauſes unwittingly acceſſary to their determinations) I did no farther, but ſent a footman of mine (whoſe faithfulneſs to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, and bring me word of his proceedings: which (alas!) have brought forth that which I fear I muſt ever rue.

For he had travelled ſcarce a day's journey out of my country, but that, not far from this place, he overtook

Amphi-

Amphialus, who, by ſuccouring a diſtreſſed lady, had been here ſtayed: and by and by called him to fight with him, proteſting that one of them two ſhould die. You may eaſily judge how ſtrange it was to *Amphialus*, whoſe heart could accuſe it ſelf of no fault, but too much affection toward him; which he, refuſing to fight with him, would fain have made *Philoxenus* underſtand, but, as my ſervant ſince told me, the more *Amphialus* went back, the more he followed calling him traitor, and coward, yet never telling the cauſe of this ſtrange alteration. Ah *Philoxenus*, ſaid *Amphialus*, I know I am no traitor, and thou well knoweſt I am no coward: but I pray thee content thy ſelf with this much, and let this ſatisfy thee, that I love thee, ſince I bear thus much of thee: but he, leaving words, drew his ſword and gave *Amphialus* a great blow or two; which, but for the goodneſs of his armour, would have ſlain him; and yet ſo far did *Amphialus* contain himſelf, ſtepping aſide, and ſaying to him: Well, *Philoxenus*, and thus much villany am I content to put up, not any longer for thy ſake, (whom I have no cauſe to love, ſince thou doſt injure me, and wilt not tell me the cauſe) but for thy virtuous father's ſake to whom I am ſo much bound; I pray thee go away, and conquer thy own paſſions and thou ſhalt make me ſoon yield to be thy ſervant. But he would not attend his words, but ſtill ſtruck ſo fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end, (nature prevailing above determination) he was fain to defend himſelf, and withal ſo to offend him, that by an unlucky blow the poor *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feet; having had time only to ſpeak ſome words, whereby *Amphialus* knew it was for my ſake: which when *Amphialus* ſaw, he forthwith gave ſuch tokens of true-felt ſorrow, that as my ſervant ſaid, no imagination could conceive greater woe. But that by and by an unhappy occaſion made *Amphialus* paſs himſelf in ſorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the ſame place, the aged and virtuous *Timotheus*; who (having heard of his ſon's ſudden and

paſſi-

passionate manner of parting from my court) had followed him as speedily as he could: but alas not so speedily, but that he found him dead before he could overtake him. Though my heart be nothing but a stage of tragedies, yet I must confess, it is even unable to bear the miserable representation thereof, knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I have done. Alas, what sorrow, what amazement, what shame was in *Amphialus*, when he saw his dear foster-father find him the killer of his only son? In my heart I know, he wished mountains had lain upon him, to keep him from that meeting. As for *Timotheus*'s, sorrow of his son, and, I think principally, unkindness of *Amphialus* so devoured his vital spirits, that, able to say no more, but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, have I? he sank to the earth, and presently died.

But not my tongue, though daily used to complaints; no, nor if my heart, which is nothing but sorrow, were turned to tongues, durst it undertake to shew the unspeakableness of his grief. But, because this serves to make you know my fortune, he threw away his armour, even this which you have now upon you, which at the first sight I vainly hoped he had put on again; and then, as ashamed of the light, he ran into the thickest of the woods, lamenting, and even crying out so pitifully, that my servant, though of a fortune not used to much tenderness, could not refrain weeping when he told it me. He once overtook him; but *Amphialus* drawing his sword, which was the only part of his arms, God knows to what purpose, he carried about him, threatened to kill him, if he followed him; and withal bade him deliver this bitter message, that he well enough found, I was the cause of all this mischief; and that if I were a man, he would go over the world to kill me: but bade me assure my self, that of all creatures in the world he most hated me. Ah Sir knight, whose ears I think by this time are tired with the rugged ways of these misfortunes, now weigh my case, if at least you know what love is. For this cause

have

have I left my country, putting in hazard how my people will in time deal by me, adventuring what perils or diſhonours might enſue, only to follow him, who proclaimeth hate againſt me, and to bring my neck unto him, if that may redeem my treſpaſs, and aſſwage his fury. And now Sir, ſaid ſhe, you have your requeſt, I pray you take pains to guide me to the next town, that there I may gather ſuch of my company again, as your valour hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condeſcended: but e'er they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who having been ſomething hurt by one of them, had purſued him a good way: at length overtaking him, and ready to kill him, underſtood they were ſervants to the fair queen *Helen*, and that the cauſe of this enterpriſe was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* priſoner, whom they knew their miſtreſs ſought; for ſhe concealed her ſorrow, nor cauſe of her ſorrow from no body.

But *Clitophon*, very ſorry for this accident, came back to comfort the queen, helping ſuch as were hurt in the beſt ſort that he could, and framing friendly conſtructions of this raſhly undertaken enmity, when, in comes another till that time unſeen, all armed, with his beaver down, who firſt looking round about upon the company, as ſoon as he eſpied *Palladius*, he drew his ſword, and making no other prologue, let fly at him. But *Palladius*, ſorry for ſo much harm as had already happened, ſought rather to retire and ward, thinking he might be ſome one that belonged to the fair queen, whoſe caſe in his heart he pitied. Which *Clitophon* ſeeing, ſtepped between them, asking the new come knight the cauſe of this quarrel; who anſwered him, that he would kill that thief, who had ſtoln away his maſter's armour, if he did not reſtore it. With that *Palladius* looked upon him, and ſaw that he of the other ſide had *Palladius*'s own armour upon him: truly ſaid *Palladius*, if I have ſtoln this armour, you did not buy that; but you ſhall not fight with me upon ſuch a quarrel; you ſhall have this armour willingly, which I did only put on to do honour to the owner. But

Clito-

Clitophon ſtraight knew by his words and voice, that it was *Iſmenus*, the faithful and diligent page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deſerved all honour, the young gentleman pulled off his head-piece; and, lighting, went to kiſs *Palladius*'s hands, deſiring him to pardon his folly, cauſed by extreme grief, which eaſily might bring forth anger: ſweet gentleman, ſaid *Palladius*, you ſhall only make me this amends, that you ſhall carry this your lord's armour from me to him, and tell him from an unknown knight, who admires his worthineſs, that he cannot caſt a greater miſt over his glory, than by being ſo unkind to ſo excellent a princeſs as this queen is. *Iſmenus* promiſed he would as ſoon as he durſt find his maſter: and with that went to do his duty to the queen, whom in all theſe encounters aſtoniſhment made hardy: but as ſoon as ſhe ſaw *Iſmenus*, looking to her picture, *Iſmenus*, ſaid ſhe, here is my lord, where is yours? or come you to bring me ſome ſentence of death from him? if it be ſo, welcome be it. I pray you ſpeak, and ſpeak quickly. Alas Madam, ſaid *Iſmenus*, I have loſt my lord; with that tears came into his eyes, for as ſoon as the unhappy combat was concluded with the death both of father and ſon, my maſter, caſting off his armour, went his way: forbidding me upon pain of death to follow him. Yet divers days I followed his ſteps till laſtly I found him, having newly met with an excellent ſpaniel, belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dog ſtraight fawned on my maſter, for old knowledge: but never was there thing more pitiful than to hear my maſter blame the dog for loving his maſter's murtherer, renewing afreſh his complaints with the dumb counſellor, as if they might comfort one another in their miſeries. But my lord having eſpied me, roſe up in ſuch rage, that in truth I feared he would kill me: yet as then he ſaid only, if I would not diſpleaſe him, I ſhould not come near him, till he ſent for me: too hard a commandment for me to diſobey: I yielded,

leaving

leaving him only waited on by his dog, and as I think ſeeking out the moſt ſolitary places, that this, or any other country can grant him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another inſtead thereof, and (diſdaining I muſt confeſs that any ſhould bear the armour of the beſt knight living) armed my ſelf therein to play the fool; as even now I did. Fair *Iſmenus*, ſaid the queen, a fitter meſſenger could hardly be to unfold my tragedy, I ſee the end, I ſee my end.

With that, ſobbing, ſhe deſired to be conducted to the next town, where *Palladius* left her to be waited on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earneſt intreaty, who deſired alone to take that melancholy courſe of ſeeking his friend; and therefore changing armours again with *Iſmenus*, who went withal to a caſtle belonging to his maſter) he continued his queſt for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he is courſe to *Laconia*, as well among the *Helots* as *Spartans*: there indeed he found his fame flouriſhing, his Monuments engraved in marble, and yet more durably in men's memories; but the univerſal lamenting his abſented preſence, aſſured him of his preſent abſence. Thence into the *Elean* province, to ſee whether at the olympian games, there celebrated, he might in ſuch concourſe bleſs his eyes with ſo deſired an encounter: but that huge and ſportful aſſembly grew to him a tedious loneliness, eſteeming no body found, ſince *Daiphantus* was loſt. Afterward he paſſeth through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, proud of their two ſeas, to learn whether by the ſtraight of that *Iſthmus*, it were poſſible to know of his paſſage. But finding every place more dumb than other to his demands, and remembering that it was late taken love, which had wrought this new courſe, he returned again, after two months travel in vain, to make a freſh ſearch in *Arcadia*; ſo much the more, as then firſt he bethought himſelf of the picture of *Philoclea*, which reſembling her he had once loved, might perhaps awake again that ſleeping paſſion. And having already paſt over the greateſt part of *Arcadia*, one day coming under the ſide

of

of the pleaſant mountain *Menalus*, his horſe, nothing guilty of his inquiſitiveneſs, with flat tiring taught him, *that diſcreet ſtays make ſpeedy journies:* and therefore lighting down, and unbridling his horſe, he himſelf went to repoſe himſelf in a little wood he ſaw thereby. Where lying under the protection of a ſhady tree, with intention to make forgetting ſleep comfort a ſorrowful memory, he ſaw a ſight which perſuaded, and obtained of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a lady, who becauſe ſhe walked with her ſide toward him, he could not perfectly ſee her face; but ſo much he might ſee of her, that was a ſurety for the reſt, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceive the hanging of her hair in faireſt quantity, in locks ſome curled, and ſome as it were forgotten, with ſuch a careleſs care, and an art, ſo hiding art, that ſhe ſeemed ſhe would lay them for a pattern, whether nature ſimply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the reſt whereof was drawn into a coronet of gold richly ſet with pearl, and ſo joyned all over with gold wires, and covered with feathers of divers colours, that it was not unlike to an helmet, ſuch a glittering ſhew it bare, and ſo bravely it was held up from the head. Upon her body ſhe wore a doublet of ſky-colour ſattin, covered with plates of gold, and, as it were, nailled with precious ſtones, that in it ſhe might ſeem armed; the nether part of her garment was full of ſtuff, and cut after ſuch a faſhion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might ſometimes diſcern the ſmall of her leg, which with the foot was dreſſed in a ſhort pair of crimſon velvet buskins, in ſome places open, as the ancient manner was, to ſhew the fairneſs of the skin. Over all this ſhe wore a certain mantle, made in ſuch manner, that coming under her right arm, and covering moſt of that ſide, it had no faſtening on the left ſide, but only upon the top of the ſhoulder, where the two ends met, and were cloſed together with a very rich jewel: the device whereof, as he after ſaw,

was

was this; an *Hercules* made in little form, but ſet with a diſtaff in his hand, as he once was by *Omphale*'s commandment, with a word in greek, but thus to be interpreted, *Never more valiant.* On the ſame ſide, on her thigh ſhe wore a ſword, which as it witneſſed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profeſſion, ſo it ſeemed but a needleſs weapon, ſince her other forces were without withſtanding. But this lady walked out-right, till he might ſee her enter into a fine cloſe arbor: it was of trees, whoſe branches ſo lovingly interlaced one the other, that it could reſiſt the ſtrongeſt violence of eye-ſight; but ſhe went into it by a door ſhe opened, which moved him, as warily as he could, to follow her; and by and by he might hear her ſing this ſong, with a voice no leſs beautiful to his ears, than her goodlineſs was full of harmony to his eyes:

TRansform'd in ſhew; but more transform'd in mind,
I ceaſe to ſtrive, with double conqueſt foil'd:
For, woe is me, my powers all I find
With outward force, and inward treaſon, ſpoil'd.
For from without, came mine eyes the blow,
Which to mine inward thoughts, did faintly yield:
Both theſe conſpir'd poor reaſon's overthrow;
False in my ſelf, thus have I loſt the field.
Thus are my eyes ſtill captive to one ſight,
Thus all my thoughts are ſlaves to one thought ſtill:
Thus reaſon to his ſervants yields his right,
Thus is my power transformed to your will:
What marvel then, I take a woman's hue,
Since what I ſee, think, know, is all but you?

The ditty gave him ſome ſuſpicion, but the voice gave him almoſt aſſurance, who the ſinger was. And therefore boldly thruſting open the door, and entering into the arbour, he perceived indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus diſguiſed; wherewith not receiving ſo much joy to have found him, as grief, ſo, to have found him, amazedly looking upon him

(as

(as *Apollo* is painted when he ſaw *Daphne* ſuddenly turned into a laurel) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much ſhame as *Muſidorus* had ſorrow) riſing to him would have formed a ſubſtantial excuſe; but his inſinuation being of bluſhing, and his diviſion of ſighs, his whole oration ſtood upon a ſhort narration, which was the cauſer of this metamorphoſis. But by that time *Muſidorus* had gathered his ſpirits together, and yet caſting a ghaſtful countenance upon him as, if he would conjure ſome ſtrange ſpirits, he thus ſpake unto him.

And is it poſſible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the only young prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exerciſe of virtue? or is it indeed ſome *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this ſort to vex me? for likelier ſure I would have thought it, that any outward face might have been diſguiſed, than that the face of ſo excellent a mind could have been thus blemiſhed. O ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſeparate your ſelf a little, if it be poſſible, from your ſelf, and let your own mind look upon your own proceedings; ſo ſhall my words be needleſs, and you beſt inſtructed. See with your ſelf, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, born ſo great a prince, and of ſo rare not only expectation, but proof, deſired of your old father, and wanted of your native country, now ſo near your home, to divert your thoughts from the way of goodneſs, to loſe, nay to abuſe your time. Laſtly, to overthrow all the excellent things you have done, which have filled the world with your fame; as if you ſhould drown your ſhip in the long deſired haven: or like an ill player, ſhould mar the laſt act of his tragedy. Remember, for I know you know it, that if we will be men, the reaſonable part of our ſoul is to have abſolute commandment; againſt which if any ſenſual weakneſs ariſe, we are to yield all our ſound forces to the overthrowing of ſo unnatural a rebellion wherein how can we want courage, ſince we are to deal againſt ſo weak an adverſary, that in

it

it ſelf is nothing but weakneſs? nay, we are to reſolve, that if reaſon direct it, we muſt do it; and if we muſt do it, we will do it: for, *to ſay I cannot, is childiſh; and I will not, womaniſh.* And ſee how extremely every way you endanger your mind; for to take this womaniſh habit, without you frame your behaviour accordingly, is wholly vain: *your behaviour can never come kindly from you, but as the mind is proportioned unto it.* So that you muſt reſolve, if you will play your part to any purpoſe, whatſoever peeviſh imperfections are in that ſex, to ſoften your heart to receive them, the very firſt downſtep to all wickedneſs: for do not deceive your ſelf, my dear couſin, *there is no man ſuddenly either excellently good, or extremely evil*; but grows either as he holds himſelf up in virtue, or lets himſelf ſlide to viciouſneſs. And let us ſee, what power is the author of all theſe troubles; forſooth, love, love, a paſſion, and the baſeſt and fruitleſſeſt of all paſſions: fear breedeth wit; anger is the cradle of courage; joy openeth and enableth the heart: ſorrow, as it cloſeth, ſo it draweth it inward to look to the correcting of it ſelf; and ſo all of them generally have power towards ſome good by the direction of reaſon. But this baſtard *Love* (for indeed the name of love is moſt unworthily applied to ſo hateful a humour) as it is *engendered betwixt luſt and idleneſs*, as the matter it works upon, is nothing but a certain baſe weakneſs, which ſome gentle fools call a gentle heart: as his adjoyned companions be unquietneſs, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, jealouſies, ungrounded rages, cauſleſs yielding, ſo is the higheſt end it aſpires unto, a little pleaſure with much pain before, and great repentance after. But that end how endleſs it runs to infinite evils, were fit enough for the matter we ſpeak of; but not for your ears, in whom indeed there is ſo much true diſpoſition to virtue; yet thus much of his worthy effects in your ſelf is to be ſeen, that (beſides your breaking laws of hoſpitality with *Kalander*, and of friendſhip with me) it utterly ſubverts the courſe of nature, in making

reaſon give place to ſenſe, and man to woman. And truly I think hereupon it firſt gat the name of love: for indeed the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very eſſence of the lover into the thing loved; uniting, and as it were incorporating it with a ſecret and inward working. And herein do theſe kinds of loves imitate the excellent: for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of virtue, virtuous; ſo doth the love of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate love of a woman, doth ſo womanize a man, that, if he yield to it, it will not only make him an *Amazon*, but a launder, a diſtaff, a ſpinner, or whatſoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weak hands perform. Therefore, to trouble you no longer with my tedious, but loving words, if either you remember what you are, what you have been, or what you muſt be; if you conſider what it is that moved you, or by what kind of creature you are moved, you ſhall find the cauſe ſo ſmall, the effect ſo dangerous, your ſelf ſo unworthy to run into the one, or to be driven by the other, that I doubt not, I ſhall quickly have occaſion rather to praiſe you for having conquered it, than to give you farther counſel, how to do it. But in *Pyrocles* this ſpeech wrought no more, but that he, who before he was eſpied, was afraid; after, being perceived, was aſhamed, now being hardly rubbed upon, left both fear and ſhame, and was moved to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Muſidorus* ſtriving with it; he thus partly to ſatisfy him, but principally to looſe the reins to his own motions, made him anſwer: couſin! whatſoever good diſpoſition nature hath beſtowed upon me, or howſoever that diſpoſition hath been by bringing up confirmed, this I muſt confeſs, that I am not yet come to that degree of wiſdom, to think light of the ſex, of whom I have my life, ſince if I be any thing, which your friendſhip rather finds, than I acknowledge, I was, to come to it, born of a woman, and nurſed of a woman. And certainly, for this point of your ſpeech doth

neareſt touch me, it is ſtrange to ſee the unmanlike cruelty of mankind, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to have brought the other's virtuous patience under them, like childiſh maſters, think their maſterhood nothing, without doing injury to them, who, if we will argue by reaſon, are framed of nature with the ſame parts of the mind for the exerciſe of virtue, as we are. And for example, even this eſtate of *Amazons*, which I now for my greateſt honour do ſeek to counterfeit, do well witneſs, that if generally the ſweetneſs of their diſpoſition did not make them ſee the vainneſs of theſe things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairneſs take away their force. And truly we men, and praiſers of men, ſhould remember, that if we have ſuch excellencies, it is reaſon to think them excellent creatures, of whom we are: ſince a *Kite never brought forth a good flying hawk*. But to tell you true, as I think it ſuperfluous to uſe any words of ſuch a ſubject, which is ſo praiſed in it ſelf as it needs no praiſes; ſo withal I fear, leſt my conceit, not able to reach unto them, bring forth words, which for their unworthineſs may be a diſgrace to them I ſo inwardly honour. Let this ſuffice that they are capable of virtue, and virtue, you your ſelves ſay, is to be loved, and I too, truly: but this I willingly confeſs, that it *likes me much better, when I find virtue in a fair lodging, than when I am bound to ſeek it in an ill favoured creature, like a pearl in a dunghill.* As for my fault of being an uncivil gueſt to *Kalander*, if you could feel what an inward gueſt my ſelf am hoſt unto, ye would think it were excuſable, in that I rather perform the duties of an hoſt, than the ceremonies of a gueſt. And for my breaking the laws of friendſhip with you, which I would rather die, than effectually do, truly I could find in my heart to ask you pardon for it, but that your now handling of me gives me reaſon to confirm my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles* ſtayed, as to breathe himſelf, having been tranſported with a little vehemency, becauſe it ſeemed him *Muſidorus* had over-bitterly glanced againſt

the reputation of woman-kind: but then quieting his countenance, as well as out of an unquiet mind it might be, he thus proceeded on: and poor love, ſaid he, dear couſin, is little beholding unto you, ſince you are not content to ſpoil it of the honour of the higheſt power of the mind, which notable men have attributed unto it; but ye deject it below all other paſſions, in truth ſomewhat ſtrangely; ſince, if love receive any diſgrace, it is by the company of theſe paſſions you prefer before it. For thoſe kinds of bitter objections, as, that luſt, idleneſs, and a weak heart, ſhould be, as it were, the matter and form of love, rather touch me, dear *Muſidorus*, than love; but I am good witneſs of my own imperfections, and therefore will not defend my ſelf: but herein I muſt ſay, you deal contrary to your ſelf: for if I be ſo weak, then can you not with reaſon ſtir me up as you did, by remembrance of mine own virtue: or if indeed I be virtuous, then muſt ye confeſs, that love hath his working in a virtuous heart; and ſo no doubt hath it, whatſoever I be: for, if we love virtue, in whom ſhall we love it but in a virtuous creature? without your meaning be, I ſhould love this word *Virtue*, where I ſee it written in a book. Thoſe troubleſome effects you ſay it breeds, be not the faults of love, but of him that loves, as an unable veſſel to bear ſuch a liquor, like evil eyes not able to look on the ſun; or like a weak brain, ſooneſt overthrown with the beſt wine. Even that heavenly love you ſpeak of, is accompanied in ſome hearts with hopes, griefs, longings, and deſpairs; and in that heavenly love, ſince there are two parts, the one the love it ſelf; the other the excellency of the thing loved; I, not able at the firſt leap to frame both in me, do now, like a diligent workman, make ready the chief inſtrument, and firſt part of that great work, which is love it ſelf; which when I have a while practiſed in this ſort, then you ſhall ſee me turn it to greater matters. And thus gently you may, if it pleaſe you, think of me. Neither doubt ye, becauſe I wear a woman's apparel,

rel, I will be the more womaniſh, ſince I aſſure you, for all my apparel, there is nothing I deſire more, than fully to prove my ſelf a man in this enterpriſe. Much might be ſaid in my defence, much more for love, and moſt of all for that divine creature, which hath joyned me and love together. But theſe diſputations are fitter for quiet ſchools than my troubled brains, which are bent rather in deeds to perform, than in words to defend the noble deſire that poſſeſſeth me. O lord, ſaid *Muſidorus*, how ſharp-witted you are to hurt your ſelf; No, anſwered he, but it is the hurt you ſpeak of, which makes me ſo ſharp-witted. Even ſo, ſaid *Muſidorus*, as every baſe occupation makes one ſharp in that practice, and fooliſh in all the reſt. Nay rather, anſwered *Pyrocles*, as *each excellent thing once well learned ſerves for a meaſure of all other knowledges*. And is that become, ſaid *Muſidorus*, a meaſure for other things, which never received meaſure in it ſelf? it is counted without meaſure, anſwered *Pyrocles*, becauſe the workings of it are without meaſure; but otherwiſe, in nature it hath meaſure, ſince it hath an end allotted unto it. The beginning being ſo excellent, I would gladly know the end; *Enjoying*, anſwered *Pyrocles*, with a deep ſigh. O, ſaid *Muſidorus*, now ſet ye forth the baſeneſs of it, ſince if it end in enjoying, it ſhews all the reſt was nothing. Ye miſtake me, anſwered *Pyrocles*, I ſpeak of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no ſooner than the life. Alas, let your own brain diſenchant you, ſaid *Muſidorus*. My heart is too far poſſeſſed, ſaid *Pyrocles*. But the head gives you direction: and the heart gives me life, anſwered *Pyrocles*.

But *Muſidorus* was ſo grieved to ſee his well beloved friend obſtinate, as he thought, to his own deſtruction, that it forced him with more than accuſtomed vehemency to ſpeak theſe words. Well, well, ſaid he, you liſt to abuſe your ſelf; it was a very white and red virtue, which you could pick out of a painterly gloſe of a viſage. Confeſs the truth, and you ſhall find the utmoſt

was but beauty; a thing, which though it be in as great excellency in your ſelf as may be in any; yet I am ſure you make no farther reckoning of it, than of an outward fading benefit nature beſtowed upon you. And yet ſuch is your want of a true grounded virtue, which muſt be like it ſelf in all points; that what you wiſely account a trifle in your ſelf, you fondly become a ſlave unto in another. For my part I now proteſt, I have left nothing unſaid, which my wit could make me know, or my moſt entire friendſhip to you requires of me; I do now beſeech you, even for the love betwixt us, if this other love have left any in you towards me, and for the remembrance of your old careful father, (if you can remember him that forget your ſelf) laſtly, for *Pyrocles'* own ſake, who is now upon the point of falling or riſing, to purge your ſelf of this vile infection: otherwiſe give me leave to leave off this name of friendſhip, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where virtue is aboliſhed. The length of theſe ſpeeches before had not ſo much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this laſt farewel of him he loved as his own life, did wound his ſoul. For thinking himſelf afflicted, he was the apter to conceive unkindneſs deeply: inſomuch that ſhaking his head, and delivering ſome ſhew of tears, he thus uttered his grief: alas, ſaid he, prince *Muſidorus*, how cruelly you deal with me; if you ſeek the victory, take it; and if ye liſt, the triumph: have you all the reaſon of the world, and with me remain all the imperfections; yet ſuch as I can no more lay from me, than the crow can be perſuaded by the ſwan to caſt off all his black feathers. But truly you deal with me like a phyſician, that, ſeeing his patient in a peſtilent fever, ſhould chide him inſtead of miniſtring help; and bid him be ſick no more; or rather like ſuch a friend, that viſiting his friend condemned to perpetual priſon, and loaden with grievous fetters, ſhould will him to ſhake off his fetters, or he would leave him. I am ſick, and ſick to the death; I am priſoner, neither is there any redreſs,

but

but by her to whom I am a ſlave. Now if you liſt, leave him that loves you in the higheſt degree: but remember ever to carry this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greateſt extremity.

And herewith the deep wound of his love being rubbed afreſh, with this new unkindneſs, began as it were to bleed again, in ſuch ſort that he was unable to bear it any longer, but guſhing out abundance of tears, and croſſing his arms over his woeful heart, he ſunk down to the ground: which ſudden trance went ſo to the heart of *Muſidorus*, that falling down by him, and kiſſing the weeping eyes of his friend, he beſought him not to make account of his ſpeech; which if it had been over-vehement, yet was it to be borne withal, becauſe it came out of love much more vehement, that he had not thought fancy could have received ſo deep a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, he would no farther contrary it, but imploy all his ſervice to medicine it, in ſuch ſort as the nature of it required. But even this kindneſs made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former unkindneſs, which his manlike tears well ſhewed, with a ſilent look upon *Muſidorus*, as who ſhould ſay. And is it poſſible that *Muſidorus* ſhould threaten to leave me? and this ſtruck *Muſidorus*'s mind and ſenſes ſo dumb too, that for grief being not able to ſay any thing, they reſted with their eyes placed one upon the other, in ſuch ſort, as might well paint out the true paſſion of unkindneſs to be never aright, but betwixt them that moſt dearly love.

And thus remained they a time, till at length *Muſidorus* embracing him, ſaid, and will you thus ſhake off your friend? it is you that ſhake me off, ſaid *Pyrocles*, being for my unperfectneſs unworthy of your friendſhip. But this *Muſidorus*, ſhews you more unperfect, to be cruel to him that ſubmits himſelf unto you; but ſince you are unperfect, ſaid he ſmiling, it is reaſon you be governed by us wiſe and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take upon me, with three abſolute commandments: the firſt, that you increaſe not your evil with

farther griefs: the ſecond, that you love her with all the powers of your mind: and the laſt commandment ſhall be, you command me to do what ſervice I can towards the attaining of your deſires. *Pyrocles*'s heart was not ſo oppreſſed with the two mighty paſſions of love and unkindneſs, but that it yielded to ſome mirth at this commandment of *Muſidorus*, that he ſhould love, ſo that ſomething clearing his face from his former ſhews of grief; Well, ſaid he, dear couſin! I ſee by the well chuſing of your commandments, that you are far fitter to be a prince than a counſellor, and therefore I am reſolved to employ all my endeavour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandments ye command me to lay upon you, ſhall only be, that you continue to love me, and look upon my imperfections with more affection than judgment. Love you, ſaid he, alas, how can my heart be ſeparated from the true imbracing of it, without it burſt, by being too full of it? But, ſaid he, let us leave off theſe flowers of new begun friendſhip; and now I pray you again tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumſtance, the ſtory of your affections, both beginning and proceeding; aſſuring your ſelf, that there is nothing ſo great, which I will fear to do for you, nor nothing ſo ſmall which I will diſdain to do for you. Let me therefore receive a clear underſtanding, which many times we miſs, while thoſe things we account ſmall, as a ſpeech, or a look, are omitted, like as a whole ſentence may fail of his congruity by wanting one particle. Therefore *between friends all muſt be laid open, nothing being ſuperfluous nor tedious.* You ſhall be obeyed, ſaid *Pyrocles*, and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbour no body offers to come into but my ſelf, I uſing it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that reſpect is borne unto it: yet if by chance any ſhould come, ſay that you are a ſervant ſent from the queen of *Amazon* to ſeek me, and then let me alone for the reſt. So ſate they down, and *Pyrocles* thus ſaid.

Couſin! ſaid he, then began the fatal overthrow of all my

my liberty, when walking among the pictures in *Kalanders* houſe, you your ſelf delivered unto me what you had underſtood of *Philoclea*, who much reſembling (though I muſt ſay, much ſurpaſſing) the lady *Zelmane*, whom ſo well I loved; there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poiſon. Yet alas, ſo ſweet was it unto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more ſtrong with his declaration. Which the more I queſtioned, the more pity I conceived of her unworthy fortune; and when with pity once my heart was made tender, according to the aptneſs of the humour, it received quickly a cruel impreſſion of that wonderful paſſion, which to be defined is impoſſible, becauſe no words reach to the ſtrange nature of it: they only know it, which inwardly feel it; it is called love. Yet did I not (poor wretch!) at firſt know my diſeaſe, thinking it only ſuch a wonted kind of deſire to ſee rare ſights, and my pity to be no other, but the fruits of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with my ſelf came of farther thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreaſed. Deſirous I was to ſee the place where ſhe remained, as though the architecture of the lodges would have been much for my learning; but more deſirous to ſee her ſelf, to be judge, forſooth, of the painter's cunning. For thus at the firſt did I flatter my ſelf, as though my wound had been no deeper: but when within ſhort time I came to the degree of uncertain wiſhes, and that thoſe wiſhes grew to unquiet longings, when I could fix my thoughts upon nothing, but that within little varying they ſhould end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I ſaw, ſeemed to figure out ſome part of my paſſions; when even *Parthenia*'s fair face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea*'s imagined beauty; when I heard no word ſpoken, but that me thought it carried the ſound of *Philoclea*'s name; then indeed, then I did yield to the burthen, finding my ſelf priſoner, before I had leiſure to arm my ſelf: and that I might well, like the ſpaniel, gnaw upon the chain that ties him; but I ſhould ſooner mar my teeth, than procure

liberty: yet I take to witneſs the eternal ſpring of virtue, that I had never read, heard, nor ſeen any thing; I had never any taſte of Philoſophy, nor inward feeling in my ſelf, which for a while I did not call to my ſuccour. But, alas, what reſiſtance was there, when e'er long my very reaſon was, you will ſay, corrupted, I muſt confeſs, conquered, and that methought even reaſon did aſſure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour ſuch beauty? nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reverend friendſhip I bear unto you. For as it went againſt my heart to break any way from you, ſo did I fear, more than any aſſault, to break it to you: finding, as it is indeed, that to *a heart fully reſolute, counſel is tedious, but reprehenſion is loathſome:* and that there is *nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a reſpected friend.* This made me determine with my ſelf, thinking it a *leſs fault in friendſhip to do a thing without your knowledge, than againſt your will,* to take this ſecret courſe; which conceit was moſt builded up in me, the laſt day of my parting and ſpeaking with you, when upon your ſpeech with me, and my but naming love, when elſe perchance I would have gone farther, I ſaw your voice and countenance ſo change, as it aſſured me, my revealing it ſhould but purchaſe your grief with my cumber, and therefore, (dear *Muſidorus!*) even ran away from my well-known chiding: for having written a letter, which I know not whether you find or no, and taking my chief jewels with me, while you were in the midſt of your ſport, I got a time, as I think, unmarked by any, to ſteal away I cared not whither, ſo I might eſcape you, and ſo came I to *Ithonia* in the province of *Meſſenia*, where lying ſecret, I put this in practice, which before I had deviſed. For remembering by *Philanax*'s letter and *Kalander*'s ſpeech, how obſtinately *Baſilius* was determined not to marry his daughters, and therefore fearing leſt any publick dealing ſhould rather increaſe her captivity, than further my love; love (the refiner of invention) had put in my head thus to diſguiſe my

my ſelf, that under that maſk I might, if it were poſſible, get acceſs, and what acceſs could bring forth, commit to fortune and induſtry, determining to bear the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the cloſeſt manner I could, naming my ſelf *Zelmane*, for that dear lady's ſake, to whoſe memory I am ſo much bound, I cauſed this apparel to be made, and bringing it near the lodges, which are hard at hand, by night thus dreſſed my ſelf, reſting till occaſion might make me to be found by them whom I ſought; which the next morning happened as well as mine own plot could have laid it. For after I had run over the whole pedigree of my thoughts, I gave my ſelf to ſing a little, which as you know, I ever delighted in, ſo now eſpecially, whether it be the nature of this clime to ſtir up poetical fancies, or rather as I think, of love, whoſe ſcope being pleaſure, will not ſo much as utter his griefs, but in ſome form of pleaſure.

But I had ſung very little, when (as I think, diſpleaſed with my bad muſick) comes maſter *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and ſwearing by the pantable of *Pallas*, and ſuch other oaths as his ruſtical bravery could imagine; and when he ſaw me, I aſſure you, my beauty was not more beholding to him than my harmony; for leaning his hands upon his bill, and his chin upon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Hercules* in a play, but never had his fancy in his head, the firſt word he ſpake unto me, was, am not I *Dametas?* why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not to name himſelf, for *Kalander*'s deſcription had ſet ſuch a note upon him, as made him very notable unto me; and therefore the height of my thoughts would not deſcend ſo much as to make him anſwer, but continued on my inward diſcourſes; which he (perchance witneſs of his own unworthineſs, and therefore the apter to think himſelf contemned) took in ſo heinous manner, that ſtanding upon his tiptoes, and ſtaring, as if he would have had a mote pulled out of his

eye,

eye. Why, ſaid he, thou woman, or boy, or both, whatſoever thou be, I tell thee, here is no place for thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the prince's pleaſure, it is *Dametas*'s pleaſure. I could not chuſe but ſmile at him, ſeeing him look ſo like an ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my ſelf with the manner, ſpake theſe words to my ſelf: O ſpirit, ſaid I, of mine, how canſt thou receive any mirth in the midſt of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how dareſt thou enter into a mind ſo grown of late thy profeſſed enemy? thy ſpirit, ſaid *Dametas*, doſt thou think me a ſpirit? I tell thee I am *Baſilius*'s officer, and have charge of him and his daughters. O only pearl, ſaid I ſobbing, that ſo vile an oyſter ſhould keep thee? by the comb-caſe of *Diana*, ſware *Dametas*, this woman is mad: oyſters and pearls? doſt thou think I will buy oyſters? I tell thee once again, get thee packing, and with that lifted up his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my leſſon; ſo that I forgot all *Zelmaneſhip*, and drawing out my ſword, the baſeneſs of the villain yet made me ſtay my hand, and he who, as *Kalander* told me, (from his child-hood even feared the blade of a ſword) ran back, backward, with his hands above his head, at leaſt twenty paces, gaping and ſtaring, with the very grace, I think, of the clowns, that by *Latona*'s prayers were turned into frogs. At length ſtaying, finding himſelf without the compaſs of blows, he fell to a freſh ſcolding, in ſuch mannerly manner, as might well ſhew he had paſſed thro' the diſcipline of a tavern; but ſeeing me walk up and down without marking what he ſaid, he went his way, as I perceived after, to *Baſilius*: for within a while he came unto me, bearing indeed ſhows in his countenance of an honeſt and well-minded gentleman, and with as much courteſy as *Dametas* with rudeneſs ſaluting me: fair lady, ſaid he, it is nothing ſtrange, that ſuch a ſolitary place as this ſhould receive ſolitary perſons; but much do I marvel, how ſuch a beauty, as yours is, ſhould be ſuffered to be thus alone. I, that now knew it was my

part

part to play, looking with a grave majeſty upon him, as if I found in my ſelf cauſe to be reverenced. *They are never alone*, ſaid I, *that are accompanied with noble thoughts.* But thoſe thoughts, replied *Baſilius*, cannot in this your lonelineſs neither warrant you from ſuſpicion in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelf: I then ſhewing a miſlike that he preſſed me ſo far; I ſeek no better warrant, ſaid I, than my own conſcience, nor no greater pleaſure than mine own contentation. Yet virtue ſeeks to ſatisfy others, ſaid *Baſilius*. Thoſe that be good, ſaid I, and they will be ſatisfied as long as they ſee no evil: yet will the beſt in this country, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſuſpect ſo excellent beauty being ſo weakly guarded. Then are the beſt but ſtark naught, anſwered I; for *open ſuſpecting others, comes of ſecret condemning themſelves:* but in my country, whoſe manners I am in all places to maintain and reverence, the *general goodneſs*, which is nouriſhed in our hearts, makes *every one think the ſtrength of virtue in another, whereof they find the aſſured foundation in themſelves.* Excellent lady, ſaid he, you praiſe ſo greatly, and yet ſo wiſely, your country, that I muſt needs deſire to know what the neſt is, out of which ſuch birds do fly. You muſt firſt deſerve it, ſaid I, before you may obtain it. And by what means, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſhall I deſerve to know your eſtate? By letting me firſt know yours, anſwered I. To obey you, ſaid he, I will do it, although it were ſo much more reaſon yours ſhould be known firſt, as you do deſerve in all points to be preferred. Know you, fair lady, that my name is *Baſilius*, unworthily lord of this country: the reſt, either fame hath already brought to your ears, or (if it pleaſe you to make this place happy by your preſence) at more leiſure you ſhall underſtand of me: I that from the beginning aſſured my ſelf it was he, but would not ſeem I did ſo, to keep my gravity the better, making a piece of reverence unto him; mighty prince, ſaid I, let my not knowing you ſerve for the excuſe of my boldneſs, and the little reverence I do you, impute to the manner of my country,

try, which is the invincible land of the *Amazons:* my ſelf niece to *Senicia*, queen thereof, lineally deſcended of the famous *Pentheſilea*, ſlain by the bloody hand of *Pyrrhus:* I, having in this my youth determined to make the world ſee the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in private, as in publick virtue, have paſſed ſome dangerous adventures in diverſe countries, till the unmerciful ſea deprived me of my company; ſo that ſhipwrack caſting me not far hence, uncertain wandering brought me to this place. But *Baſilius* (who now began to taſte of that, which ſince he had ſwallowed up, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, than any greedy hoſt ſhould uſe to well-paying paſſengers. I thought nothing could ſhoot righter at the mark of my deſires; yet had I learned already ſo much: that it was againſt my womanhood to be forward in my own wiſhes. And therefore he (to prove whether interceſſions in fitter mouths might better prevail) commanded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither, three ladies, although of diverſe, yet of excellent beauty.

His wife in grave matron-like attire, with countenance and geſture ſuitable, and of ſuch fairneſs, being in the ſtrength of her age, as if her daughters had not been by, might with juſt price have purchaſed admiration: but they being there, it was enough that the moſt dainty eye would think her a worthy mother of ſuch children. The fair *Pamela*, whoſe noble heart I find doth greatly diſdain, that the truſt of her virtue is repoſed in ſuch a lout's hands, as *Dametas*, had yet, to ſhew an obedience, taken on ſhepherdiſh apparel, which was but of ruſſet-cloath cut after their faſhion: with a ſtraight body, open breaſted, the nether part full of plaits, with long and wide ſleeves: but believe me ſhe did apparel her apparel, and with the preciouſneſs of her body made it moſt ſumptuous. Her hair at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the compariſon to ſhew how far her hair doth excel in colour: betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe up like two fair mountainets in the pleaſant vale of Tempe)

Tempe) there hung a very rich diamond ſet but in a black horn: the word I have ſince read is this, *Yet ſtill my ſelf.* And thus particularly have I deſcribed them, becauſe you may know that mine eyes are not ſo partial, but that I marked 'em too. But when the ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of nature, the life of beauty, the queen of love, young *Philoclea* appeared in her nymph-like apparel, ſo near nakedneſs as one might well diſcern part of her perfections; and yet ſo apparelled, as did ſhew ſhe kept beſt ſtore of her beauty to her ſelf: her hair (alas too poor a word, why ſhould I not rather call them her beams) drawn up into a net able to have caught *Jupiter* when he was in the form of an eagle; her body (O ſweet body!) covered with a light taffeta garment, ſo cut, as the wrought ſmock came thro' it in many places, enough to have made your reſtrained imagination have thought what was under it: with the caſt of her black eyes, black indeed, whether nature ſo made them, that we might be the more able to behold and bear their wonderful ſhining, or that ſhe, goddeſs-like, would work this miracle with her ſelf, in giving blackneſs the price above all beauty. Then, I ſay, indeed methought the lillies grew pale for envy; the roſes methought bluſhed to ſee ſweeter roſes in her cheeks; and the apples methought fell down from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breaſt; then the clouds gave place, that the heavens might more freely ſmile upon her, at the leaſt the clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed; and my ſight, then more clear and forcible than ever, was ſo fixed there, that, I imagine, I ſtood like a well wrought image, with ſome life in ſhew, but none in practice. And ſo had I been like enough to have ſtayed long time, but that *Gynecia* ſtepping between my ſight and the only *Philoclea*, the change of object made me recover my ſenſes; ſo that I could with reaſonable good manner receive the ſalutation of her, and of the princeſs *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reverence than one princeſs uſeth to another. But when I came to the never enough praiſed *Philoclea*, I could not but fall down on my knees, and taking by force

force her hand, and kiſſing it, I muſt confeſs with more than womanly ardency, divine lady, ſaid I, let not the world, nor theſe great princeſſes marvel, to ſee me, contrary to my manner, do this ſpecial honour unto you, ſince, all both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty. But ſhe bluſhing, like a fair morning in *May*, at this my ſingularity, and cauſing me to riſe, noble lady, ſaid ſhe, it is no marvel to ſee your judgment much miſtaken in my beauty, ſince you begin with ſo great an error, as to do more honour unto me than to them, to whom I my ſelf owe all ſervice. Rather, anſwered I with a bowed down countenance, that ſhews the power of your beauty, which forced me to do ſuch an error, if it were an error. You are ſo well acquainted, ſaid ſhe ſweetly, moſt ſweetly ſmiling, with your own beauty, that it makes you eaſily fall into the diſcourſe of beauty. Beauty in me? (ſaid I, truly ſighing) alas, if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your bleſſed preſence hath imparted unto them.

But then, as I think *Baſilius* willing her ſo to do, Well, ſaid ſhe, I muſt needs confeſs I have heard, that it is a *great happineſs to be praiſed of them that are moſt praiſe-worthy*: and well I find that you are an invincible *Amazon*, ſince you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beauty be any thing, then let it obtain thus much of you, that you will remain ſome while in this company, to eaſe your own travel and our ſolitarineſs. Firſt let me die, ſaid I, before any word ſpoken by ſuch a mouth ſhould come in vain. And thus with ſome other words of entertaining, was my ſtaying concluded, and I led among them to the lodge; truly a place for pleaſantneſs, not unfit to flatter ſolitarineſs; for it being ſet upon ſuch unſenſible riſing of the ground, as you are come to a pretty height before almoſt you perceive that you aſcend, it gives the eye lordſhip over a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the country, being diverſifyed between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darkſome, it ſeems a pleaſant

picture

picture of nature, with lovely lightſomeneſs and artificial ſhadows. The lodge is of a yellow ſtone, built in the form of a ſtar, having round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each anſwering the angles of the lodge: at the end of one of them is the other ſmaller lodge, but of like faſhion, where the gracious *Pamela* liveth; ſo that the lodge ſeemeth not unlike a fair comet, whoſe tail ſtretcheth it ſelf to a ſtar of leſs greatneſs.

So *Gynecia* her ſelf bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was invited and brought down to ſup with them in the garden, a place not fairer in natural ornaments, than artificial inventions; where, in a banquetting-houſe, among certain pleaſant trees, whoſe heads ſeemed curled with the wrappings about of vine-branches, the table was ſet near to an excellent water-work; for, by the caſting of the water in moſt cunning manner, it makes, with the ſhining of the ſun upon it, a perfect rain-bow, not more pleaſant to the eye than to the mind, ſo ſenſible to ſee the proof of the heavenly *Iris*. There were birds alſo made ſo finely, that they did not only deceive the ſight with their figure, but the hearing with their ſongs, which the watery inſtruments did make their gorge deliver. The table at which we ſate was round, which being faſt to the floor whereon we ſate, and that divided from the reſt of the buildings, with turning a vice, which *Baſilius* at firſt did to make me ſport, the table, and we about the table, did all turn round, by means of water which ran under, and carried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleaſure did it to me, to make divers times the full circle round about, ſince *Philoclea*, being alſo ſet, was carried ſtill in equal diſtance from me, and that only my eyes did overtake her? which when the table was ſtayed, and we began to feed, drank much more eagerly of her beauty, than my mouth did of any other liquor. And ſo was my common ſenſe deceived, being chiefly bent to her, that, as I drank the wine and withal ſtole a look on her, me ſeemed I taſted her deliciouſneſs. But alas, the one thirſt

was much more inflamed than the other quenched. Sometimes my eyes would lay themſelves open to receive all the darts ſhe did throw; ſometimes cloſe up with admiration, as if with a contrary fancy, they would preſerve the riches of that ſight they had gotten, or caſt my lids as curtains over the image of beauty her preſence had painted in them. True it is, that my reaſon, now grown a ſervant to paſſion, did yet often tell his maſter, that he ſhould more moderately uſe his delight. But he, that of a rebel was become a prince, diſdained almoſt to allow him the place of a counſellor: ſo that my ſenſes delights being too ſtrong for any other reſolution, I did even looſe the reins unto them; hoping that, going for a woman my looks would paſs, either unmarked or unſuſpected.

Now thus I had, as me thought, well played my firſt act, aſſuring my ſelf, that under that diſguiſement, I ſhould find opportunity to reveal my ſelf to the owner of my heart. But who would think it poſſible, though I feel it true, that in almoſt eight weeks ſpace I have lived here, having no more company but her parents; and I being a familiar, as being a woman, and watchful, as being a lover, yet could never find opportunity to have one minute's leiſure of private conference: the cauſe whereof is as ſtrange, as the effects are to me miſerable. And (alas!) this it is.

At the firſt ſight that *Baſilius* had of me, I think *Cupid* having headed his arrows with my misfortune, he was ſtricken, taking me to be ſuch as I profeſs, with great affection towards me, which ſince is grown to ſuch a doting love, that till I was fain to get this place, ſometimes to retire unto freely, I was even choaked with his tediouſneſs. You never ſaw fourſcore years dance up and down more lively in a young lover; now, as fine in his apparel as if he would make me in love with a cloak, and verſe for verſe with the ſharpeſt-witted lover in *Arcadia*. Do you not think that this is a fallet of wormwood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambroſia* of *Philoclea's* beauty

beauty? but this is not all; no, this is not the worſt: for he, good man, were eaſy enough to be dealt with; but, as I think, love and miſchief having made a wager which ſhould have moſt power in me, have ſet *Gynecia* alſo on ſuch a fire toward me, as will never, I fear, be quenched but with my deſtruction. For, ſhe being a woman of excellent wit, and of ſtrong-working thoughts, whether ſhe ſuſpected me by my over-vehement ſhows of affection to *Philoclea* (which love forced me unwiſely to utter, while hope of my mask fooliſhly encouraged me) or that ſhe hath taken ſome other mark of me, that I am not a woman; or what devil it is hath revealed it unto her, I know not: but ſo it is, that all her countenances, words, and geſtures are even miſerable portraitures of a deſperate affection. Whereby a man may learn, that theſe avoidings of company do but make the paſſions more violent, when they meet with fit ſubjects. Truly it were a notable dumb ſhow of *Cupid*'s kingdom, to ſee my eyes, languiſhing with over-vehement longing, direct themſelves to *Philoclea* and *Baſilius*, as buſy about me as a bee, and indeed as cumberſome, making ſuch vehement ſuits to me, who neither could, if I would, nor would, if I could, help him, while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, carried with the beer of violent love, runs through us all. And ſo jealous is ſhe of my love to her daughter, that I could never yet begin to open my mouth to the unevitable *Philoclea*, but that her unwiſhed preſence gave my tale a concluſion before it had a beginning. And ſurely, if I be not deceived, I ſee ſuch ſhows of liking, and, if I be acquainted with paſſions, of almoſt a paſſionate liking in the heavenly *Philoclea* towards me, that I may hope her ears would not abhor my diſcourſe. And for good *Baſilius*, he thought it beſt to have lodged us together, but that the eternal hatefulneſs of my deſtiny made *Gynecia*'s jealouſy ſtop that, and all other my bleſſings. Yet muſt I confeſs, that one way her love doth me pleaſure; for ſince it was my fooliſh fortune, or unfortunate folly, to be known by her, that keeps her from bewray-

ing me to *Baſilius*. And thus, my *Muſidorus*, you have my tragedy played unto you by my ſelf, which I pray the gods may not indeed prove a tragedy. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a hearty ſigh.

Muſidorus recommended to his beſt diſcourſe, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therein he found ſuch intricateneſs, that he could ſee no way to lead him out of the maze; yet perceiving his affection ſo grounded, that ſtriving againſt it, did rather anger than heal the wound, and rather call his friendſhip in queſtion than give place to any friendly counſel: Well, ſaid he, dear couſin! ſince it hath pleaſed the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of love; yet happy it is, that your love is imployed upon ſo rare a woman: for certainly *a noble cauſe doth eaſe much a grievous caſe*. But as it ſtands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot ſee wherein I can be ſerviceable unto you. I deſire no greater ſervice of you, anſwered *Pyrocles*, than that you remain ſecretly in this country, and ſometimes come to this place, either late in the night, or early in the morning, where you ſhall have my key to enter, becauſe as my fortune either amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you, and have your counſel and furtherance: and hereby I will of purpoſe lead her, that is the praiſe, and yet the ſtain of all womankind, that you may have ſo good a view, as to allow my judgment: and as I can get the moſt convenient time, I will come unto you; for, tho' by reaſon of yonder wood you cannot ſee the lodge, it is hard at hand. But now, ſaid ſhe, it is time for me to leave you, and towards evening we will walk out of purpoſe hitherward, therefore keep your ſelf cloſe in that time. But *Muſidorus*, bethinking himſelf that his horſe might happen to bewray him, thought it beſt to return, for that day, to a village not far off, and diſpatching his horſe in ſome ſort, the next day early to come a foot thither, and ſo to keep that courſe afterward, which *Pyrocles* very well liked of. Now farewel, dear couſin, ſaid he, from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but

Zel-

Zelmane: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the only hope of my advancement. And with that word going out, and ſeeing that the coaſt was clear, *Zelmane* diſmiſſed *Muſidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to diſſuade him.

Zelmane returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Baſilius*) ſhe was like a horſe deſirous to run, and miſerably ſpurred, but ſo ſhort reined as he cannot ſtir forward; *Zelmane* ſought occaſion to ſpeak with *Philoclea*; *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*; and *Gynecia* hindered them all. If *Philoclea* happened to ſigh, and ſigh ſhe did often, as if that ſigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* ſighed alſo, whereto *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* ſoon made up four parts of ſorrow. Their affection increaſed their converſation; and their converſation increaſed their affection. The reſpect borne, bred due ceremonies; but the affection ſhined ſo through them, that the ceremonies ſeemed not ceremonies. *Zelmane*'s eyes were (like children before ſweet meat) eager, but fearful of their ill-pleaſing governors. Time, in one inſtant, ſeeming both ſhort and long unto them: ſhort, in the pleaſingneſs of ſuch preſence: long, in the ſtay of their deſires.

But *Zelmane* failed not to entice them all many times abroad, becauſe ſhe was deſirous her friend *Muſidorus*, near whom of purpoſe ſhe led them, might have full ſight of them. Sometimes angling to a little river near hand, which for the moiſture it beſtowed upon the roots of flouriſhing trees, was rewarded with their ſhadow. There would they ſit down, and pretty wagers be made between *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which could ſooneſt beguile ſilly fiſhes, while *Zelmane* proteſted that the fit prey for them was hearts of princes. She alſo had an angle in her hand; but the taker was ſo taken, that ſhe had forgotten taking. *Baſilius* in the mean time would be the cook himſelf of what was ſo caught, and *Gynecia* ſit ſtill, but with no ſtill penſiveneſs. Now ſhe brought them to ſee a ſeeled dove, who, the blinder ſhe was, the higher ſhe ſtrove. Ano-

ther time a kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and ſo let fly, cauſed all the kites in that quarter, who, as oftentimes the world is deceived, thinking her proſperous, when indeed ſhe was wounded, made the poor kite find, that *opinion of riches may well be dangerous.*

But theſe recreations were interrupted by a delight of more gallant ſhow; for one evening, as *Baſilius* returned from having forced his thoughts to pleaſe themſelves in ſuch ſmall conqueſt, there came a ſhepherd, who brought him word, that a gentleman deſired leave to do a meſſage from his lord unto him. *Baſilius* granted, whereupon the gentleman came; and after the dutiful ceremonies obſerved in his maſter's name; told him, that he was ſent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to crave licence, that, as he had done in many other courts, ſo, he might in his preſence, defy all *Arcadian* knights in the behalf of his miſtreſs's beauty, who would beſides her ſelf in perſon be preſent, to give evident proof what his lance ſhould affirm. The conditions of his challenge were, that the defendant ſhould bring his miſtreſs's picture, which being ſet by the image of *Arteſia*, ſo was the miſtreſs of *Phalantus* named, who in ſix courſes ſhould have the better of the other, in the judgment of *Baſilius*, with him both the honours and the pictures ſhould remain. *Baſilius* (though he had retired himſelf into that ſolitary dwelling, with intention to avoid, rather than to accept any matters of drawing company, yet, becauſe he would entertain *Zelmane*, that ſhe might not think the time ſo gainful to him, loſs to her) granted him to pitch his tent for three days not far from the lodge, and to proclaim his challenge, that what *Arcadian* knight, for none elſe but upon his peril was licenſed to come, would defend what he honoured againſt *Phalantus*, ſhould have the like freedom of acceſs and return.

This obtained and publiſhed, *Zelmane* being deſirous to learn what this *Phalantus* was, having never known him farther than by report of his good juſting, in ſo much as he

he was commonly called, *The fair man of arms*; *Baſilius* told her that he had had occaſion by one very inward with him, to know in part the diſcourſe of his life, which was that he was baſtard-brother to the fair *Helen* queen of *Corinth*, and dearly eſteemed of her, for his exceeding good parts, being honourably courteous, and wrongleſsly valiant, conſiderately pleaſant in converſation and an excellent courtier without unfaithfulneſs; who, finding his ſiſter's unperſuadable melancholy, through the love of *Amphialus*, had for a time left her court, and gone into *Laconia*, where, in the war againſt the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durſt and knew. But as it was rather choice than nature, that led him to matters of arms, ſo as ſoon as the ſpur of honour ceaſed, he willingly reſted in peaceable delights, being beloved in all companies for his lovely qualities, and, as a man may term it, winning chearfulneſs; whereby to the prince and court of *Laconia*, none was more agreeable than *Phalantus*: and he not given greatly to ſtruggle with his own diſpoſition, followed the gentle current of it, having a fortune ſufficient to content, and he content with a ſufficient fortune. But in that court he ſaw, and was acquainted with this *Arteſia*, whoſe beauty he now defends, became her ſervant, ſaid himſelf, and perchance thought himſelf her lover. But certainly, ſaid *Baſilius*, many times it falls out, that theſe young companions make themſelves believe they love at their firſt liking of a likely beauty; loving, becauſe they will love for want of other buſineſs, not becauſe they feel indeed that divine power, which makes the heart find a reaſon in paſſion, and ſo, God knows, as inconſtantly leave upon the next chance that beauty caſts before them. So therefore taking love upon him like a faſhion, he courted this lady *Arteſia*, who was as fit to pay him in his own money as might be: for ſhe thinketh ſhe did wrong to her beauty, if ſhe were not proud of it, called her diſdain of him chaſtity, and placed her honour in little ſetting by his honouring her; determining never to marry,

93707

but him whom ſhe thought worthy of her; and that was one in whom all worthineſſes were harboured. And to this conceit not only nature had bent her; but the bringing up ſhe received at my Siſter-in-law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her; who having in her widowhood taken this young *Arteſia* into her charge, becauſe her Father had been a dear friend of her dead husband's, had taught her to think that there is no wiſdom but in including both heaven and earth in ones ſelf; and that love, courteſy, grateſulneſs, friendſhip, and all other virtues are rather to be taken on, than taken in one's ſelf. And ſo good a diſciple ſhe found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, ſhe was content, if ſo her ſon could have liked of it, to have wiſhed her in marriage to my nephew *Amphialus*. But I think that deſire hath loſt ſome of his heat, ſince ſhe hath known, that ſuch a queen as *Helen* is, doth offer ſo great a price as a kingdom, to buy his favour; for, if I be not deceived in my good ſiſter *Cecropia*, ſhe thinks no face ſo beautiful, as that which looks under a crown. But *Arteſia* indeed liked well of my nephew *Amphialus*: For I can never deem that love which in haughty hearts proceeds of a deſire only to pleaſe, and, as it were, peacock themſelves; but yet ſhe hath ſhewed vehemency of deſire that way, I think becauſe all her deſires be vehement, inſomuch that ſhe hath both placed her only brother, a fine youth, called *Iſmenus*, to be his 'ſquire, and her ſelf is content to wait upon my ſiſter, till ſhe may ſee the uttermoſt what ſhe may work in *Amphialus*; who being of a melancholy, (though I muſt ſay, truly courteous and noble) mind, ſeems to love nothing leſs than love: and of late having, through ſome adventure, or inward miſcontentment, withdrawn himſelf from any body's knowledge, where he is; *Arteſia* the eaſier condeſcended to go to the court of *Laconia*, whither ſhe was ſent for by the king's wife, to whom ſhe is ſomewhat allied.

And there, after the war of the *Helots*, this knight *Phalantus*, at leaſt for tongue-delight, made himſelf her ſervant,

ſervant, and ſhe ſo little caring, as not to ſhew miſlike thereof, was content only to be noted to have a notable ſervant. For truly one in my court, nearly acquainted with him, within theſe few days made me a pleaſant deſcription of their love, while he with chearful looks would ſpeak ſorrowful words, uſing the phraſe of his affection in ſo high a ſtyle, that *Mercury* would not have wooed *Venus* with more magnificent eloquence; but elſe, neither in behaviour, nor action, accuſing in himſelf any great trouble in mind, whether he ſped or no. And ſhe, on the other ſide, well finding how little it was, and not caring for more, yet taught him, that often it falleth out but *a fooliſh-witneſs, to ſpeak more than one thinks.*

For ſhe made earneſt benefit of his jeſt, forcing him in reſpect of his profeſſion, to do her ſuch ſervices, as were both cumberſome and coſtly unto him, while he ſtill thought he went beyond her, becauſe his heart did not commit the idolatry. So that laſtly, ſhe, I think, having in mind to make the fame of her beauty an orator for her to *Amphialus*, (perſuading herſelf perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in ſome that have delightful meat before them, and have no ſtomach to it, before other folks praiſe it) ſhe took the advantage one day, upon *Phalantus*'s unconſcionable praiſings of her, and certain caſt-away vows how much he would do for her ſake, to arreſt his word as ſoon as it was out of his mouth, and by the virtue thereof to charge him to go with her thro' all the courts of *Greece*, and with the challenge now made to give her beauty the principality over all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, and ſaw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was, as he confeſſed to him that told me the tale, not for doubt he had of himſelf, (for indeed he had little cauſe, being accounted, with his lance eſpecially, whereupon the challenge is to be tried) as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but becauſe he feared to offend his ſiſter *Helen*, and withal, as he ſaid, he could not ſo much believe his love, but that he muſt think in his heart, whatſoever his mouth affirmed, that

both

both ſhe, my daughters, and the fair *Parthenia*, (wife to a moſt noble gentleman, my wife's near kinſman) might far better put in their claim for that prerogative. But his promiſe had bound him prentice, and therefore it was now better with willingneſs to purchaſe thanks, than with a diſcontented doing to have the pain and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather than love, did lead him. And now hath he already paſſed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos*, and *Corinth*: and, as many times it happens, that a good pleader makes a bad cauſe to prevail, ſo hath his lance brought captives to the triumph of *Arteſia*'s beauty, ſuch, as though *Arteſia* be among the faireſt, yet in that company were to have the preheminency: for in thoſe courts many knights, that had been in other far countries, defended ſuch as they had ſeen, and liked in their travel: but their defence had been ſuch as they had forfeited the pictures of their ladies, to give a forced falſe teſtimony to *Arteſia*'s excellency. And now laſtly is he come hither, where he hath leave to try his fortune. But I aſſure you, if I thought it not in due and true conſideration an injurious ſervice and churliſh courteſy, to put the danger of ſo noble a title in the deciding of ſuch a dangerleſs combat, I would make young maſter *Phalantus* know, that your eyes can ſharpen a blunt launce, and that age, which my gray hairs, only gotten by the loving care of others, make ſeem more than it is, hath not diminiſhed in me the power to protect an undeniable verity: with that he buſtled up himſelf, as though his heart would fain have walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward ſmiling gave him outward thanks, deſiring him to reſerve his force for worthier cauſes. So paſſing their time according to their wont, they waited for the coming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning having already cauſed his tents to be pitched near to a fair tree, hard by the lodge, had upon the tree made a ſhield to be hanged up, which the defendant ſhould ſtrike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impreſſa* in

the

the ſhield, was a heaven full of ſtars, with a ſpeech ſignifying, that it was *the beauty which gave it the praiſe.*

Himſelf came in next after a triumphant chariot, made of carnation-velvet, enriched with purple and pearl, wherein *Arteſia* ſate, drawn by four winged horſes with artificial flaming mouths, and fiery wings, as if ſhe had newly borrowed them of *Phœbus.* Before her marched, two after two, certain footmen pleaſantly attired, who between them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had loſt the prize in the race of beauty, and at every pace they ſtayed, turned the pictures to each ſide ſo leiſurely, that with perfect judgment they might be diſcerned. The firſt that came in, following the order of the time wherein they had been won, was the picture of *Andromana,* queen of *Iberia,* whom a *Laconian* knight having ſome time, and with ſpecial favour, ſerved, though ſome years ſince returned home, with more gratefulneſs than good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeed ſhe was not comparable to *Arteſia*; not becauſe ſhe was a good deal elder, for time had not yet been able to impoveriſh her ſtore thereof, but an exceeding red hair, with ſmall eyes, did, like ill companions, diſgrace the other aſſembly of moſt commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfeit of the princeſs of *Elis,* a lady that taught the beholders no other point of beauty, but this, That as *liking is not always the child of beauty,* ſo *whatſoever liketh is beautiful*; for in that viſage there was neither majeſty, grace, favour, nor fairneſs; yet ſhe wanted not a ſervant that would have made her fairer than the fair *Arteſia.* But he wrote her praiſes with his helmet in the duſt, and left her picture to be as a true witneſs of his overthrow, as his running was of her beauty.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia,* great queen of *Armenia,* a lady upon whom nature beſtowed, and well placed her moſt delightful colours; and withal, had proportioned her without any fault, quickly to be diſcover-

ed

ed by the ſenſes, yet altogether ſeemed not to make up that harmoney, that *Cupid* delights in, the reaſon whereof might ſeem a manniſh countenance, which overthrew that lovely ſweetneſs, the nobleſt power of womankind, far fitter to prevail by parley, than by battel.

Of a far contrary conſideration was the repreſentation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* queen of *Lycia*, who though of ſo brown a hair, as no man ſhould have injured it to have called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheeks the white did ſo much overcome the red, tho' what was, was very pure, that it came near to paleneſs, and that her face was a thought longer than the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet love play'd his part ſo well in every part, that it caught hold of the judgment, before it could judge, making it firſt love, and after acknowledge it fair; for there was a certain delicacy, which in yielding conquered, and with a pitiful look made one find cauſe to crave help himſelf.

After her came two ladies, of noble, but not of royal birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though very fair, and of a fatneſs rather to allure, than to miſlike, yet her breaſts over-familiarly laid open, with a made countenance about her mouth, between ſimpering and ſmiling, her head bowed ſomewhat down, ſeemed to languiſh with over-much idleneſs, and with an inviting look caſt upward diſſuaded with too much perſuading, while hope might ſeem to over-run deſire.

The other, whoſe name was written *Leucippe*, was of a fine daintineſs of beauty, her face carrying in it a ſober ſimplicity, like one that could do much good, and meant no hurt, her eyes having in them ſuch a cheerfulneſs, as nature ſeemed to ſmile in them, though her mouth and cheeks obeyed to that pretty demureneſs, which the more one marked, the more one would judge the poor ſoul apt to believe, and therefore the more pity to deceive her.

Next came the queen of *Laconia*, one that ſeemed born in the confines of beauty's kingdom: for all her lineaments were neither perfect poſſeſſioners thereof, nor abſolute

ſolute ſtrangers thereto: but ſhe was a queen, and therefore beautiful.

But ſhe that followed, conquered indeed with being conquered, and might well have made all the beholders wait upon her triumph, while her ſelf were led captive. It was the excellently fair queen *Helen*, whoſe jacinth-hair curled by nature, but intercurled by art, like a fine brook through golden ſands, had a rope of fair pearl, which now hiding, now hidden by the hair, did as it were play at faſt and looſe each with other, mutually giving and receiving richneſs. In her face ſo much beauty and favour expreſſed, as if *Helen* had not been known, ſome would rather have judged it the painter's exerciſe, to ſhow what he could do, than the counterfeiting of any living pattern; for no fault the moſt fault-finding wit could have found, if it were not, that to the reſt of the body the face was ſomewhat too little: but that little was ſuch a ſpark of beauty, as was able to inflame a world of love; for every thing was full of a choice fineneſs, that if it wanted any thing in majeſty, it ſupplied it with increaſe in pleaſure; and if at the firſt it ſtruck not admiration, it raviſhed with delight. And no indifferent ſoul there was, which if it could reſiſt from ſubjecting it ſelf to make it his princeſs, that would not long to have ſuch a play-fellow. As for her attire, it was coſtly and curious, though the look, fixed with more ſadneſs than it ſeemed nature had beſtowed to any that knew her fortune, bewrayed, that as ſhe uſed thoſe ornaments, not for her ſelf, but to prevail with another, ſo ſhe feared that all would not ſerve. Of a far differing, though eſteemed equal, beauty, was the fair *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Arteſia*'s triumph, tho' far better ſhe might have ſate in the throne. For in her every thing was goodly and ſtately; yet ſo that it might ſeem that great mindedneſs was but the ancient-bearer to the humbleneſs. For her great grey-eye, which might ſeem full of her own beauty: a large and exceedingly fair forehead, with all the reſt of her face and body, caſt in the mould of nobleneſs, was yet ſo attired, as might ſhew,

the

the miſtreſs thought it either not to deſerve, or not to need any exquiſite decking, having no adorning but cleanlineſs; and ſo far from all art, that it was full of careleſneſs: unleſs that careleſneſs it ſelf, in ſpight of it ſelf, grew artificial. But *Baſilius* could not abſtain from praiſing *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly virtue; and wifely faithfulneſs: telling withal *Zelmane*, how he had underſtood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture, maintained by a certain *Scycionian* knight; was loſt, through want rather of valour, than juſtice, her husband, the famous *Argalus*, would in a chafe have gone and redeemed it with a new tryal. But ſhe, more ſporting than ſorrowing for her undeſerved champion, told her husband, ſhe deſired to be beautiful in no body's eye but his: and that ſhe would rather mar her face as evil as ever it was, than that it ſhould be a cauſe to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Baſilius* have told *Zelmane* that which he already knew, of the rare tryal of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes give place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which ſate pulling out a thorn out of a lamb's foot, with her look ſo attentive upon it, as if that little foot could have been the circle of her thoughts; her apparel ſo poor, as it had nothing but the inſide to adorn it; a ſheep-hook lying by her, with a bottle upon it. But with all that poverty, beauty played the prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greateſt queen there did. Her beauty and her eſtate made her quickly to be known to be the fair ſhepherdeſs *Urania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, far in love with her, had unluckily defended.

The laſt of all in place, becauſe laſt in the time of her being captive, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the king *Plexirtus*: who at the firſt ſight ſeemed to have ſome reſembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking, comparing it to the preſent *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her ſiſter, they might ſee, it was but ſuch a likeneſs as an unperfect glaſs doth give; anſwerable enough in ſome features

tures and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* ſighing, turning to *Baſilius*, alas Sir, ſaid ſhe, here be ſome pictures which might better become the tombs of their miſtreſſes, than the triumph of *Arteſia*. It is true ſweeteſt lady, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſome of them be dead, and ſome other captive; but that hath happened ſo late, as it may be the knights that defended their beauty, knew not ſo much: without we will ſay, as in ſome other hearts I know it would fall out, that death it ſelf could not blot out the image which love hath engraven in them. But diverſe beſides theſe, ſaid *Baſilius*, hath *Phalantus*, won, but he leaves the reſt, carrying only ſuch, who either for greatneſs of eſtate, or of beauty may juſtly glorify the glory of *Arteſia*'s triumph.

Thus talked *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter ſubject to ſpeak of with his miſtreſs, while *Phalantus*, in this pompous manner, brought *Arteſia* with her gentlewoman into one tent, by which he had another: where they both waited who would firſt ſtrike upon the ſhield, while *Baſilius* the judge appointed ſticklers and trumpets, to whom the other ſhould obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till already it had conſumed half his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, proteſting himſelf as contrary to him in mind, as he was in apparel. For *Phalantus* was all in white, having in his baſes and capariſon imbroidered a waving water: at each ſide whereof he had nettings caſt over, in which were diverſe fiſhes naturally made, and ſo prettily, that as the horſe ſtirred, the fiſhes ſeemed to ſtrive, and leap in the net.

But the other knight, by name *Neſtor*, by birth an *Arcadian*, and in affection vowed to the fair ſhepherdeſs, was all in black, with fire burning both upon his armour and horſe. His *impreſſa* in his ſhield, was a fire made of junipter, with this word, *More eaſy, and more ſweet*. But this hot knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third courſe he received of *Phalantus*, leaving his picture to keep company with the other of the ſame ſtamp; he going

ing away remedileſly chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polycetes*, greatly eſteemed in *Arcadia*, for deeds he had done in arms: and much ſpoken of for the honourable love he had long borne to *Gynecia*, which *Baſilius* himſelf was content not only to ſuffer, but to be delighted with: he carried it in ſo honourable and open plainneſs, ſetting to his love no other mark, than to do her faithful ſervice. But neither her fair picture, nor his fair running, could warrant him from overthrow, and her from becoming as then the laſt of *Arteſia*'s victories; a thing *Gynecia*'s virtues would little have reckoned at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not ſeen it. But her champion went away as much diſcomforted, as diſcomfited. Then *Thelamon* for *Pelexena*, and *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*, all brave knights, all fair ladies, with their going down, lifted up the balance of his praiſe for activity, and hers for fairneſs.

Upon whoſe loſs, as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ran, a ſhepherd ſtripling (for his height made him more than a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) brown of complexion, whether by nature or by the ſun's familiarity, but very lovely withal, for the reſt ſo perfect proportioned, that nature ſhewed, ſhe doth not like men, who ſlubber up matters of mean account. And well might his proportion be judged, for he had nothing upon him but a pair of ſlops, and upon his body a goat skin, which he caſt over his ſhoulder, doing all things with ſo pretty a grace, that it ſeemed ignorance could not make him do amiſs, becauſe he had a heart to do well; holding in his right hand a long ſtaff, and ſo coming with a look full of amiable fierceneſs, as in whom choler could not take away the ſweetneſs; he came towards the king, and making a reverence (which in him was comely, becauſe it was kindly.) My liege lord, ſaid he, I pray you hear a few words; for my heart will break if I ſay not my mind to you: I ſee here the picture of *Urania*, which I cannot tell how, nor why theſe men when they fall down, they ſay, is not ſo fair as yonder

gay

gay woman. But pray God I may never ſee my old mother alive, if I think ſhe be any more matched to *Urania*, than a goat is to a fine lamb; or than the dog that keeps our flock at home, is like your white gray-hound, that pulled down the ſtag laſt day.

And therefore I pray you let me be dreſſed as they be, and my heart gives me, I ſhall tumble him on the earth: for indeed he might as well ſay, that a cowſlip is as white as a lilly: or elſe I care not, let him come with his great ſtaff, and I with this in my hand, and you ſhall ſee what I can do to him. *Baſilius* ſaw it was the fine ſhepherd *Lalus*, whom once he had afore him in paſtoral ſports, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretty ſimplicity, and therefore laughing at his earneſtneſs, he bad him be content, ſince he ſaw the pictures of ſo great queens were fain to follow their champions fortune. But *Lalus*, even weeping ripe, went among the reſt, longing to ſee ſome body that would revenge *Urania*'s wrong; and praying heartily for every body that ran againſt *Phalantus*, then beginning to feel poverty, that he could not ſet himſelf to that tryal. But by and by, even when the ſun, like a noble heart, began to ſhew his greateſt countenance in his loweſt eſtate, there came in a knight, called *Phebilus*, a gentleman of that country, for whom hateful fortune had borrowed the dart of love, to make him miſerable by the ſight of *Philoclea*. For he had even from her infancy loved her, and was ſtricken by her before ſhe was able to know what quiver of arrows her eyes carried; but he loved and deſpaired, and the more he deſpaired, the more he loved. He ſaw his own worthineſs, and thereby made her excellency have more terrible aſpect upon him: he was ſo ſecret therein, as not daring to be open, that to no creature he ever ſpake of it, but his heart made ſuch ſilent complaints within it ſelf, that while all his ſenſes were attentive thereto, cunning judges might perceive his mind; ſo that he was known to love, though he denied, or rather was the better known, becauſe he denied it. His armour and his attire was for a

ſea colour; his *Impreſſa*, the fiſh called *Sepia*, which being in the net, caſts a black ink about it ſelf, that in the darkneſs thereof it may 'ſcape: his word was, *Not ſo*. *Philoclea*'s picture with almoſt an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But ſtraight jealouſy was a harbinger for diſdain in *Zelmane*'s heart, when ſhe ſaw any, but her ſelf, ſhould be avowed a champion for *Philoclea*: inſomuch that ſhe wiſhed his ſhame, 'till ſhe ſaw him ſhamed. For at the ſecond courſe he was ſtricken quite from out of the ſaddle, ſo full of grief and rage withal, that he would fain with the ſword have revenged it, but that being contrary to the order ſet down, *Baſilius* would not ſuffer: ſo that wiſhing himſelf in the bottom of the earth, he went his way, leaving *Zelmane* no leſs angry with his loſs, than ſhe would have been with his victory. For if ſhe thought before a rival's praiſe would have angered her, her lady's diſgrace did make her much more forget what ſhe then thought, while that paſſion reigned ſo much the more, as ſhe ſaw a pretty bluſh in *Philoclea*'s cheeks bewray a modeſt diſcontentment. But the night commanded truce for thoſe ſports, and *Phalantus*, though intreated, would not leave *Arteſia*; who in no caſe would come into the houſe, having, as it were, ſucked of *Cecropia*'s breath a mortal miſlike againſt *Baſilius*.

But the night meaſured by the ſhort ell of ſleep, was ſoon paſt over, and the next morning had given the watchful ſtars leave to take their reſt, when a trumpet ſummoned *Baſilius* to play his judge's part: which he did, taking his wife and daughters with him; *Zelmane* having locked her door, ſo as they would not trouble her for that time: for already there was a knight in the field, ready to prove *Helen* of *Corinth* had received great injury, both by the erring judgment of the challenger, and the unlucky weakneſs of her former defender. The new knight was quickly known to be *Clitophon*, *Kalander*'s ſon of *Baſilius*'s ſiſter, by his armour, which all gilt, was ſo well handled, that it ſhewed like a glittering ſand and gravel, interlaced with ſilver rivers: his device he had put in the picture

picture of *Helen* which he defended; it was the *Ermion* with a ſpeech that ſignified, *Rather dead than ſpotted.* But in that armour ſince he had parted from *Helen*, who would no longer his company, finding him to enter into terms of affection, he had performed ſo honourable actions, ſtill ſeeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, that though his face were covered, his being was diſcovered, which yet *Baſilius*, which had brought him up in his court, would not ſeem to do; but glad to ſee the tryal of him, of whom he had heard very well, he commanded the trumpets to ſound, to which the two brave knights obeying, they performed their courſes; breaking their ſix ſtaves, with ſo good, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the manner, that it bred ſome difficulty in the judgment. But *Baſilius* in the end gave ſentence againſt *Clitophon*, becauſe *Phalantus* had brokenmore ſtaves, upon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had received ſuch a blow, that he had loſt the reins of his horſes, with his head well-nigh touching the crooper of the horſe. But *Clitophon* was ſo angry with the judgment, wherein he thought he had received wrong, that he omitted his duty to his prince, and uncle; and ſuddenly went his way ſtill in the queſt of them, whom as then he had left by ſeeking, and ſo yielded the field to the next comer.

Who, coming in about two hours after, was no leſs marked than all the reſt before, becauſe he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor device, his armour of as old a faſhion; beſides the ruſty poorneſs, that it might better ſeem a monument of his grandfather's courage: about his middle he had, inſtead of baſes, a long cloak of ſilk, which as unhandſomly, as it needs muſt, became the wearer: ſo that all that looked on, meaſured his length on the earth already, ſince he had to meet one who had been victorious of ſo many gallants. But he went on towards the ſhield, and with a ſober grace ſtruck it; but as he let his ſword fall upon it, another knight, all in black came ruſtling in, who ſtruck the ſhield almoſt as ſoon as he, and ſo ſtrongly, that he brake

the ſhield in two: the ill apparelled knight, for ſo the beholders called him, angry with that, as he accounted, inſolent injury to himſelf, hit him ſuch a ſound blow, that they that looked on ſaid, it well became a rude arm. The other anſwered him again in the ſame caſe, ſo that launces were put to ſilence, the ſwords were ſo buſy.

But *Phalantus* angry of this defacing ſhield, came upon the black knight, and with the pommel of his ſword ſet fire to his eyes, which preſently was revenged, not only by the black, but the ill apparelled knight, who diſdained another ſhould enter into his quarrel, ſo as, who ever ſaw a matachin dance to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, every one had two adverſaries, ſtriking him, who ſtruck the third, and revenging perhaps that of him which he had received of the other. But *Baſilius* riſing himſelf came to part them, the ſticklers authority ſcarcely able to perſuade cholerick hearers; and part them he did.

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foot, who complained to *Baſilius*, demanding juſtice on the black knight, for having by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little form he wore in a tablet, and covered with ſilk had faſtened it to his helmet, purpoſing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Arteſia*'s length, not doubting but even in that little quantity, the excellency of that would ſhine thorough the weakneſs of the other: as the ſmalleſt ſtar doth thorough the whole element of fire. And by the way he had met with this black knight, who had, as he ſaid, robbed him of it. The injury ſeemed grievous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halting knight meeting the other, asking the cauſe of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamela*'s divine beauty againſt *Arteſia*'s, with a proud jollity commanded him to leave that quarrel only for him, who was only worthy to enter into it. But the black knight obeying no ſuch commandments, they

fell

fell to ſuch a bickering, that he gat a halting, and loſt his picture. This underſtood by *Baſilus*, he told him he was now fitter to look to his own body, than another's picture, and ſo, uncomforted therein, ſent him away to learn of *Æſculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the queſtion ariſing, who ſhould be the former againſt *Phalantus*, of the black or the ill apparelled knight, who now had gotten the reputation of ſome ſturdy lout, he had ſo well defended himſelf; of the one ſide, was alledged the having a picture, which the other wanted: of the other ſide, the firſt ſtriking the ſhield; but the concluſion was, that the ill apparelled knight ſhould have the precedence, if he delivered the figure of his miſtreſs to *Phalantus*; who asking him for it, certainly, ſaid he, her livelieſt picture, if you could ſee it, is in my heart, and the beſt compariſon I could make of her, is of the ſun and all the other heavenly beauties But becauſe perhaps all eyes cannot taſte the divinity of her beauty, and would rather be dazzled, than taught by the light, if it be not clouded by ſome meaner thing; know ye then, that I defend that ſame lady, whoſe image *Phebilus* ſo feebly loſt yeſternight, and inſtead of another, if you overcome me, you ſhall have me your ſlave to carry that image in your miſtreſs' triumph. *Phalantus* eaſily agreed to the bargain, which already he made his own.

But when it came to the tryal, the ill apparelled knight, chuſing out the greateſt ſtaves in all the ſtore, at the firſt courſe gave his head ſuch a remembrance, that he loſt almoſt his remembrance, he himſelf receiving the encounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinary motion: and at the ſecond, gave him ſuch a counterbuff, that becauſe *Phalantus* was ſo perfect a horſe-man, as not to be driven from the ſaddle, the ſaddle with broken girts was driven from the horſe; *Phalantus* remaining angry and amazed, becauſe now being come almoſt to the laſt of his promiſed enterpriſe, that diſgrace befel him, which he had never before known.

But the victory being by the judges given, and the trumpets witneſſed to the ill apparelled knight; *Phalantus* diſgrace was ingrieved in lieu of comfort of *Arteſia*, who telling him ſhe never looked for other, bade him ſeek ſome other miſtreſs. He excuſing himſelf, and turning over the fault to fortune, Then let that be your ill fortune too, ſaid ſhe, that you have loſt me.

Nay, truly madam, ſaid *Phalantus*, it ſhall not be ſo; for I think the loſs of ſuch a miſtreſs will prove a great gain, and ſo concluded; to the ſport of *Baſilius*, to ſee young folks love, that came in masked with ſo great pomp, go out with ſo little conſtancy. But *Phalantus* firſt profeſſing great ſervice to *Baſilius* for his courteous intermitting his ſolitary courſe for his ſake, would yet conduct *Arteſia* to the caſtle of *Cecropia*, whither ſhe deſired to go: vowing in himſelf, that neither heart, nor mouth-love, ſhould ever any more intangle him, and with that reſolution he left the company. Whence all being diſmiſſed (among whom the black knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him from winning the honour, as he knew he ſhould have done to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled knight (who was only deſired to ſtay, becauſe *Baſilius* meant to ſhew him to *Zelmane*) pull'd off his helmet, and then was known himſelf to be *Zelmane*: who that morning, as ſhe told, while the others were buſy, had ſtoln out of the prince's ſtable, which was a mile off from the lodge, had gotten a horſe, they knowing it was *Baſilius'* pleaſure ſhe ſhould be obeyed, and borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come upon the ſpur to redeem *Philoclea*'s picture, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not bear, being one of that little wilderneſs company, ſhould be in captivity, if the cunning ſhe had learned in her country of the noble *Amazons*, could withſtand it; and under that pretext fain ſhe would have given a ſecret paſport to her affection. But this act painted at one inſtant redneſs in *Philoclea*'s face, and paleneſs in *Gynecia*'s; but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no ſpeeches but of commendations:

ons: all theſe few, beſides love, thinking they honoured themſelves, in honouring ſo accompliſhed a perſon as *Zelmane:* whom daily they ſought with ſome or other ſports to delight; for which purpoſe *Baſilius* had, in a houſe not far off, ſervants, who though they came not uncalled, yet at call were ready.

And ſo many days were ſpent, and many ways uſed, while *Zelmane* was like one that ſtood in a tree waiting a good occaſion to ſhoot, and *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the deareſt deer from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed courſe, the ſhepherds were to aſſemble, and make their paſtoral ſports before *Baſilius*, *Zelmane*, fearing leſt many eyes, and coming divers ways, might hap to 'ſpy *Muſidorus*, went out to warn him thereof.

But before ſhe could come to the arbour, ſhe ſaw walking from her-ward, a man in ſheperdiſh apparel, who being in the ſight of the lodge, it might ſeem he was allowed there. A long cloak he had on, but that caſt under his right arm, wherein he held a ſheep hook, ſo finely wrought, that it gave a bravery to poverty, and his raiments, though they were mean, yet received they handſomneſs by the grace of the wearer; though he himſelf went but a kind of languiſhing pace, with his eyes ſometimes caſt up to heaven, as though his fancies ſtrove to mount higher; ſometimes thrown down to the ground, as if the earth could not bear the burthen of his ſorrows; at length, with a lamentable tune, he ſung theſe few verſes.

Come ſhepherd's weeds, become your maſter's mind;
Yield outward ſhew, what inward change he tries:
Nor he abaſh'd, ſince ſuch a gueſt you find,
Whoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weak comfort lies.

Come ſhepherd's weeds, attend my woeful cries;
Diſuſe your ſelves from ſweet Menalca's *voice*
For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow ties,
From thoſe clear notes which freely may rejoyce.

Then pour out plaint, and in one word ſay this;
Helpleſs is plaint, who ſpoils himſelf of bliſs.

And having ended, he ſtruck himſelf on the breaſt, ſaying, O miſerable wretch, whither do thy deſtinies guide thee? the voice made *Zelmane* haſten her pace to overtake him; which having done, ſhe plainly perceived that it was her dear friend *Muſidorus*; whereat marvelling not a little, ſhe demanded of him, whether the goddeſs of thoſe woods had ſuch a power to transform every body; or whether, as in all enterpriſes elſe he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas, ſaid *Muſidorus*, what ſhall I ſay, who am loath to ſay, and yet fain would have ſaid? I find indeed, that *all is but lip-wiſdom, which wants experience.* I now, woe is me, do try what love can do. O *Zelmane*, who will reſiſt it, muſt either have no wit, or put out his eyes: can any man reſiſt his creation? certainly by love we are made, and to love we are made. Beaſts only cannot diſcern beauty, and let them be in the roll of beaſts that do not honour it. The perfect friendſhip *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pity ſhe, by good tryal, had of ſuch caſes, could not keep her from ſmiling at him, remembering how vehemently he had cried out againſt the folly of lovers; and therefore a little to puniſh him, why how now dear couſin, ſaid ſhe, you that were laſt day ſo high in the pulpit againſt lovers, are you now become ſo mean an auditor? remember that love is a paſſion, and that a worthy man's reaſon muſt ever have the maſterhood. I recant, I recant, cried *Muſidorus*, and withal falling down proſtrate, O thou celeſtial or infernal ſpirit of love, or what other heavenly or helliſh title thou liſt to have, for effects of both I find in my ſelf, have compaſſion on me, and let thy glory be as great in pardoning them that be ſubmitted to thee, as in conquering thoſe that were rebellious. No, no, ſaid *Zelmane*, I ſee you well enough; you make but an interlude of my miſhaps, and do but counterfeit thus to make me ſee the deformity of my paſſions;

ſions: but take heed, that this jeſt do not one day turn to earneſt. Now I beſeech thee, ſaid *Muſidorus*, taking her faſt by the hand, even for the truth of our friendſhip, of which, if I be not altogether an unhappy man, thou haſt ſome remembrance, and by thoſe ſecret flames which I know have likewiſe nearly touched thee, make no jeſt of that, which hath ſo earneſtly pierced me thorough, nor let that be light unto thee, which is to me ſo burdenous, that I am not able to bear it. *Muſidorus* both in words and behaviour, did ſo lively deliver out his inward grief, that *Zelmane* found indeed, he was throughly wounded: but there roſe a new jealouſy in her mind, leſt it might be with *Philoclea*, by whom, as *Zelmane* thought, in right all hearts and eyes ſhould be inherited. And therefore deſirous to be cleared of that doubt, *Muſidorus* ſhortly, as in haſte and full of paſſionate perplexedneſs, thus recounted his caſe unto her.

The day, ſaid he, I parted from you, I being in mind to return to a town from whence I came hither, my horſe being before tired, would ſcarce bear me a mile hence, where being benighted, the ſight of a candle, I ſaw a good way off, guided me to a young ſhepherd's houſe, by name *Menalcas*, who ſeeing me to be a ſtraying ſtranger, with the right honeſt hoſpitality which ſeems to be harboured in the *Arcadian* breaſts, and, though not with curious coſtlineſs, yet with cleanly ſufficiency entertained me: and having by talk with him, found the manner of the country ſomething more in particular, than I had by *Kalander*'s report, I agreed to ſojourn with him in ſecret, which he faithfully promiſed to obſerve. And ſo hither to your arbour divers times repaired, and here by your means had the ſight, O that it had never been ſo, nay, O that it might ever be ſo, of the goddeſs, who in a definite compaſs can ſet forth infinite beauty. All this while *Zelmane* was racked with jealouſy. But he went on, for, ſaid he, I lying cloſe, and in truth thinking of you; and ſaying thus to my ſelf, O ſweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy virtue? where

where is the uſe of thy reaſon? how much am I inferior to thee in the ſtate of the mind? and yet know I that all the heavens cannot bring me ſuch a thraldom. Scarcely, think I, had I ſpoken this word, when the ladies came forth; at which ſight, I think the very words returned back again to ſtrike my ſoul; at leaſt, an unmeaſurable ſting I felt in my ſelf, that I had ſpoken ſuch words. At which ſight? ſaid *Zelmane*, not able to bear him any longer. O, ſaid *Muſidorus*, I know your ſuſpicion; No; no, baniſh all ſuch fear, it was, it is, and muſt be *Pamela*. Thenall is ſafe, ſaid *Zelmane*, proceed dear *Muſidorus*. I will not, ſaid he, impute it to my late ſolitary life, which yet is prone to affections, nor to the much thinking of you (though that called the conſideration of love into my mind, which before I ever neglected) nor to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor revenge of *Cupid*, but even to her, who is the planet, nay, the goddeſs, againſt which, the only ſhield muſt be my ſepulchre. When I firſt ſaw her, I was preſently ſtricken, and I (like a fooliſh child, that when any thing hits him, will ſtrike himſelf again upon it) would needs look again, as tho' I would perſuade mine eyes, that they were deceived. But alas, well have I found, that *love to a yielding heart is a king; but to a reſiſting, is a tyrant.* The more with arguments I ſhaked the ſtake, which he had planted in the ground of my heart, the deeper ſtill it ſank into it. But what mean I to ſpeak of the cauſes of my love, which is as impoſſible to deſcribe, as to meaſure the back-ſide of heaven? let this word ſuffice, I love.

And that you may know I do ſo, it was I that came in black armour to defend her picture, where I was both prevented, and beaten by you. And ſo, I that waited here to do you ſervice, have now my ſelf moſt need of ſuccour. But whereupon got you your ſelf this apparel, ſaid *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you, ſaid *Muſidorus*, though that were one principal matter of my ſpeech; ſo much am I now maſter of my own mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalca*'s houſe, full of

torment-

tormenting deſire, after a while fainting under the weight, my courage ſtirred up my wit to ſeek for ſome relief, before I yielded to periſh. At laſt this came into my head, that every evening, that I had to no purpoſe laſt uſed my horſe and armour I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Theſſalian* gentleman, who by miſchance having killed a great favourite of the prince of that country, was purſued ſo cruelly, that in no place but either by favour or corruption, they would obtain my deſtruction; and that therefore I was determined, till the fury of my perſecutors might be aſſwaged, to diſguiſe my ſelf among the ſhepherds of *Arcadia*, and, if it were poſſible, to be one of them that were allowed the prince's preſence; becauſe if the worſt ſhould fall, that I were diſcovered, yet having gotten the acquaintance of the prince, it might happen to move his heart to protect me. *Menalcas*, being of an honeſt diſpoſition, pitied my caſe, which my face, thro' my inward torment, made credible; and ſo, I giving him largely for it, let me have this raiment, inſtructing me in all particularities, touching himſelf, or my ſelf, which I deſired to know: yet not truſting ſo much to his conſtancy, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life upon it, I hired him to go into *Theſſalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliver him a letter from me; conjuring him to bring me as ſpeedy an anſwer as he could, becauſe it imported me greatly to know, whether certain of my friends did yet poſſeſs any favour, whoſe interceſſions I might uſe for my reſtitution. He willingly took my letter, which being well ſealed, indeed contained other matter. For I wrote to my truſty ſervant *Calodorus*, whom you know, as ſoon as he had delivered the letter, he ſhould keep him priſoner in his houſe, not ſuffering him to have conference with any body, till he knew my further pleaſure: in all other reſpects that he ſhould uſe him as my brother. And is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poor ſhepherd; more proud of this eſtate than of any kingdom; ſo manifeſt it is, that the *higheſt point outward things can bring one unto, is the contentment*

of

of the mind, with which no eſtate; without which, all eſtates be miſerable.' Now have I choſen this day, becauſe, as *Menalcas* told me, the other ſhepherds are called to make their ſports, and hope that you will with your credit, find means to get me allowed among them. You need not doubt, anſwered *Zelmane*, but that I will, be your good miſtreſs: marry, the beſt way of dealing muſt be by *Dametas*, who ſince his blunt brain hath perceived ſome favour the prince doth bear unto me (as without doubt *the moſt ſervile flattery is lodged moſt eaſily in the groſſeſt capacity*, for their ordinary conceit draweth a yielding to their greater, and then have they not wit to diſcern the right degrees of duty) is much more ſerviceable unto me, than I can find any cauſe to wiſh him. And therefore deſpair not to win him: for every preſent occaſion will catch his ſenſes; and his ſenſes are maſters of his ſilly mind; only reverence him, and reward him, and with that bridle and ſaddle you ſhall well ride him. O heaven and earth, ſaid *Muſidorus*, to what a paſs are our minds brought, that from the right line of virtue, are wryed to theſe crooked ſhifts? but O love, it is thou that doeſt it: thou changeſt name upon name; thou diſguiſeſt our bodies, and disfigureſt our minds. But indeed thou haſt reaſon; for *though the ways be foul, the journy's end is moſt fair and honourable.*

Now more ſweet *Muſidorus*, ſaid *Zelmane*, of theſe philoſophies; for here comes the very perſon of *Dametas*. And ſo he did indeed, with a ſword by his ſide, a foreſt-bill on his neck, and a chopping-knife under his girdle: in which well provided ſort, he had ever gone ſince the fear *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no ſooner ſaw her, but with head and arms he laid his reverence afore her, enough to have made any man forſwear all courteſy. And then in *Baſilius*' name he did invite her to walk down to the place, where that day they were to have the paſtorals.

But when he 'ſpied *Muſidorus* to be none of the ſhepherds allowed in that place, he would fain have perſuaded himſelf to utter ſome anger, but that he durſt not; yet muttering and champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gave occaſion to *Muſidorus* to come near him, and

feign

feign his tale of his own life: that he was a younger brother of the ſhepherd *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, ſent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learn ſome cunning more than ordinary, that he might be the better liked of the prince: and that after his father's death, his brother *Menalcas*, lately gone thither to fetch him home, was alſo deceaſed, where, upon his death, he had charged him to ſeek the ſervice of *Dametas*, and to be wholly and ever guided by him, as one in whoſe judgment and integrity the prince had ſingular confidence. For token whereof, he gave to *Dametas* a good ſum of gold in ready coin: which *Menalcas* had bequeathed unto him, upon condition he ſhould receive this poor *Dorus* into his ſervice, that his mind and manners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of all manners of ſtyle could beſt conceive of golden eloquence, being withal tickled by *Muſidorus*'s praiſes, had his brain ſo turned, that he became ſlave to that, which he that ſued to be his ſervant offered to give him; yet for countenance ſake, he ſeemed very ſqueamiſh, in reſpect of the charge he had of the princeſs *Pamela*. But ſuch was the ſecret operation of the gold, helped with the perſuaſion of the amazon *Zelmane* (who ſaid it was pity ſo handſome a young man ſhould be any where elſe than with ſo good a maſter) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaved himſelf ſo to liking of *Baſilius*, as he might be contented) that then he would receive him into his ſervice.

And thus went they to the lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters ready to go to the field, to delight themſelves there a while, until the ſhepherds coming: whither alſo taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and deſired he might be accepted there that day inſtead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Baſilius*, he ſtayed behind to bring the ſhepherds, with whom he meant to confer, to breed the better *Zelmane*'s liking, which he only regarded, while the other beautiful band came to the fair field appointed for the ſhepherdiſh paſtimes. It was indeed a place of delight;

light; for through the midſt of it there ran a ſweet brook, which did both hold the eye open with her azure ſtreams, and yet ſeek to cloſe the eye with the purling noiſe it made upon the pebble ſtones it ran over: the field it ſelf being ſet in ſome places with roſes, and in all the reſt conſtantly preſerving a flouriſhing green: the roſes added ſuch a ruddy ſhew unto it, as though the field were baſhful at his own beauty: about it, as if it had been to incloſe a theatre, grew ſuch ſort of trees, as either excellency of fruit, ſtatelineſs of growth, continual greenneſs, or poetical fancies, have made at any time famous. In moſt part of which there had been framed by art ſuch pleaſant arbours, that, one anſwering another, they became a gallery aloft from tree to tree almoſt round about, which below gave a perfect ſhadow; a pleaſant refuge then from the cholerick look of *Phœbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carrying many unquiet contentions about her, the ladies ſate them down, inquiring divers queſtions of the ſhepherd *Dorus*; who, keeping his eye ſtill upon *Pamela*, anſwered with ſuch a trembling voice, and abaſhed countenance, and oftentimes ſo far from the matter, that it was ſome ſport to the young ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him ſo diſcountenanced with unwonted preſence. But *Zelmane* that ſaw in him the glaſs of her own miſery, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kiſſes ſetting it cloſe to her lips (as if it ſhould ſtand there like a hand in the margin of a book, to note ſome ſaying worthy to be marked) began to ſpeak theſe words: O love, ſince thou art ſo changeable in mens eſtates, how art thou ſo conſtant in their torments? when ſuddenly there came out of a wood a monſtrous lion, with a ſhe-bear not far from him, of a little leſs fierceneſs, which, as they gueſt, having been hunted in foreſts far off, were by chance comthither, where before ſuch beaſts had never been ſeen. Then care, not fear; or fear, not for themſelves, altered ſomething the countenances of the two lovers; but ſo, as any man might perceive, was rather an aſſembling of

powers

powers, than diſmayedneſs of courage. *Philoclea* no ſooner eſpied the lion, but that obeying the commandment of fear, ſhe leaped up, and ran to the lodge-ward, as faſt as her delicate legs could carry her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where ſhe ſtood quaking like a partridge, on which the hawk is even ready to ſeize. But the lion, ſeeing *Philoclea* run away, bent his race to her-ward, and was ready to ſeize himſelf on the prey, when *Zelmane* (to whom danger then was a cauſe of dreadleſneſs, all the compoſition of her elements being nothing but fiery) with ſwiftneſs of deſire croſſed him, and with force of affection ſtruck him ſuch a blow upon his chine, that ſhe opened all his body: wherewith the valiant beaſt turning her with open jaws, ſhe gave him ſuch a thruſt through his breaſt, that all the lion could do, was with his paw to tear off the mantle and ſleeve of *Zelmane* with a little ſcratch, rather than a wound, his death-blow having taken away the effect of his force: but therewithal he fell down, and gave *Zelmane* leiſure to take off his head, to carry it for a preſent to her lady *Philoclea:* who all this while, not knowing what was done behind her, kept on her courſe like *Arethuſa* when ſhe ran from *Alpheus;* her light apparel being carried up with the wind, that much of thoſe beauties, ſhe would at another time have willingly hidden, was preſented to the ſight of the twice wounded *Zelmane.* Which made *Zelmane* not follow her over-haſtily, leſt ſhe ſhould too ſoon deprive her ſelf of that pleaſure: but carrying the lion's head in her hand, did not fully overtake her, 'till they came to the preſence of *Baſilius.* Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither alſo; who had been in ſuch a trance of muſing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the lion, before ſhe knew of any lion's coming: but then affection reſiſting, and the ſoon ending of the fight preventing all extremity of fear, ſhe marked *Zelmane*'s fighting: and when the lion's head was off, as *Zelmane* ran after *Philoclea,* ſo ſhe could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane:* ſo that it was a new ſight, fortune had prepared

to

to thoſe woods, to ſee theſe great perſonages thus run one after the other, each carried forward with an inward violence; *Philoclea* with ſuch fear, that ſhe thought ſhe was ſtill in the lion's mouth; *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of love, flying ſhe neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now being all come before *Baſilius*, amazed with this ſight, and fear having ſuch poſſeſſion in the fair *Philoclea*, that her blood durſt not yet come to her face, to take away the name of paleneſs from her moſt pure whiteneſs, *Zelmane* kneeled down, and preſented the lion's head unto her: only lady, ſaid ſhe, here ſee you the puniſhment of that unnatural beaſt, which contrary to his own kind would have wronged prince's blood, guided with ſuch traiterous eyes, as durſt rebel againſt your beauty. Happy am I, and my beauty both (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea* then bluſhing, for fear had bequeathed his room to his kinſman baſhfulneſs) that you, excellent *Amazon*, were there to teach him good manners. And even thanks to that beauty, anſwered *Zelmane*, which can give an edge to the blunteſt ſwords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had happened: but as ſhe had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, ſhe perceived ſome blood upon *Zelmane*'s ſhoulder, ſo that ſtarting with the lovely grace and pity, ſhe ſhewed it to her father and mother; who, as the nurſe ſometimes with over-much kiſſing may forget to give the babe ſuck, ſo had they with too much delighting, in beholding and praiſing *Zelmane*, left off to mark whether ſhe needed ſuccour. But then they ran both unto her, like a father and mother to an only child, and, though *Zelmane* aſſured them it was nothing, would needs ſee it, *Gynecia* having skill in chirurgery, an art in thoſe days much eſteemed, becauſe it ſerved to virtuous courage, which even ladies would, ever with the contempt of cowards, ſeem to cheriſh. But looking upon it (which gave more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for ſhe might ſometimes feel *Philoclea*'s touch, whilſt ſhe helped her mother) ſhe found it was indeed of no importance;

yet

yet applied ſhe a precious balm unto it, of power to heal a greater grief.

But even then, and not before, they remembered *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane*, thinking of her friend *Dorus*, was running back to be ſatisfied, when they might all ſee *Pamela* coming between *Dorus* and *Dametas*; having in her hand the paw of a bear, which the ſhepherd *Dorus* had newly preſented unto her, deſiring her to accept it, as of ſuch a beaſt, which though ſhe deſerved death for her preſumption, yet was her wit to be eſteemed, ſince ſhe could make ſo ſweet a choice *Dametas* for his part came piping and dancing, the merrieſt man in a pariſh: but when he came ſo near as he might be heard of *Baſilius*, he would needs break through his ears with this joyful ſong of their good ſucceſs.

NOW thanked be the great god Pan,
Which thus preſerves my loved life:
Thanked be I, that keep a man,
Who ended hath this bloody ſtrife:
For if my man muſt praiſes have,
What then muſt I, that keep the knave?

For as the Moon *the eye doth pleaſe,*
With gentle beams not hurting ſight:
Yet hath ſir Sun *the greateſt praiſe,*
Becauſe from him doth come her light:
So if my man muſt praiſes have,
What then muſt I, that keep the knave?

Being all now come together, and all deſirous to know each other's adventures, *Pamela*'s noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant mean of her ſafety, which, directing her ſpeech to her mother, ſhe did in this manner: as ſoon, ſaid ſhe, as ye were all run away, and that I hoped to be in ſafety, there came out of the ſame woods a horrible foul bear, which (fearing belike to deal, while the lion was preſent, as ſoon as he was gone)

came furiouſly towards the place where I was, and this young ſhepherd left alone by me, I truly (not guilty of any wiſdom, which ſince they lay to my charge, becauſe they ſay, it is the beſt refuge againſt that beaſt, but even pure fear bringing forth that effect of wiſdom) fell down flat on my face, needing not counterfeit being dead, for indeed I was little better. But this young ſhepherd with a wonderful courage, having no other weapon but that knife you ſee, ſtanding before the place where I lay, ſo behaved himſelf, that the firſt ſight I had, when I thought my ſelf already near *Charon*'s ferry was the ſhepherd ſhewing me his bloody knife in token of victory. I pray you (ſaid *Zelmane* ſpeaking to *Dorus*, whoſe valour ſhe was careful to have manifeſted) in what ſort, ſo ill weaponed, could you atchieve this enterpriſe? Noble lady, ſaid *Dorus*, the manner of theſe beaſts fighting with any man, is to ſtand up upon their hinder feet, and ſo this did, and being ready to give me a ſhrewd embracement, I think the god *Pan*, ever careful of the chief bleſſing of *Arcadia*, guided my hand ſo juſt to the heart of the beaſt, that neither ſhe could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the princeſs. For my part, I am rather, with all ſubjected humbleneſs, to thank her excellencies, ſince the duty thereunto gave me heart to ſave my ſelf, than to receive thanks for a deed, which was her only inſpiring. And this *Dorus* ſpake, keeping affection as much as he could back from coming into his eyes and geſtures. But *Zelmane*, that had the ſame character in her heart, could eaſily decypher it, and therefore to keep him the longer in ſpeech, deſired to underſtand the concluſion of the matter, and how the honeſt *Dametas* was eſcaped. Nay, ſaid *Pamela*, none ſhall take that office from my ſelf, being ſo much bound to him as I am, for my education: And with that word, ſcorn borrowing the countenance of mirth, ſomewhat ſhe ſmiled, and thus ſpake on: when, ſaid ſhe, *Dorus* made me aſſuredly perceive, that all cauſe of fear was paſſed, the truth is,

I was

I was aſhamed to find my ſelf alone with this ſhepherd; and therefore looking about me, if I could ſee any body, at length we both perceived the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breaſt as far he could thruſt himſelf into a buſh, drawing up his legs as cloſe unto him as he could: for, like a man of a very kind nature, ſoon to take pity of himſelf, he was fully reſolved not to ſee his own death. And when this ſhepherd puſhed him, bidding him to be of good cheer; it was a great while e're we could perſuade him that *Dorus* was not the bear: ſo that he was fain to pull him out by the heels, and ſhew him the beaſt as dead as he could wiſh it: which, you may believe me, was a very joyful ſight unto him. But then he forgot all courteſy; for he fell upon the beaſt, giving it many a manful wound: ſwearing by much, it was not well ſuch beaſts ſhould be ſuffered in a commonwealth. And then my governor, as full of joy, as before of fear, came dancing and ſinging before, as even now you ſaw him. Well, well, ſaid *Baſilius*, I have not choſen *Dametas* for his fighting, not for his diſcourſing, but for his plainneſs and honeſty, and therein I know he will not deceive me. But then he told *Pamela* (not ſo much becauſe ſhe ſhould know it, as becauſe he would tell it) the wonderful act *Zelmane* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewiſe ſpake of, both in ſuch extremity of praiſing, as was eaſy to be ſeen, the conſtruction of their ſpeech might beſt be made by the grammar rules of affection. *Baſilius* told with what a gallant grace ſhe ran with the lion's head in her hand, like another *Pallas* with the ſpoils of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* ſware ſhe ſaw the very face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* lion; and all with a grateful aſſent confirmed the ſame praiſes; only poor *Dorus* (though of equal deſert, yet not proceeding of equal eſtate) ſhould have been left forgotten, had not *Zelmane* again with great admiration begun to ſpeak of him; asking, whether it were the faſhion or no, in *Arcadia*, that ſhepherds ſhould perform ſuch valorous enterpriſes.

This *Baſilius*, having the quick ſenſe of a lover, took, as though his miſtreſs had given him a ſecret reprehenſion, that he had not ſhewed more gratefulneſs to *Dorus*; and therefore, as nimbly as he could, inquired of his eſtate, adding promiſe of great rewards: among the reſt, offering to him, if he would exerciſe his courage in ſoldiery, he would commit ſome charge unto him under his lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus*, whoſe ambition climbed by another ſtair, having firſt anſwered touching his eſtate, that he was brother to the ſhepherd *Menalcas*; who among others was wont to reſort to the prince's preſence, and excuſed his going to ſoldiery, by the unaptneſs he found in himſelf that way, he told *Baſilius*, that his brother in his laſt teſtament had willed him to ſerve *Dametas*, and therefore, for due obedience thereunto, he would think his ſervice greatly rewarded, if he might obtain by that mean to live in the ſight of his prince, and yet practiſe his own choſen vocation. *Baſilius*, liking well his goodly ſhape and handſome manner, charged *Dametas* to receive him like a ſon into his houſe; ſaying, that his valour, and *Dametas*'s truth would be good bulwarks againſt ſuch miſchiefs, as, he ſticked not to ſay, were threatened to his daughter *Pamela*.

Dametas, no whit out of countenance with all that had been ſaid, becauſe he had no worſe to fall into than his own, accepted *Dorus*; and withal telling *Baſilius* that ſome of the ſhepherds were come, demanded in what place he would ſee their ſports, who firſt, curious to know whether it were not more requiſite for *Zelmane*'s hurt to reſt, than ſit up at thoſe paſtimes; and ſhe, that felt no wound but one, earneſtly deſired to have the paſtorals. *Baſilius* commanded it ſhould be at the gate of the lodge, where the throne of the prince being according to the ancient manner, he made *Zelmane* ſit between him and his wife therein, who thought her ſelf between drowning and burning; and the two young ladies of either ſide the throne, and ſo prepared their eyes and ears to be delighted by the ſhepherds.

But

But before all of them were aſſembled to begin their ſports, there came a fellow who being out of breath, or ſeeming ſo to be for haſte, with humble haſtineſs told *Baſilius*, that his miſtreſs, the lady *Cecropia*, had ſent him to excuſe the miſchance of her beaſt ranging in that dangerous ſort, being happened by the folly of the keeper, who thinking himſelf able to rule them, had carried them abroad, and ſo was deceived: whom yet, if *Baſilius* would puniſh for it, ſhe was ready to deliver. *Baſilius* made no other anſwer, but that his miſtreſs, if ſhe had any more ſuch beaſts, ſhould cauſe them to be killed: and then he told his wife and *Zelmane* of it, becauſe they ſhould not fear thoſe woods, as though they harboured ſuch beaſts where the like had never been ſeen. But *Gynecia* took a farther conceit of it, miſtruſting greatly *Cecropia*, becauſe ſhe had heard much of the deviliſh wickedneſs of her heart, and that particularly ſhe did her beſt to bring up her ſon *Amphialus*, being brother's ſon to *Baſilius*, to aſpire to the crown, as next heir male after *Baſilius*, and therefore ſaw no reaſon but that ſhe might conjecture, it proceeded rather of ſome miſchievous practice, than of misfortune. Yet did ſhe only utter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, ſince the worſt was paſt, ſhe would attend a farther occaſion, leſt overmuch haſte might ſeem to proceed of the ordinary miſlike between ſiſters-in-law, only they marvelled that *Baſilius* looked no farther into it, who, good man, thought ſo much of his late conceived common-wealth, that all other matters were but digreſſions unto him. But the ſhepherds were ready, and with well handling themſelves, called their ſenſes to attend their paſtimes.

Baſilius, becauſe *Zelmane* ſo would have it, uſed the artificial day of torches, to lighten the ſports their invention could miniſter: and becauſe many of the ſhepherds were but newly come, he did in a gentle manner chaſtiſe their negligence, with making them, for that night, the torch bearers; and the other he willed with all freedom of ſpeech and behaviour to keep their accuſtomed me-

thod: which while they prepared to do, *Dametas*, who much diſdained, ſince his late authority, all his old companions, brought his ſervant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himſelf ſtood like a director over them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or ſtamping, ſhewing how he did like or miſlike thoſe things he did not underſtand. The firſt ſports the ſhepherds ſhewed, were full of ſuch leaps and gambols as being according to the pipe, which they bare in their mouths, even as they danced, made a right picture of their chief god *Pan*, and his companions the *Satyrs*. Then would they caſt away their pipes, and holding hand in hand dance as it were in a braule, by the only cadence of their voices, which they would uſe in ſinging ſome ſhort couplets, whereto the one half beginning, the other half ſhould anſwer as the one half, ſaying;

We love, and have our loves rewarded.
The others would anſwer,
We love, and are no whit regarded.
The firſt again,
We find moſt ſweet affection's ſnare.
With like tune it ſhould be as in a choire ſent back again,
That ſweet, but ſowre, deſpairful care.
A third time likewiſe thus:
Who can deſpair, whom hope doth bear?
The anſwer,
And who can hope, that feels deſpair?
Then joyning all their voices, and dancing a faſter meaſure, they would conclude with ſome ſuch words:
As without breath *no* pipe *doth move,*
No muſick *kindly without* love.

Having thus varied both their ſong and dances into divers ſorts of inventions, their laſt ſport was, one of them to provoke another to a more large expreſſing of his paſſions: which *Thyrſis* (accounted one of the beſt ſingers amongſt them) having marked in *Dorus*'s dancing, no

leſs

leſs good grace and handſome behaviour, than extreme tokens of a troubled mind, began firſt with his pipe, and then with his voice, thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him anſwered in the under-written ſort.

ECLOGUE.

THYRSIS and *DORUS*.

Thyr. COme Dorus, *come, let ſongs thy ſorrows ſignify,*
And if for want of uſe thy mind aſhamed is,
That very ſhame with love's high title dignify.
No ſtyle is held for baſe where love well named is:
Each ear ſucks up the words a true-love ſcattereth,
And plain ſpeech oft, than quaint phraſe better framed is.
Dor. Nightingales *ſeldom ſing; the* pye *ſtill chattereth;*
The wood cries moſt, before it throughly kindled be;
Deadly wounds inward bleed, each ſleight ſore, mattereth.
Hardly they heard, which by good hunters ſingled be:
Shallow brooks murmur moſt, deep, ſilent ſlide away,
Nor true-love, his loves with others mingled be.
Thyr. *If thou wilt not be ſeen, thy face go hide away,*
Be none of us, or elſe maintain our faſhion:
Who frowns at others feaſts, doth better bide away.
But if thou haſt a love, in that love's paſſion
I challenge thee by ſhew of her perfection,
Which of us two deſerveth moſt compaſſion.
Dor. *Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:*
Sing then, and ſee (for now thou haſt inflamed me)
Thy health too mean a match for my infection.
No though the heaven's for high attempts have blamed me,
Yet high is my attempt. O muſe *hiſtorify*
Her praiſe, whoſe praiſe to learn your skill hath framed me.
Thyr. Muſe *hold your peace; but thou my god* Pan *glorify*
My Kala's *gifts, who with all good gifts filled is.*
Thy pipe, O Pan, *ſhall help though I ſing ſorrily.*

A heap of ſweet ſhe is, where nothing ſpilled is;
Who though ſhe be no Bee, *yet full of honey is:*
A Lilly-*field, with plough of* Roſe *which tilled is:*
Mild as a lamb, *more dainty than a* coney *is:*
Her eyes my eye ſight is, her converſation
More glad to me, than to a miſer money is.
What coy account ſhe makes of eſtimation?
How nice to touch? how all her ſpeeches poiſed be:
A nymph thus turned, but mended in tranſlation.
Dor. *Such* Kala *is: but ah my fancies raiſed be*
In one, whoſe name to name were high preſumption;
Since virtue's all, to make her title pleaſed be;
O happy gods, which by inward aſſumption
Enjoy her ſoul, in bodies fair poſſeſſion,
And keep it joyn'd, fearing your ſeats conſumption.
How oft with rain of tears skies make confeſſion,
Their dwellers wrapt with ſight of her perfection,
From heav'nly throne to her heav'n uſe digreſſion?
Of beſt things then what world ſhall yield confection
To liken her: deck yours with your compariſon:
She is her ſelf of beſt things the collection.
Thyr. *How oft my doleful ſire cry'd to me, tarry ſon,*
When firſt he ſpied my love? how oft he ſaid to me,
Thou art no ſoldier fit for Cupid's *garriſon?*
My ſon keep this, that my long toil hath laid to me:
Love well thine own, methinks wool's whiteneſs paſſeth all:
I never found long love ſuch wealth hath paid to me.
This wind he ſpent: but when my Kala *glaſſeth all*
My ſight in her fair limbs, I then aſſure my ſelf,
Not rotten ſheep, but high crowns ſhe ſurpaſſeth all:
Can I be poor, that her gold hair procure my ſelf?
Want I white wool, whoſe eyes her white skin garniſhed?
Till I get her, ſhall I to keep inure my ſelf?
Dor. *How oft, when reaſon ſaw, love of her harneſſed*
With armour of my heart, he cryed, O vanity!
To ſet a pearl in ſteel ſo meanly varniſhed?
Look to thy ſelf, reach not beyond humanity.
Her mind, beams, ſtate, far from the weak wings baniſhed;
And love which lover hurts is inhumanity. Thus

Thus reaſon ſaid? but ſhe came, reaſon vaniſhed;
Her eyes ſo maſtering me, that ſuch objection
Seem'd but to ſpoil the food of thoughts long famiſhed,
Her peerleſs height my mind to high erection
Draws up; and if hope-failing end life's pleaſure,
Of fairer death how can I make election?
Thyrſis. *Once my well waiting eyes eſpy'd my treaſure,*
With ſleeves turn'd up, looſe hair, and breaſts inlarged,
Her father's corn, moving her fair limbs, meaſure.
O cryed I, if ſo mean work be diſcharged;
Meaſure my caſe how by thy beauties filling
With ſeeds of woes my heart brim full is charged.
Thy father bids thee ſave, and chides for ſpilling;
Save then my ſoul, ſpill not my thoughts well heaped,
No lovely praiſe was ever got by killing:
Theſe bold words ſhe did bear, this fruit I reaped,
That ſhe whoſe look alone might make me bleſſed,
Did ſmile on me, and then away ſhe leaped.
Dorus. *Once, O ſweet once, I ſaw with dread oppreſſed*
Her whom I dread; ſo that with proſtrate lying
Her length, the earth in love's chief cloathing dreſſed,
I ſaw that riches fall, and fell a crying;
Let not dead earth enjoy ſo dear a cover,
But deck therewith my ſoul for your ſake dying:
Lay all your fear upon your fearful lover:
Shine eyes on me that both our lives be guarded;
So I your ſight, you ſhall your ſelves recover,
I cryed, and was with open rays rewarded:
But ſtraight they fled ſummon'd by cruel honour,
Honour, the cauſe deſert is not regarded.
Thyrſis. *This maid, thus made for joys, O Pan! bemoan her,*
That without love ſhe ſpends her years of love:
So fair a field would well become an owner.
And if enchantment can a hard heart move,
Teach me what circle may acquaint her ſprite,
Affection's charms in my behalf to prove.
The circle is my, round about her, ſight,
The power I will invoke dwells in her eyes:
My charm ſhould be, ſhe haunt me day and night.

Dorus. *Far other caſe, O muſe, my ſorrow tries,*
Bent to ſuch one in whom my ſelf muſt ſay,
Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.
What circle then in ſo rare force bears ſway?
Whoſe ſprite all ſprites can foil, raiſe, damn, or ſave:
No charm holds her, but well poſſeſs ſhe may,
Poſſeſs ſhe doth, and makes my ſoul her ſlave;
My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatal knot,
No thral like them that inward bondage have.
Thyrſis. Kala, *at length conclude my ling'ring lot:*
Diſdain me not, although I be not fair,
Who is an heir of many hundred ſheep,
Do beauties keep which never ſun can burn,
Nor ſtorms do turn: fairneſs ſerves oft to wealth,
Yet all my health I place in your good will:
Which if you will, O do, beſtow on me
Such as you ſee; ſuch ſtill you ſhall me find,
Conſtant and kind, my ſheep your food ſhall breed,
Their wool your weed, I will you muſick yield
In flow'ry field; and as the day begins
With twenty gins we will the ſmall birds take,
And paſtimes make, as nature things hath made.
But when in ſhade we meet of myrtle boughs,
Then love allows our pleaſures to enrich,
The thought of which doth paſs all worldly pelf.
Dorus. *Lady your ſelf whom neither name I dare,*
And titles are but ſpots to ſuch a worth,
Here plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.
The nobleſt kind rejects not others woes.
I have no ſhews of wealth: my wealth is you,
My beauties hue your beams, my health your deeds;
My mind for weeds your virtues livery wears.
My food is tears, my tunes waymenting yield,
Deſpair my field, the flowers ſpirits wars:
My day new cares, my gins my daily ſight,
In which do light ſmall birds of thoughts o'rethrown.
My paſtimes none: time paſſes on my fall:
Nature made all, but me of dolors made,
I find no ſhade, but where my ſun doth burn;

No

No place to turn; without, within it fries:
Nor help by life or death, who living dies.
Thyrſis. *But if my* Kala *thus my ſuit denies,*
Which ſo much reaſon bears:
Let crows pick out mine eyes, which too much ſaw.
If ſhe ſtill hate love's law,
My earthly mould doth melt in wat'ry tears.
Dorus. *My earthly mould doth melt in wat'ry tears,*
And they again reſolve
To air of ſighs, ſighs, to the heart fire turn,
Which doth to aſhes burn.
Thus doth my life within it ſelf diſſolve.
Thyrſis. *Thus doth my life within it ſelf diſſolve,*
That I grow like the beaſt,
Which bears the bit a weaker force doth guide,
Yet patience muſt abide.
Such weight it hath, which once is full poſſeſs'd.
Dorus. *Such weight it hath, which once is full poſſeſs'd.*
That I become a viſion,
Which hath in others held his only being.
And lives in fancy ſeeing,
O wretched ſtate of man in ſelf-diviſion!
Thyrſis. *O wretched ſtate of man in ſelf-diviſion!*
O well thou ſay'ſt! a feeling declaration!
Thy tongue hath made of Cupid's *deep inciſion.*
But now hoarſe voice, doth fail this occupation,
And others long to tell their love's condition
Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation.
Dorus. *Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation,*
Good Thyrſis *mine; I yield to thy ability;*
My heart doth ſeek another eſtimation.
But ah my muſe, I would thou had'ſt facility
To work my Goddeſs ſo by thy invention
On me to caſt thoſe eyes where ſhine nobility:
Seen and unknown; heard, but without attention.

Dorus did ſo well in anſwering *Thyrſis*, that every one deſired to hear him ſing ſomething alone. Seeing therefore a lute

a lute lying under the princeſs *Pamela*'s feet glad to have ſuch an errand to approach her, he came, but came with a diſmayed grace, all his blood ſtirred betwixt fear and deſire, and playing upon it with ſuch a ſweetneſs, as every body wondered to ſee ſuch skill in a ſhepherd, he ſung unto it, with a ſorrowing voice, theſe elegiac verſes:

Dor. Fortune, nature, love, *long have contended about me.*
Which ſhould moſt miſeries caſt on a worm that I am,
Fortune *thus gan ſay, miſery and misfortune is all one,*
And of misfortune, fortune *hath only the gift.*
With ſtrong foes on land, on ſea with contrary tempeſts,
Still do I croſs this wretch, what ſo he taketh in hand.
Tuſh, tuſh, ſaid nature, *this is all but a trifle, a man's ſelf*
Gives haps or miſhaps, even as he ordereth his heart.
But ſo his humour I frame, in a mould of choler aduſted,
That the delights of life ſhall be to him dolorous.
Love *ſmiled, and thus ſaid; what joyn'd to deſire is unhappy:*
But if he nought do deſire, what can Heraclitus *ail?*
None but I work by deſire: by deſire have I kindled in his
Infernal agonies into a beauty divine: (*ſoul*
Where thou poor nature *left'ſt all thy due glory, to* fortune
Her virtue is ſoveraign, fortune *a vaſſal of hers.*
Nature *abaſh'd went back:* fortune *bluſh'd: yet ſhe replied*
And even in that love ſhall I reſerve him a ſpite. (*this:*
Thus, thus, alas! woeful by nature, *unhappy by* fortune;
But moſt wretched I am, now love *awakes my deſire.*

Dorus when he had ſung thus; having had all the while a free beholding of the fair *Pamela* (who could have well ſpared ſuch honour; and defended the aſſault he gave unto her face with bringing a fair ſtain of ſhamefacedneſs unto it) let fall his arms, and remained ſo faſtened in his thoughts, as if *Pamela* had grafted him there to grow in continual imagination. But *Zelmane* eſpying it, and fearing he ſhould too much forget himſelf, ſhe came to him, and took out of his hand the lute, and laying faſt hold of *Philoclea*'s face with her eyes, ſhe ſung theſe ſapphicks, ſpeaking as it were to her own hope. *If*

If mine eyes can ſpeak to do hearty errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe do hap to judge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her received,
Hope we do live yet.
But if eyes fail then, when I moſt do need them,
Or if eyes language be not unto her known,
So that eyes meſſage do return rejected,
Hope we do both die.
Yet dying, and dead, do we ſing her honour;
So become our tombs monument of her praiſe;
So becomes our loſs the triumph of her gain;
Hers be the glory.
If the ſpheres ſenſleſs do yet hold a muſick,
If the ſwan's ſweet voice be not heard, but as death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life loſt
Yieldeth a lute's tune.
Are then human lives privileg'd ſo meanly,
As that hateful death, can abridge them of power
With the vow of truth to record to all worlds
That we be her ſpoils?
Thus not ending, ends the due praiſe of her praiſe:
Fleſhly vail conſumes; but a ſoul hath his life,
Which is held in love; love it is, that hath joyn'd
Life to this our ſoul.
But if eyes can ſpeak to do hearty errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe doth hap to judge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her received
Hope we do live yet.

Great was the pleaſure of *Baſilius*, and greater would have been *Gynecia*'s, but that ſhe found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philoclea*, ſhe was ſweetly raviſhed withal. When *Dorus*, deſiring in a ſecret manner to ſpeak of their caſes, perchance the parties intended might take ſome light of it, making low reverence to *Zelmane*, began this provoking ſong in Hexameter verſe unto her. Whereunto ſhe ſoon finding whither his words were directed, in like tune and verſe, anſwered as followeth: *DORUS.*

DORUS. ZELMANE.

Dor. *Lady reſerved by the heavens to do paſtors company honour,*
Joyning your ſweet voice to the rural muſe of a deſart,
Here you fully do find the ſtrange operation of love,
How to the woods love *runs as well as rides to the palace.*
Neither he bears reverence to a prince, nor pity to a beggar,
But, like a point in midſt of a circle, is ſtill of a nearneſs,
All to a leſſon he draws; neither hills nor caves can avoid him.

Zel. *Worthy ſhepherd by my ſong to my ſelf all favour is happ'ned,*
That to the ſacred muſe my annoys ſomewhat be revealed,
Sacred muſe, who in one *contains what* nine *do in all them,*
But O happy be you, which ſafe from fiery reflections
Of Phœbus' *violence in ſhade of ſweet* Cypariſſus
Or pleaſant myrtle may teach the unfortunate Echo
In theſe woods to reſound the renowned name of goddeſs.
Happy be you that may to the ſaint, your only Idea,
(Although ſimply attir'd) your manly affection utter.
Happy be thoſe miſhaps which juſtly proportion holding,
Give right ſound to the ears, and enter aright to the judgment:
But wretched be the ſouls, which vail'd in a contrary ſubject,
How much more we do love, ſo the leſs our loves be believed.
What skill ſalveth a ſore of a wrong infirmity judged?
What can juſtice avail to a man that tells not his own caſe?
You though fears do abaſh, in you ſtill poſſible hopes be:
Nature againſt we do ſeem to rebel, ſeem fools in a vain ſuit.
But ſo unheard, condemn'd, kept thence we do ſeek to abide in,
Self-loſt in wand'ring, baniſhed that place we do come from,
What mean is there alas, we can hope our loſs to recover
What place is there left, we may hope our ways to recomfort?
Unto the heavens? our wings be too ſhort: earth thinks us a burden,
Air we do ſtill with ſighs increaſe: to the fire? we do want none,
And yet his outward heat our tears would quench, but an inward
Fire no liquor can cool: Neptune's *realm would not avail us.*

Happy

Happy ſhepherd, with thanks to the Gods, ſtill think to be thankful
That to thy advancement their wiſdoms have thee abaſed.
DOR. *Unto the gods with a thankful heart all thanks I do render,*
That to my advancement their wiſdoms have me abaſed.
But yet alas! O but yet alas! our haps, be but hard haps,
Which muſt frame contempt to the fitteſt purchaſe of honour.
Well may a paſtor plain, but alas his plaints be not eſteem'd:
Silly ſhepherd's poor pipe, when his harſh ſound teſtifies anguiſh,
Into the fair looker on, paſtime, not paſſion, enters.
And to the woods or brooks, who do make ſuch dreary recital?
What be the pangs they bear, and whence thoſe pangs be derived
Pleaſed to receive that name by rebounding anſwer of Echo,
May hope thereby to eaſe their inward horrible anguiſh,
When trees dance to the pipe, and ſwift ſtreams ſtay by the muſick,
Or when an Echo *begins unmov'd to ſing them a love-ſong;*
Say then, what vantage do we get by the trade of a paſtor?
(Since no eſtates be ſo baſe, but love *vouchſafeth his arrow,*
Since no refuge doth ſerve from wounds we do carry about us,
Since outward pleaſures be but halting helps, to decayed ſouls)
Save that daily we may diſcern what fire we do burn in.
Far more happy be you, whoſe greatneſs gets a free acceſs;
Whoſe fair bodily gifts are fram'd moſt lovely to each eye,
Virtue you have, of virtue you have left proof to the whole world.
And virtue is grateful, with beauty and richneſs adorned.
Neither doubt you a whit; time will your paſſion utter.
Hardly remains fire hid where skill is bent to the hiding,
But in a mind that would his flames ſhould not be repreſſed,
Nature worketh enough with a ſmall help for the revealing:
Give therefore to the muſe great praiſe, in whoſe very likeneſs
You do approach to the fruit your only deſires be to gather.

Zel. *Firſt ſhall fertile grounds not yield increaſe of a good ſeed,*
Firſt the rivers ſhall ceaſe to repay their floods to the ocean:
Firſt may a truſty greyhound *transform himſelf to a* tyger.
Firſt ſhall virtue be vice, and beauty be counted a blemiſh,
E'er that I leave with ſong of praiſe her praiſe to ſolemnize,
Her praiſe, whence to the world all praiſe hath his only beginning:
But yet well I do find each man moſt wiſe in his own caſe.
None can ſpeak of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt:
Great to thee my ſtate ſeems, thy ſtate is bleſs'd by my judgment:
And yet neither of us great or bleſt deemeth his own ſelf,
For yet (weigh this alas!) great is not great to the greater.
What judge you doth a hillock *ſhew, by the lofty* olympus?
Such my minute greatneſs, doth ſeem compar'd to the greateſt.
When cedars *to the ground fall down by the weight of an* emmot,
Or when a rich ruby's *price be the worth of a* walnut,
Or to the ſun *for wonders ſeem ſmall ſparks of a candle:*
Then by my high cedar, *rich* ruby, *and only ſhining* ſun,
Virtues, riches, beauties of mine ſhall great be reputed.
Oh, no, no, worthy ſhepherd, worth can never enter a title,
Where proofs juſtly do teach, thus match'd, ſuch worth, to be nought worth:
Let not a puppet abuſe thy ſprite, kings crowns do not help them
From the cruel headach, nor ſhoes of gold do the gout heal:
And precious couches full oft are ſhak'd with a fever.
If then a bodily evil in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
Shall ſuch morning dews be an eaſe to the heat of a love's fire?

Dor. *O glittering miſeries of man, if this be the fortune*
Of thoſe fortune lulls? ſo ſmall reſts, reſts in a kingdom?
What marvel tho' a prince transform himſelf to a paſtor?
Come from marble bowers many times the gay harbour of anguiſh,
Unto a ſilly caban, though weak, yet ſtronger againſt woes.

Is

Now by thy words I begin, moſt famous lady, to gather
Comfort into my ſoul, I do find, I do find what a bleſſing
Is chanced to my life, that from ſuch muddy abundance
Of carking agonies, to ſtates which will be adherent,
Deſtiny keeps me aloof; for if all this ſtate to thy virtue
Joyn'd by thy beauty adorn'd be no means theſe griefs to aboliſh:
If neither by that help, thou canſt climb up to thy fancy,
Nor yet fancy ſo dreſs'd do receive more plauſible hearing:
Then do I think indeed, that better it is to be private
In ſorrows torments, than, tied to the pomps of a palace.
Nurſe inward maladies, which have not ſcope to be breath'd out:
But perforce digeſt all bitter joys of horrour
In ſilence, from a man's own ſelf with company robbed.
Better yet do I live, that though by my thoughts I be plunged
Into my lifes bondage, yet may I diſburden a paſſion
(Oppreſs'd with ruinous conceits) by the help of an out-cry:
Not limited to a whiſpering note, the lament of a courtier.
But ſometimes to the woods, ſometimes to the heav'n do decypher
With bold clamour unheard, unmark'd, what I ſeek, what I ſuffer:
And when I meet theſe trees, in the earth's fair livery cloathed,
Eaſe do I feel, ſuch eaſe as falls to one wholly diſeaſed,
For that I find in them part of my ſtate repreſented.
Laurel *ſhews what I ſeek, by the* myrrh *is ſhew'd how I ſeek it,*
Olive *paints me the peace that I muſt aſpire to by conqueſt:*
Myrtle *makes my requeſt; my requeſt is crown'd with a* willow:
Cypreſs *promiſeth help, but a help where comes no re-comfort:*
Sweet juniper *ſaith this, though I burn, yet I burn in a ſweet fire.*
Yew *doth make me think what kind of bow the boy holdeth,*
Which ſhoots ſtrongly without any noiſe, and deadly without ſmart.
Fir-trees great and green, fix'd on a high hill but a barren,
Like to my noble thoughts, ſtill new, well plac'd, to me fruitleſs.

Fig *that yields moſt pleaſant fruits, his ſhadow is hurtful:*
Thus be her gifts moſt ſweet, thus more danger to be near her.
Now in a palm *when I mark, how he doth riſe under a burden,*
And may I not, ſay I then, get up though grief be ſo weighty?
Pine *is a maſt to a ſhip, to my ſhip ſhall hope for a maſt ſerve.*
Pine *is high, hope is as high, ſharp leav'd, ſharp yet be my hope's buds.*
Elm *embrac'd by a* vine, *embracing fancy reviveth:*
Poplar *changeth his hue from a riſing* ſun *to a ſetting:*
Thus to my ſun *do I yield, ſuch looks her beams do afford me.*
Old aged oak *cut down, of new work ſerves to the building:*
So my deſires by my fear cut down, be the frames of her honour.
As he make ſpears which ſhields do reſiſt, her force no repulſe takes.
Palms *do rejoyce to be joyned by the match of a male to a female,*
And ſhall ſenſive things be ſo ſenſleſs as to reſiſt ſenſe?
Thus be my thoughts diſpers'd, thus thinking nurſeth a thinking,
Thus both trees and each thing elſe, be the books of a fancy.
But to the cedar, *queen of woods, when I lift my be-tear'd eyes,*
Then do I ſhape to my ſelf that form which reigns ſo within me,
And think there ſhe doth dwell and hear what plaints I do utter:
When that noble top doth nod I believe ſhe ſalutes me,
When by the wind it maketh a noiſe, I do think ſhe doth anſwer.
Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus do I ſpeak to that image:
Only jewel, O only jewel, which only deſerveſt,
That men's hearts be thy ſeat, and endleſs fame be thy ſervant,
O deſcend for a while, from this great height to behold me.
But nought elſe do behold, elſe is nought worth the beholding,
Save what a work by thy ſelf is wrought: and ſince I am alter a
Thus by thy work, diſdain not that which is by thy ſelf done.
In mean caves oft treaſure abides, to an hoſtry a king comes.
And ſo behind foul clouds full oft fair ſtars do lie hidden.
Zel. *Hardy ſhepherd, ſuch as thy merits, ſuch may be her inſight*
Juſtly to grant thee reward, ſuch envy I bear to thy fortune.
But to my ſelf what wiſh can I make for a ſalve to my ſorrows:
Whom both nature ſeems to debar from means to be helped,

And

And if a mean were found, fortune th' whole courſe of it hinnders?
Thus plagu'd how can I frame to my ſore any hope of amendment?
Whence may I ſhew to my mind any light of poſſible eſcape?
Bound, and bound by ſo noble bands, as loth to be unbound,
Jayle I am to my ſelf, priſon and priſoner to mine own ſelf.
Yet be my hopes thus plac'd, here fix'd lives all my re-comfort,
That that dear diamond, *where wiſdom holdeth a ſure ſeat,*
Whoſe force had ſuch force ſo to tranform, nay to reform me,
Will at length perceive theſe flames by her beams to be kindled,
And will pity the wound feſtered ſo ſtrangely within me.
O be it ſo, grant ſuch an event, O gods, that event give,
And for a ſure ſacrifice I do daily oblation offer
Of mine own heart, where thoughts be the temple, ſight is an altar.
But ceaſe worthy ſhepherd, now ceaſe we to weary the hearers
With moneful melodies; for enough our griefs be revealed,
If by the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,
And ſorrows do require ſome reſpite unto the ſenſes.

What exclaiming praiſes *Baſilius* gave to this *Eclogue* any man may gueſs, that knows love is better than a pair of ſpectacles to make every thing ſeem greater which is ſeen through it: and then is never tongue-tied where fit commendation, whereof womankind is ſo liquoriſh, is offered unto it. But before any other came in to ſupply the place, *Zelmane* having heard ſome of the ſhepherds by chance name *Strephon* and *Claius*, ſuppoſing thereby they had been preſent, was deſirous both to hear them for the fame of their friendly love, and to know them for their kindneſs towards her beſt loved friend. Much grieved was *Baſilius*, that any deſire of his miſtreſs ſhould be unſatisfied, and therefore to repreſent them unto her, as well as in their abſence it might be, he commanded one *Lamon*, who had at large ſet down their country paſtimes and firſt love to *Urania*, to ſing the whole diſcourſe which he did in this manner.

A ſhepherd's tale no height of ſtyle deſires,
To raiſe in words what in effect is low:
A plaining ſong plain-ſinging voice requires,
For warbling notes from inward chearing flow.
I then whoſe burd'ned breaſt but thus aſpires
Of ſhepherds two the ſilly cauſe to ſhow.
Need not the ſtately muſes help invoke,
For creeping rimes, which often ſighings choke.
But you, O you, that think not tears too dear,
To ſpend for harms, although they touch you not:
And deign to deem your neighbours miſchief near,
Although they be of meaner parents got:
You I invite with eaſy ears to hear
The poor-clad truth of love's wrong-order'd lot.
Who may be glad, be glad you be not ſuch:
Who ſhare in woe, weigh others have as much.
There was, (O ſeldom bleſſed word of was!)
A pair of friends, or rather one *call'd* two,
Train'd in the life which no ſhort-bitten graſs
In ſhine or ſtorm muſt ſet the clouted ſhoe:
He, *that the* other *in ſome years did paſs,*
And in thoſe gifts that years diſtribute do,
Was Claius *call'd, (ah* Claius, *woeful wight!)*
The later born, yet too ſoon Strephon *height.*
Epirus *high was honeſt* Claius' *neſt,*
To Strephon Æoles' *land firſt breathing lent:*
But eaſt and weſt were joyn'd by friendſhip's heſt
As Strephon's *ear and heart to* Claius *bent,*
So Claius' *ſoul did in his* Strephon *reſt.*
Still both their flocks flocking together went,
As if they would of owner's humour be,
As eke their pipes did well, as friends agree
Claius *for ſkill of herbs and ſhepherds art,*
Among the wiſeſt was accounted wiſe;
Yet not ſo wiſe, as of unſtained heart:
Strephon *was young, yet mark with humble eyes*

How

How elder rul'd their flocks and cur'd their ſmart,
So that the grave did not his words deſpiſe.
Both free of mind, both did clear dealing love,
And both had skill in verſe their voice to move.
Their chearful minds, 'till poyſoned was their chear,
The honeſt ſports of earthly lodging prove;
Now for a clod-like hare *in form they peer,*
Now bold and cudgel ſquirrels *leap do move.*
Now the ambitious lark *with mirror clear*
They catch, while he (fool!) to himſelf makes love:
And now at keels they try a harmleſs chance,
And now their cur they teach to fetch and dance.
When merry May *firſt early calls the morn,*
With merry maids a maying they do go:
Then do they pull from ſharp and niggard thorn
The plenteous ſweets, can ſweets ſo ſharply grow?)
Then ſome green gowns are by the laſſes worn
In chaſteſt plays, 'till home they walk arow,
Whilſt dance about the may-pole *is begun,*
When, if need were they could at Quintain * *run:*
While thus they ran a low, but levell'd race,
While thus they liv'd, this was indeed a life,
With nature pleas'd, content with preſent caſe,
Free of proud fears, brave begg'ry, ſmiling ſtrife
Of clime-fall court, the envy hatching place:
While thoſe reſtleſs deſires in great men riſe,
To viſit ſo low folks did much diſdain,
This while, though poor, they in themſelves did reign.
One day (O day, that ſhin'd to make them dark!)
While they did ward ſun-beams with ſhady bay.
And Claius *taking for his youngling cark*
(Leſt greedy eyes to them might challenge lay)
Buſy with oker did their ſhoulders mark,
(His mark a pillar was devoid of ſtay;

* A rural ſport, chiefly uſed at *marriages*, wherein, running a tilt on horſe-back with *poles*, at a large *ſtake* fixed in the ground, againſt which, he that breaks moſt *poles*, gains the *prize*.

As bragging that free of all paſſions mone,
Well might he others bear, but lean to none:)
Strephon *with leafy twigs of* laurel *tree,*
A garland made on temples for to wear,
For he then choſen was the dignity
Of village-lord, that Whitſuntide *to bear:*
And full, poor fool, of boyiſh bravery,
With triumphs ſhows would ſhew he nought did fear.
But fore-accounting oft makes builders miſs,
They found, they felt, they had no leaſe of bliſs.
For e'er that either had his purpoſe cone,
Behold, beholding well it doth deſerve,
They ſaw a maid *who thitherward did run,*
To catch her ſparrow *which from her did ſwerve,*
As ſhe a black-ſilk capon him begun,
To ſet for foil of his milk-white to ſerve.
She chirping ran, he peeping flew away,
'Till hard by them both he and ſhe did ſtay.
Well for to ſee they kept themſelves unſeen,
And ſaw this faireſt maid of fairer mind:
By fortune mean; in nature born a queen,
How well apaid ſhe was her bird to find:
How tenderly her tender hands between
In ivory cage ſhe did the micher bind:
How roſy moiſt'ned lips about his beak
Moving, ſhe ſeem'd at once to kiſs, and ſpeak,
Chaſt'ned but thus, and thus his leſſon taught,
The happy wretch ſhe put into her breaſt;
Which to their eyes the bowels of Venus *brought,*
For they ſeem'd made even of ſky metal beſt,
And that the byaſs of her blood was wrought,
Betwixt them two the peeper took his neſt,
Where ſnugging well he well appear'd content,
So to have done amiſs, ſo to be ſhent.
This done, but done with captive-killing grace,
Each motion ſeeming ſhot from beauty's bow,
With length laid down, ſhe deck'd the lovely place.
Proud grew the graſs that under her did grow,

The

The trees ſpread out their arms to ſhade her face,
But ſhe on elbow leav'd, with ſighs did ſhow
No graſs, no trees, nor yet her ſparrow *might*
The long perplexed mind breed long delight.
She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)
With tedious bravlings of her parents dear,
Who would have her in will and word agree
To wed Antaxius *their neighbour near.*
A herdman rich, of much account was he,
In whom no evil did reign, nor good appear.
In ſome ſuch one ſhe lik'd not his deſire.
Fain would be free but dreadeth parents ire.
Kindly (ſweet ſoul!) ſhe did unkindneſs take
That bagged baggage of a miſer's mud,
Should price of her, as in a market, make;
But gold can gild a rotten piece of wood:
To yield ſhe found her noble heart did ake,
To ſtrive ſhe fear'd how it with virtue ſtood.
This doubting clouds o'ercaſting heav'nly brain,
At length in rows of kiſs-cheeks tears they rain.
Cupid *the wag, that lately conquer'd had*
Wiſe counſellors, ſtout captains, puiſſant kings,
And ty'd them faſt to lead his triumph bad,
Glutted with them, now plays with meaneſt things:
So oft in feaſts with coſtly changes clad
To crammed maws a ſprat new ſtomach brings.
So lords with ſport of ſtagg *and* heron *full,*
Sometimes we ſee ſmall birds from neſts do pull.
So now for prey theſe ſhepherds two he took,
Whoſe metal ſtiff he knew he could not bend
With hear-ſay pictures, or a window-look;
With one good dance, or letter finely penn'd,
That were in court a well proportion'd hook,
Where piercing wits do quickly apprehend,
Their ſenſes rude plain objects only move,
And ſo muſt ſee great cauſe before they love.
Therefore love arm'd in her now takes the field,
Making her beams his bravery and might;

Her hands which pierc'd the ſoul's ſcu'n double ſhield,
Were now his dart leaving his wonted fight.
Brave creſt to him her ſcorn gold hair did yield,
His complete harneſs was her pureſt white.
But fearing leſt all white might ſeem too good,
In cheeks and lips the tyrant threatens blood.
Beſides this force, within her eyes he kept
A fire to burn the priſoners he gains,
Whoſe boiling heart increaſed as ſhe wept:
For ev'n in forge, cold water fire maintains.
Thus proud and fierce unto the hearts he ſtepp'd
Of them poor ſouls: and cutting reaſon's *reins,*
Made them his own before they had it wiſt,
But if they had, could ſheep-hooks this reſiſt?
Claius *ſtraight felt, and groaned at the blow,*
And call'd, now wounded, purpoſe to his aid;
Strephon, *fond boy, delighted did not know*
That it was love *that ſhin'd in ſhining* maid:
But lickrous, poiſon'd, fain to her would go,
If him new learned manners had not ſtay'd.
For then Urania *homeward did ariſe,*
Leaving in pain their well-fed hungry eyes.
She went, they ſtay'd, or rightly for to ſay,
She ſtay'd in them, they went in thought with her:
Claius *indeed would fain have pull'd away*
This mote from out his eye, this inward bur.
And now proud rebel' gan for to gainſay
The leſſon which but late he learn'd too far:
Meaning with abſence to refreſh the thought
To which her preſence ſuch a fever brought.
Strephon *did leap with joy and jollity,*
Thinking it juſt more therein to delight,
Than in good dog, fair field, or ſhading tree.
So have I ſeen trim-books in velvet dight,
With golden leaves, and painted babery
Of ſilly boys pleaſe unacquainted ſight:
But when the rod began to play his part,
Fain would, but could not, fly from golden ſmart.

He

He quickly learn'd Urania *was her name,*
And ſtraight, for failing, grav'd it in his heart:
He knew her haunt, and haunted in the ſame,
And taught his ſheep her ſheep in food to thwart,
Which ſoon as it did hateful queſtion frame,
He might on knees confeſs his faulty part,
And yield himſelf unto her puniſhment,
While nought but game, the ſelf hurt wanton meant.
Nay even unto her home he oft would go,
Where bold and hurtleſs many play he tries,
Her parents liking well it ſhould be ſo,
For ſimple goodneſs ſhined in his eyes.
There did he make her laugh in ſpite of woe,
So as good thoughts of him in all ariſe,
While into none doubt of his love did ſink,
For not himſelf to be in love did think,
But glad deſire, *his late emboſom'd gueſt*
Yet but a babe, with milk of ſight he nurſt.
Deſire the more he ſuck'd, more ſought the breaſt,
Like dropſy-*folk ſtill drink to be a thirſt,*
'Till one fair ev'n an hour e're ſun *did reſt,*
Who then in lyon's *cave did enter firſt,*
By neighbours pray'd ſhe went abroad thereby,
At barley-break * *her ſweet ſwift foot to try.*
Never the earth on his round ſhoulders bare
A maid train'd up from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth with reſpect, few words with courteſie,
A careleſs comelineſs with comely care.
Self-guard with mildneſs, ſport with majeſty:
Which made her yield to deck this ſhepherd's band,
And ſtill, believe me, Strephon *was at hand.*
A field they go, where many lookers be,
And thou ſeek-ſorrow Claius *them among:*
Indeed thou ſaid'ſt it was thy friend to ſee
Strephon, *whoſe abſence ſeem'd unto thee long,*

* *Running-matches* made by the country girls, with each other, as hereafter deſcribed.

While

While moſt with her he leſs did keep with thee.
No, no, it was in ſpite of wiſdom's ſong
Which abſence wiſh'd: love play'd a victor's part:
The heav'n-love load-ſtone drew thy iron heart.
Then couples three, be ſtreight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two do fly,
The two that in mid-place, hell called were,
Muſt ſtrive with waiting foot, and watching eye
To catch of them, and them to hell to bear,
That they, as well as they, hell may ſupply:
Like ſome which ſeek to ſalve their blotted name
With others blot, 'till all do taſte of ſhame.
There may you ſee, ſoon as the middle two
Do coupled towards either couple make,
They falſe and fearful do their hands undo,
Brother his brother, friend doth friend forſake,
Heeding himſelf, cares not how fellow do,
But of a ſtranger mutual help doth take:
As perjur'd cowards in adverſity,
With ſight of fear, from friends, to frimb'd, do fly.
Theſe ſports ſhepherds deviſ'd ſuch faults to ſhow.
Geron, *though old yet gameſome, kept one end*
With Coſma, *for whoſe love* Pas *paſt in woe*
Fair Nous *with* Pas *the lot to hell did ſend:*
Pas *thought it hell, while he was* Coſma *fro.*
At other end Uran *did* Strephon *lend*
Her happy making hand, of whom one look
From Nous *and* Coſma *all their beauty took.*
The play began: Pas *durſt not* Coſma *chace,*
But did intend next bout with her to meet,
So he with Nous *to* Geron *turn'd their race,*
With whom to joyn faſt ran Urania *ſweet:*
But light legg'd Pas *had got the middle ſpace,*
Geron *ſtrove hard, but aged were his feet,*
And therefore finding force now faint to be,
He thought gray hairs afforded ſubtlety,

And

And ſo when Pas' *hand reached him to take,*
The fox *on knees and elbows tumbled down:*
Pas *could not ſtay, but over him did rake,*
And crown'd the earth with his firſt touching crown:
His heels grown proud did ſeem at heav'n to ſhake,
But Nous, *that ſlipp'd from* Pas, *did catch the clown.*
So laughing all, yet Pas *to eaſe ſome dell*
Geron with Uran *were condemn'd to hell.*
Coſma *this while to* Strephon *ſafely came,*
And all to ſecond Barley-break *are bent:*
The two in hell did coward Coſma *frame;*
Who ſhould to Pas, *but they would her prevent.*
Pas *mad with fall, and madder with the ſhame,*
Moſt mad with beams which he thought Coſma *ſent,*
With ſuch mad haſte he did to Coſma *go,*
That to her breaſt he gave a noiſome blow.
She quick, and proud, and who did Pas *deſpiſe,*
Up with her fiſt, and took him on the face,
Another time, quoth ſhe, become more wiſe.
Thus Pas *did kiſs her hand with little grace,*
And each way luckleſs, yet in humble guiſe
Did hold her faſt for fear of more diſgrace,
While Strephon *might with pretty* Nous *have met,*
But all this while another courſe he ſet:
For as Urania *after* Coſma *ran;*
He raviſhed with ſight how gracefully
She mov'd her limbs, and drew the aged man,
Leſt Nous *to caſt the loved beauty nigh,*
Nous *cry'd and chaf'd, but he no other can.*
'Till Uran *ſeeing* Pas *to* Coſma *flie,*
And Strephon *ſingle, turned after him,*
Strephon *ſo chac'd did ſeem in milk to ſwim.*
He ran, but ran with eye o're ſhoulder caſt,
More marking her, than how himſelf did go,
Like Numid *lions by the hunters chac'd,*
Though they do fly, yet backwardly do glow
With proud aſpect, diſdaining greater haſte:

What

What rage in them, that love in him did ſhow.
But God gives them inſtinct the man to ſhun,
And he by law of Barley-break *muſt run.*
But as his heat with running did augment,
Much more his ſight increas'd his hot deſire:
So is in her the beſt of nature ſpent,
The air her ſweet race mov'd doth blow the fire.
Her feet be purſuivants from Cupid *ſent,*
With whoſe fine ſteps all loves and joys conſpire.
The hidden beauties ſeem'd in wait to lie,
To down proud hearts that would not willing die.
Thus, faſt he fled from her he follow'd ſore,
Still ſhunning Nous *to lengthen pleaſing race;*
'Till that he ſpied old Geron *could no more,*
Than did he ſlack his love-inſtructed pace.
So that Uran, *whoſe arm old* Geron *bore,*
Laid hold on him with moſt lay-holding grace.
So caught him, ſeem'd he caught of joys the bell,
And thought it heav'n ſo to be drawn to hell,
To hell he goes, and Nous *with him muſt dwell,*
Nous *ſware it was no right; for his default*
Who would be caught, that ſhe ſhould go to hell:
But ſo ſhe muſt. And now the third aſſault
Of barley-break *among the ſix befel,*
Pas Coſma *match'd, yet angry with his fault;*
The other end Geron *with* Uran *guard.*
I think you think Strephon *bent thitherward.*
Nous *counſell'd* Strephon Geron *to purſue,*
For he was old, and eaſy would be caught:
But he drew her as love his fancy drew,
And ſo to take the gem Urania *ſought.*
While Geron *old came ſafe to* Coſma *true*
Though him to meet at all ſhe ſtirred nought.
For Pas, *whether it were for fear or love,*
Mov'd not himſelf, nor ſuffered her to move.
So they three did together idly ſtay,
While dear Uran, *whoſe courſe was* Pas *to meet,*

(He

(*He ſtaying thus*) *was fain abroad to ſtay*
With larger round, to ſhun the following feet.
Strephon, *whoſe eyes on her back parts did play,*
With love drawn on ſo faſt with pace unmeet,
Drew dainty Nous, *that ſhe not able ſo*
To run, brake from his hands, and let him go.
He, ſingle thus, hop'd ſoon with her to be
Who nothing earthly, but of fire and air,
Though with ſoft legs did run as faſt as he,
He thrice reach'd, thrice deceiv'd, when her to be,
He hopes, with dainty turns ſhe doth him flee.
So on the Downs *we ſee, near* Wilton *fair,*
A haſten'd hare *from greedy* grayhound *go,*
And paſt all hope his chaps to fruſtrate ſo.
But this ſtrange race more ſtrange conceits did yield;
Who victor ſeem'd, was to his ruin brought:
Who ſeem'd o'erthrown was miſtreſs of the field:
She fled, and took, he followed and was caught.
So have I heard to pierce purſuing ſhield,
By parents train'd the Tartars *wild are taught,*
With ſhafts ſhot out from their back-turned bow.
But ah! her darts did far more deeply go.
As Venus' *bird, the white, ſwift, lovely* Dove,
(*O happy* Doves *that are compar'd to her!*)
Doth on her wings her utmoſt ſwiftneſs prove,
Finding the gripe of Falcon *fierce not furr:*
So did Uran: *the nar, the ſwifter move,*
(*Yet beauty ſtill as faſt as ſhe did ſtir*)
'Till with long race dear ſhe was breathleſs brought,
And then the Phœnix *feared to be caught.*
Among the reſt that there did take delight
To ſee the ſports of double ſhining day,
And did the tribute of their wond'ring ſight
To nature's heir, the fair Urania, *pay,*
I told you Claius *was the hapleſs wight,*
Who earneſt found what they accounted play.

He

He did not there do homage of his eyes,
But on his eyes heart did ſacrifice.
With gazing looks, ſhort ſighs, unſettled feet
He ſtood, but turn'd, as Gyroſol, *to ſun:*
His fancies ſtill did her in half-way meet,
His ſoul did fly as ſhe was ſeen to run.
In ſum, proud Boreas *never ruled fleet*
(Who Neptune's *web on danger's diſtaff ſpun)*
With greater power, than ſhe did make them wend
Each way, as ſhe that ages praiſe, did bend.
'Till 'ſpying well, ſhe well nigh weary was,
And ſurely taught by his love-open eye,
His eye, that ev'n did mark her trodden graſs,
That ſhe would fain the catch of Strephon *fly,*
Giving his reaſon paſſport for to paſs
Whither it would, ſo it would let him die,
He that before ſhunn'd her, to ſhun ſuch harms:
Now runs, and takes her in his clipping arms.
For with pretence from Strephon *her to guard,*
He met her full, but full of warefulneſs,
Within bow'd-boſom well for her prepar'd,
When Strephon, *curſing his own backwardneſs,*
Came to her back, and ſo with double ward
Impriſon her who both them did poſſeſs
As heart-bound ſlaves: and happy then embraci
Virtue's proof, fortune's victor, beauty's place.
Her race did not her beauty's beams augment,
For they were ever in the beſt degree,
But yet a ſetting forth it ſomeway lent,
As rubies *luſtre when they rubbed be.*
The dainty dew on face and body went
As on ſweet flowers, when morning's drops we ſee.
Her breath then ſhort, ſeem'd loth from home to paſs.
Which more it mov'd, the more it ſweeter was.
Happy, O happy! if they ſo might bide
To ſee her eyes, with how true humbleneſs,

They

They looked down to triumph over pride:
With how ſweet ſauce ſhe blam'd their ſaucineſs,
To feel the panting heart, which through her ſide,
Did beat their hands, which dwſt ſo near to preſs,
To ſee, to feel, to haer, to taſte, to know
More than, beſides her, all the earth could ſhow.
But never did Medea's *golden weed*
On Creon's *child his poiſon ſooner throw,*
Than thoſe delights through all their ſinews breed,
A creeping ſerpent like of mortal woe,
'Till ſhe broke from their arms, (although indeed
Going from them, from them ſhe could not go)
And fare-welling the flock, did homeward wend,
And ſo that even, the Barley-break *did end.*
It ended, but the others woe began,
Began at leaſt to be conceiv'd as woe,
For then wiſe Claius *found no abſence can*
Help him who can no more her ſight forego.
He found man's virtue is but part of man,
And part muſt follow where whole man doth go.
He found that reaſon's ſelf now reaſons found
To faſten knots, which fancy firſt had bound.
So doth he yield, ſo takes he on his yoke,
Not knowing who did draw with him therein:
Strephon, *poor youth, becauſe he ſaw no ſmoke,*
Did not conceive what fire he had within:
But after this to greater rage it broke,
'Till of his life it did full conqueſt win,
Firſt killing mirth, then baniſhing all reſt,
Filling his eyes with tears, with ſighs his breaſt.
Then ſports grew pains, all talking tedious:
On thoughts he feeds, his looks their figure change.
The day ſeems long, but night is odious,
No ſleeps, but dreams; no dreams, but viſions ſtrange,
'Till finding ſtill his evil encreaſing thus,
One day he with his flock abroad did range:

And

And coming where he hop'd to be alone,
Thus on a hillock ſet, he made his moan,
Alas! what weights are theſe that load my heart!
I am as dull as winter-ſtarved ſheep,
Tir'd as a jade in over-loaden cart,
Yet thoughts do fly, though I can ſcarcely creep.
All viſions ſeem, at every buſh I ſtart:
Drowſy am I, and yet can rarely ſleep.
Sure I bewitched am, it is even that
Late near a croſs, *I met an ugly* cat.
For, but by charms, how fall theſe things on me,
That from thoſe eyes, where heav'nly apples been,
Thoſe eyes, which nothing like themſelves can ſee,
Of fair Urania, *fairer than a green*
Proudly bedeck'd in April's *livery,*
A ſhot unheard gave me a wound unſeen;
He was inviſible that hurt me ſo,
And none inviſible, but ſpirits can go.
When I ſee her, my ſinews ſhake for fear,
And yet, dear ſoul, I know ſhe hurteth none:
Amid my flock with woe my voice I tear,
And, but bewitch'd who to his flock would moan?
Her cherry lips, milk hands, and golden hair
I ſtill do ſee, though I be ſtill alone.
Now make me think that there is not a fiend,
Who hid in angel's ſhape my life would end.
The ſports wherein I wonted to do well,
Come ſhe and ſweet the air with open breaſt
Then ſo I fail, when moſt I would do well,
That at me ſo amaz'd my fellows jeſt:
Sometimes to her news of my ſelf to tell
I go about, but then is all my beſt:
Wry words, and ſtamm'ring, or elſe doltiſh dumb,
Say then, can this but of inchantment come?
Nay each thing is bewitch'd to know my caſe:
The Nightingale's *for woe their ſongs refrain:*

In

In river as I look'd my pining face,
As pin'd a face as mine I ſaw again,
The courteous mountains griev'd at my diſgrace
Their ſnowy hair tear off in melting pain.
And now the dropping trees do weep for me;
And now fair evenings bluſh my ſhame to ſee.
But you my pipe whilom my chief delight,
Till ſtrange delight, delight to nothing wears,
And you my flock, care of my careful ſight,
While I was I, and ſo had cauſe to care:
And thou my dog, whoſe ruth and valiant might
Made wolves, *not inward* wolves, *my* ewes *to ſpare,*
Go you not from your maſter in his woe.
Let it ſuffice that he himſelf forego.
For though like wax this magick makes me waſte,
Or like a lamb, *whoſe dam away is fet,*
(Stoln from her young by thieves unchoſing haſte)
He treble baa's for help, but none can get.
Though thus, and worſe, though now I am at laſt,
Of all the games that here e'er now I met,
Do you remember ſtill you once were mine,
'Till mine eyes had their curſe from bleſſed eyn.
Be you with me while I unheard do cry,
While I do ſcore my loſſes on the wind.
While I in heart my will write e'er I die
In which, by will, my will and wits I bind
Still to be hers, about her aye to flie.
As this ſame ſprite about my fancies blind
Doth daily haunt, but ſo, that mine became
As much more loving, as leſs cumberſome.
Alas! a cloud hath overcaſt mine eyes:
And yet I ſee her ſhine amid the cloud.
Alas! of ghoſts I hear the ghaſtly cries:
Yet there, me ſeems, I hear her ſinging loud.
This ſong ſhe ſings in moſt commanding wiſe:
Come ſhepherd's boy, let now thy heart be bow'd

To make it ſelf to my leaſt look a ſlave,
Leave ſleep, leave all, I will no piecing have.
I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:
Wilt thou have more? more have, if more I be.
Away ragg'd rams, *care I what murrain kill?*
Out ſhrieking pipe, made of ſome witched tree:
Go bawling cur, thy hungry maw go fill
On you foul flock, belonging not to me.
With that his dog he firſt, his flock he curs'd,
With that, yet kiſſed firſt, his pipe did burſt.
This ſaid, this done he roſe, even tir'd with reſt,
With heart as careful, as with careleſs grace,
With ſhrinking legs, but with a ſwelling breaſt,
With eyes which threat'ned they would drown his face.
Fearing the worſt, not knowing what were beſt,
And giving to his ſight a wond'ring race,
He ſaw behind a buſh where Claius *ſat:*
His well-known friend, but yet his unknown mate,
Claius *the wretch who lately yielden was*
To bear the bonds which time not wit could break,
(With bluſhing ſoul at ſight of judgment's glaſs,
While guilty thoughts accus'd his reaſon weak)
This morn alone to lovely walk did paſs,
Within himſelf of her dear ſelf to ſpeak,
'Till Strephon's *plaining voice him nearer drew,*
Where by his words his ſelf-like caſe he knew,
For hearing him ſo oft with words of woe
Urania *name, whoſe force he knew ſo well,*
He quickly knew what witchcraft gave the blow,
Which made his Strephon *think himſelf in hell.*
Which when he did in perfect image ſhow
To his own wit, thought, upon thought, did ſwell,
Breeding huge ſtorms within his inward part,
Which thus breath'd out, with earth-quake of his hear

As *Lamon* would have proceeded, *Baſilius* knowing by the waſting of the torches that the night alſo was far waſted, and withal remembering *Zelmane*'s hurt, asked

asked her, whether ſhe thought it not better to reſerve the complaint of *Claius* 'till another day. Which ſhe, perceiving the ſong had already worn out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being even now ſtepping over to a new matter, though much delighted with what was ſpoken, willingly agreed unto. And ſo of all ſides they went to recommend themſelves to the elder brother of death.

THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

BOOK II.

IN theſe paſtoral times a great number of days were ſent to follow their flying predeceſſors, while the cup of poyſon, which was deeply taſted of this noble company) had left no ſinew of theirs without mortally ſearching into it; yet never manifeſting his venomous work, 'till once, that the night (parting away angry, that ſhe could diſtil no more ſleep into the eyes of lovers) had no ſooner given place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the ſun beſtowed his beams upon the tops of the mountains, but that the woeful *Gynecia*, to whom reſt was no eaſe, had left her loathed lodging, and gotten her ſelf into the ſolitary places, thoſe deſarts were full of going up and down with ſuch uniquiet motions, as a grieved and hopeleſs mind is wont to bring forth. There appeared unto the eyes of her judgment, the evils ſhe was like to run into, with ugly infamy waiting upon them: ſhe felt the terrors of her own conſcience: ſhe was guilty of a long exerciſed virtue, which made this vice the fuller of deformity. The uttermoſt of the good ſhe could aſpire unto, was a mortal wound to her vexed

ſpirits:

ſpirits: and laſtly, no ſmall part of her evils was, that ſhe was wiſe to ſee her evils. In ſo much, that having a great while thrown her countenance ghaſtly about her (as if ſhe had called all the powers of the world to be witneſſes of her wretched eſtate) at length caſting up her watery eyes to heaven; O ſun, ſaid ſhe, whoſe unſpotted light directs the ſteps of mortal mankind, art thou not aſhamed to impart the clearneſs of thy preſence to ſuch a duſt-creeping worm as I am? O you heavens, which continually keep the courſe allotted unto you, can none of your influences prevail ſo much upon the miſerable *Gynecia*, as to make her preſerve a courſe ſo long embraced by her? O deſarts, deſarts, how fit a gueſt am I for you, ſince my heart can people you with wild ravenous beaſts, which in you are wanting? O virtue, where doſt thou hide thy ſelf? what hideous thing is this which doth eclipſe thee? Or is it true that thou wert never but a vain name, and no eſſential thing, which haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſervant, when ſhe had moſt need of thy lovely preſence? O imperfect proportion of reaſon, which which can too much foreſee, and too little prevent? Alas, alas, ſaid ſhe, if there were but one hope for all my pains, or but one excuſe for all my faultineſs! But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all ſuccour, and my evil deſerving doth exceed my evil fortune. For nothing elſe did my husband take this ſtrange reſolution to live ſo ſolitarily: for nothing elſe have the winds delivered this ſtrange gueſt to my country: for nothing elſe have the deſtinies reſerved my life to this time, but that only I, moſt wretched I, ſhould become a plague to my ſelf, and a ſhame to womankind. Yet if my deſire, how unjuſt ſoever it be, might take effect, though a thouſand deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a thouſand ſhames, yet ſhould not my ſepulchre receive me without ſome contentment. But alas, though ſure I am, that *Zelmane* is ſuch as can anſwer my love; yet as ſure I am, that this diſguiſing muſt needs come for ſome fore-taken conceit: and then wretched *Gynecia* where canſt thou find any ſmall

ground-plot for hope to dwell upon? no, no, it is *Philoclea* his heart is ſet upon; it is my daughter I have borne to ſupplant me. But if it be ſo, the life I have given thee, ungrateful *Philoclea*, I will ſooner with theſe hands bereave thee of, than my birth ſhall glory ſhe hath bereaved me of my deſire: *in ſhame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of ſhame.*

Having ſpoken thus, ſhe began to make a pitious war with her fair hair; when ſhe might hear, not far from her, an extremely doleful voice, but ſo ſuppreſſed with a kind of whiſpering note, that ſhe could not conceive the words diſtinctly. But, as *a lamentable tune is the ſweeteſt muſick to a woeful mind*, ſhe drew thither near-away in hope to find ſome companion of her miſery; and as ſhe paced on, ſhe was ſtopped with a number of trees, ſo thickly placed together, that ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould, with ruſhing through, ſtop the ſpeech of the lamentable party, which ſhe was ſo deſirous to underſtand: and therefore ſetting her down as ſoftly as ſhe could, for ſhe was now in diſtance to hear, ſhe might firſt perceive a lute excellently well played upon, and then the ſame doleful voice accompanying it with theſe verſes:

IN vain mine eyes, you labour to amend
With flowing tears your fault of haſty ſight:
Since to my heart her ſhape you did ſo ſend,
That her I ſee, though you did loſe your light.
In vain, my heart, now you with ſight are burn'd,
With ſighs you ſeek to cool your hot deſire:
Since ſighs, into mine inward furnace turn'd,
For bellows ſerve to kindle more the fire.
Reaſon in vain, now you have loſt my heart,
My head you ſeek, as to your ſtrongeſt fort:
Since there mine eyes have play'd ſo falſe a part,
That to your ſtrength your foes have ſure reſort.
Then ſince in vain I find were all my ſtrife,
To this ſtrange death I vainly yield my life.

The

The ending of the ſong ſerved but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind, oppreſſed with too heavy a burthen of cares, was fain to diſcharge it ſelf of all ſides, and, as it were, paint out the hideouſneſs of the pain in all ſorts of colours. For the woeful perſon, as if the lute had evil joined with the voice, threw it to the ground with ſuch like words; alas, poor lute! how much art thou deceived to think that in my miſeries thou couldeſt eaſe my woes, as in my careleſs times thou waſt wont to pleaſe my fancies? the time is changed, my lute, the time is changed; and no more did my joyful mind then receive every thing to a joyful conſideration, than my careful mind now makes each thing taſte like the bitter juice of care. The evil is inward, my lute, the evil is inward; which all thou doſt, doth ſerve but to make me think more freely of. And alas, what is then thy harmony, but the ſweet meats of ſorrow? the diſcord of my thoughts, my lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy ſtrings, therefore be not aſhamed to leave thy maſter, ſince he is not afraid to forſake himſelf.

And thus much ſpoke, inſtead of a concluſion, was cloſed up with ſo hearty a groaning, that *Gynecia* could not refrain to ſhew her ſelf, thinking ſuch griefs could ſerve fitly for nothing but her own fortune. But as ſhe came into the little arbour of this ſorrowful muſick, her eyes met with the eyes of *Zelmane*, which was the party that thus had indited herſelf to miſery: ſo that either of them remained confuſed with a ſudden aſtoniſhment; *Zelmane* fearing leſt ſhe had heard ſome part of thoſe complaints, which ſhe had riſen up that morning early of purpoſe, to breathe out in ſecret to her ſelf. But *Gynecia* a great while ſtood ſtill, with a kind of dull amazement, looking ſtedfaſtly upon her; at length returning to ſome uſe of her ſelf, ſhe began to ask *Zelmane*, what cauſe carried her ſo early abroad? but, as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane* had opened ſome great flood-gate of ſorrow, whereof her heart could not abide the violent iſſue, ſhe ſunk to the ground, with her hands over her

face, crying vehemently, *Zelmane* help me, O *Zelmane* have pity on me, *Zelmane* ran to her, marvelling what ſudden ſickneſs had thus poſſeſſed her: and beginning to ask her the cauſe of her pain, and offering her ſervice to be imployed by her; *Gynecia* opening her eyes wildly upon her, pricked with the flames of love, and the torments of her own conſcience; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou offer me phyſick, which art my only poyſon? or wilt thou do me ſervice, which haſt already brought me into eternal ſlavery? *Zelmane* then knowing well at what mark ſhe ſhot, yet loth to enter into it: Moſt excellent lady, ſaid ſhe, you were beſt retire your ſelf into your lodging, that you the better may paſs this ſudden fit. Retire my ſelf? (ſaid *Gynecia*) If I had retired my ſelf into my ſelf, when thou to me, unfortunate gueſt, cameſt to draw me from my ſelf, bleſſed had I been, and no need had I had of this counſel. But now alas, I am forced to fly to thee for ſuccour, whom I accuſe of all my hurt, and make thee judge of my cauſe, who art the only author of my miſchief. *Zelmane* the more aſtoniſhed, the more ſhe underſtood her; Madam, ſaid ſhe, whereof do you accuſe me, that I will not clear my ſelf? or wherein may I ſtead you, that you may not command me? Alas, anſwered *Gynecia*, what ſhall I ſay more? take pity of me, O *Zelmane*; but not as *Zelmane*, and diſguiſe not with me in words, as I know thou doſt in apparel. *Zelmane* was much troubled with that word, finding her ſelf brought to this ſtrait. But as ſhe was thinking what to anſwer her, they might ſee old *Baſilius* paſs hard by them without ever ſeeing them, complaining likewiſe of love very freſhly, and ending his complaint with this ſong, love having renewed both his invention and voice:

LET not old age diſgrace my high deſire;
O heavenly ſoul in human ſhape contain'd:
Old wood inflam'd, doth yield the braveſt fire;
When younger doth in ſmoak his virtue ſpend.

Nay let white hairs which on my face do grow,
Seem to your eyes of a diſgraceful hue,
Since whiteneſs doth preſent the ſweeteſt ſhow,
Which makes all eyes do homage unto you.
Old age is wiſe, and full of conſtant truth;
Old age well ſtayed, from ranging humour lives:
Old age hath known whatever was in youth:
Old age o'ercome the greater honour gives.
And to old age ſince you your ſelf aſpire,
Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire.

Which being done he looked very curiouſly upon himſelf, ſometimes fetching a little skip, as if he had ſaid his ſtrength had not yet forſaken him: but *Zelmane* having in this time gotten ſome leiſure to think for an anſwer, looking upon *Gynecia*, as if ſhe thought ſhe did her ſome wrong: Madam, ſaid ſhe, I am not acquainted with thoſe words of diſguiſing, neither is it the profeſſion of an *Amazon*, neither are you a party with whom it is to be uſed: if my ſervice may pleaſe you, imploy it, ſo long as you do me no wrong in mis-judging of me. Alas *Zelmane*, ſaid *Gynecia*, I perceive you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true lover: there is no one beam of thoſe thoughts you have planted in me, but is able to diſcern a greater cloud than you do go in. Seek not to conceal your ſelf farther from me, nor force not the paſſion of love into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceived his wife and miſtreſs together, ſo that framing the moſt lovely countenance he could, he came ſtraightway towards them; and at the firſt word, thanking his wife for having entertained *Zelmane*, deſired her ſhe would now return into the lodge, becauſe he had certain matters of eſtate to impart to the lady *Zelmane*. The queen, being nothing troubled with jealouſy in that point, obeyed the king's commandment, full of raging agonies, and determinately bent; that as ſhe would ſeek all loving means to win *Zelmane*; ſo ſhe would ſtir up terrible tragedies, rather than fail of her intent,

intent. And ſo went ſhe from them to the lodge-ward, with ſuch a battle in her thoughts, and ſo deadly an overthrow given to her beſt reſolutions, that even her body, where the field was fought, was oppreſſed withal: making a languiſhing ſickneſs wait upon the triumph of paſſion; which the more it prevailed in her, the more it made her jealouſy watchful, both over her daughter, and *Zelmane*, having one of them intruſted to her own eyes.

But as ſoon as *Baſilius* was rid of his wife's preſence, falling down on his knees, O lady, ſaid he, which haſt only had the power to ſtir up again thoſe flames which had ſo long lain dead in me; ſee in me the power of your beauty, which can make old age come to ask counſel of youth; and a prince unconquered to become a ſlave to a ſtranger: and when you ſee that power of yours, love that at leaſt in me, ſince it is yours, although of me you ſee nothing to be loved. Worthy prince (anſwered *Zelmane*, taking him up from his kneeling) both your manner, and your ſpeech are ſo ſtrange unto me, as I know not how to anſwer it better than with ſilence. If ſilence pleaſe you, ſaid the king, it ſhall never diſpleaſe me, ſince my heart is wholly pledged to obey you: otherwiſe, if you would vouchſafe mine ears ſuch happineſs as to hear you, they ſhall convey your words to ſuch a mind, which is with the humbleſt degree of reverence to receive them. I diſdain not to ſpeak to you, mighty prince, ſaid *Zelmane*, but I diſdain to ſpeak to any matter which may bring my honour into queſtion: and therewith, with a brave counterfeited ſcorn ſhe departed from the king; leaving him not ſo ſorry for his ſhort anſwer, as proud in himſelf that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king, feeding his mind with thoſe thoughts, paſs great time in writing verſes, and making more of himſelf, than he was wont to do, that, with a little help, he would have grown into a pretty kind of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this loving, but little loved company. Alas, ſaid ſhe, poor *Pyrocles*, was there ever one, but I, that had received wrong, and could blame no body? that

that having more than I deſire, am ſtill in want of that I would? truly, love, I muſt needs ſay thus much on thy behalf; thou haſt imployed my love there, where love all is deſerved; and for recompence haſt ſent me more love than ever I deſired. But what wilt thou do *Pyrocles*? which way canſt thou find to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? to her whom I would be known to, I live in darkneſs: and to her am revealed, from whom I would be moſt ſecret. What ſhift ſhall I find againſt the diligent love of *Baſilius*? what ſhield againſt the violent paſſions of *Gynecia*? and if that be done, yet how am I the nearer to quench the fire that conſumes me? well, well, ſweet *Philoclea*, my whole confidence muſt be builded in thy divine ſpirit, which cannot be ignorant of the cruel wound I have received by you.

But as ſick folks, when they are alone, think company would relieve them, and yet having company do find it noiſome, changing willingly outward objects, when indeed the evil is inward: ſo poor *Zelmane* was no more weary of *Baſilius*, than ſhe was of her ſelf, when *Baſilius* was gone: and ever the more, the more ſhe turned her eyes to become her own judges. Tired therewith, ſhe longed to meet her friend *Dorus*; that upon the ſhoulders of friendſhip, ſhe might lay the burthen of ſorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge, where among certain beeches ſhe found *Dorus*, apparelled in flanel, with a goats-skin caſt upon him, and a garland of laurel mix'd with cypreſs-leaves on his head, waiting on his maſter *Dametas*; who at that time was teaching him, how with his ſheep-hook to catch a wanton lamb; and how with the ſame to caſt a little clod at any one that ſtrayed out of company. And while *Dorus* was practiſing, one might ſee *Dametas* holding his hands under his girdle behind him, nodding from the waſte upwards, and ſwearing he never knew man go more aukwardly to work: and that they might talk of book-learning what they would, but for his part, he never ſaw more unfeaty fellows than great clerks were.

But

But *Zelmane*'s coming ſaved *Dorus* from farther chiding. And ſo ſhe beginning to ſpeak with him of the number of his maſter's ſheep, and which province of *Arcadia* bare the fineſt wool, drew him on to follow her in ſuch country-diſcourſes, 'till, being out of *Dametas*'s hearing, with ſuch vehemency of paſſion, as though her heart would climb into her mouth, to take her tongue's office, ſhe declared unto him, upon what briars the roſes of her affections grew: how time ſtill ſeemed to forget her, beſtowing no one hour of comfort upon her; ſhe remaining ſtill in one plight of ill fortune, ſaving ſo much worſe, as continuance of evil doth in it ſelf increaſe evil. Alas, my *Dorus*, ſaid ſhe, thou ſeeſt how long and languiſhing the weeks are paſt over ſince our laſt talking. And yet I am the ſame, miſerable I, that I was; only ſtronger in longing, and weaker in hoping. Then fell ſhe to ſo pitiful a declaration of the inſupportableneſs of her deſires; that *Dorus*'s ears, not able to ſhew what wounds that diſcourſe gave unto them, procured his eyes with tears to give teſtimony how much they ſuffered for her ſuffering: 'till paſſion, a moſt cumberſome gueſt to it ſelf, made *Zelmane*, the ſooner to ſhake it off, earneſtly intreat *Dorus* that he alſo, with like freedom of diſcourſe, would beſtow a map of his little world upon her, that ſhe might ſee, whether it were troubled with ſuch unhabitable climes of cold deſpairs, and hot rages as hers was. And ſo walking under a few palm-trees (which being loving in her own nature ſeemed to give their ſhadow the willinglier, becauſe they held diſcourſe of love) *Dorus* thus entered to the deſcription of his fortune. Alas, ſaid he, dear couſin, that it hath pleaſed the high power to throw us to ſuch an eſtate, as the only intercourſe of our true friendſhip, muſt be a bartering of miſeries: for my part, I muſt confeſs indeed, that from a huge darkneſs of ſorrows, I am crept, I cannot ſay to a lightſomeneſs, but, to a certain dawning, or rather peeping out of ſome poſſibility of comfort: but woe is me, ſo far from the mark of my deſires, that I rather think it

ſuch

ſuch a light, as comes through a ſmall hole to a dungeon, that the miſerable caitiff may the better remember the light, of which he is deprived; or like a ſcholar, who is only come to that degree of knowledge to find himſelf utterly ignorant: but thus ſtands it with me. After that by your means I was exalted to ſerve in yonder bleſſed lodge, for a while I had, in the furnace of my agonies, this reſreſhing; that, becauſe of the ſervice I had done in killing of the bear, it pleaſed the princeſs, in whom indeed ſtatelineſs ſhines through courteſy, to let fall ſome gracious look upon me: ſometimes to ſee my exerciſes, ſometimes to hear my ſongs. For my part, my heart would not ſuffer me to omit any occaſion whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela* ſee, how much extraordinary devotion I bare to her ſervice: and withal ſtrove to appear more worthy in her ſight: that ſmall deſert, joyned to ſo great affection, might prevail ſomething in the wiſeſt lady. But too well, alas, I found that a ſhepherd's ſervice was but conſidered of, as from a ſhepherd, and the acceptation limited to no farther proportion, than of a good ſervant. And when my countenance had once given notice that there lay affection under it, I ſaw ſtraight, majeſty, ſitting in the throne of beauty, draw forth ſuch a ſword of juſt diſdain, that I remained as a man thunderſtruck, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my eſtate known, ſeemed again impoſſible, by reaſon of the ſuſpiciouſneſs of *Dametas*, *Miſo* and my young miſtreſs *Mopſa*: for *Dametas*, according to the conſtitution of a dull head, thinks no better way to ſhew himſelf wiſe, than by ſuſpecting every thing in his way, which ſuſpicion *Miſo*, for the hoggiſh ſhrewdneſs of her brain, and *Mopſa* (for a very unlikely envy ſhe hath ſtumbled upon againſt the princeſs's unſpeakable beauty) were very glad to execute: ſo that I (finding my ſervice by this means lightly regarded, my affection deſpiſed, and my ſelf unknown) remained no fuller of deſire than void of counſel how to come to my deſire; which, alas, if theſe trees could ſpeak, they might well wit-

witneſs: for many times have I ſtood here, bewailing my ſelf unto them, many times have I, leaning to yonder palm, admired the bleſſedneſs of it, that it could bear love without ſenſe of pain; many times, when my maſter's cattle came hither to chew their cud in this freſh place, I might ſee the young bull teſtify his love? but how? with proud looks and joyfulneſs. O wretched mankind, ſaid I then to my ſelf, in whom wit, which ſhould be the governor of his welfare, becomes the traitor to his bleſſedneſs: theſe beaſts, like children to nature, inherit her bleſſings quietly; we like baſtards are laid abroad, even as foundlings, to be trained up by grief and ſorrow. Their minds grudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their ſenſes are letted from enjoying their objects; we have the impediments of honour, and the torments of conſcience. Truly in ſuch cogitations have I ſometimes ſo long ſtood, that methought my feet began to grow into the ground, with ſuch a darkneſs and heavineſs of mind, that I might eaſily have been perſuaded to have reſigned over my very eſſence. But love (which one time layeth burthens, another time giveth wings) when I was at the loweſt of my downward thoughts, pull'd up my heart to remember, that *nothing is achieved before it be thoroughly attempted*, and that *lying ſtill, doth never go forward*; and that therefore it was time, now or never, to ſharpen my invention, to pierce through the hardneſs of this enterprize; never ceaſing to aſſemble all my conceits, one after another, how to manifeſt both my mind and eſtate, 'till at laſt I lighted and reſolved on this way, which yet perchance you will think was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extremeſt love toward *Mopſa* that might be; and as for the love, ſo lively it was indeed within me, although to another ſubject, that little I needed to counterfeit any notable demonſtrations of it; and ſo making a contrariety the place of my memory, in her foulneſs I beheld *Pamela*'s fairneſs, ſtill looking on *Mopſa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I ſaw my ſun ſhine in a puddled water: I cried out of nothing but *Mopſa*; to *Mopſa* my attendance was directed:

rected; to *Mopſa* the beſt fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopſa* it ſeemed ſtill that mine eye conveyed my tongue: ſo that *Mopſa* was my ſaying; *Mopſa* was my ſinging; *Mopſa*, (that is only ſuitable in laying a foul complexion upon a filthy ſavour, ſetting forth both in ſluttiſhneſs) ſhe was the load-ſtar of my life, ſhe the bleſſing of mine eyes; ſhe the overthrow of my deſires, and yet the recompence of my overthrow; ſhe the ſweetneſs of my heart, even ſweetening the death, which her ſweetneſs drew upon me. In ſum, whatſoever I thought of *Pamela*, that I ſaid of *Mopſa*; whereby as I got my maſter's good-will, who before ſpited me, fearing leſt I ſhould win the princeſs's favour from him, ſo did the ſame make the princeſs the better content to allow me her preſence: whether indeed it were that a certain ſpark of noble indignation did riſe in her, not to ſuffer ſuch a baggage to win away any thing of hers, how meanly ſoever ſhe reputed of it, or rather, as I think, my words being ſo paſſionate, and ſhooting ſo quite contrary from the marks of *Mopſa*'s worthineſs, ſhe perceived well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being ſo masked, ſhe was contented as a ſport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to find ſome means to tell, as of a third perſon, the tale of mine own love and eſtate, finding *Mopſa*, like a cuckoe by a nightingale, alone with *Pamela*, I came unto them, and with a face, I am ſure, full of cloudy fancies, took a harp and ſung this ſong;

SInce ſo mine eyes are ſubject to your ſight,
That in your ſight they fixed have my brain:
Since ſo my heart is filled with that light,
That only light doth all my life maintain.

Since in ſweet you, all goods ſo richly reign,
That where you are, no wiſhed good can want:
Since ſo your living image lives in me,
That in my ſelf your ſelf true love doth plant:

How

How can you him unworthy then decree,
In whoſe chief part your worths implanted be?

The ſong being ended, which I had often broken off in the midſt with grievous ſighs, which overtook every verſe I ſung, I let fall my harp from me; and caſting mine eye ſometime upon *Mopſa*, but ſettling my ſight principally upon *Pamela*; And is it the only fortune, moſt beautiful *Mopſa*, ſaid I, of wretched *Dorus*, that fortune muſt be the meaſure of his mind? am I only he, that becauſe I am in miſery, more miſery muſt be laid upon me? muſt that which ſhould be cauſe of compaſſion, become an argument of cruelty againſt me? alas, excellent *Mopſa*, conſider that a virtuous prince requires the life of his meaneſt ſubject, and the heavenly ſun diſdains not to give light to the ſmalleſt worm. O *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, if my heart could be as manifeſt to you, as it is uncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts ſhould well countervail the lowneſs of my quality. Who hath not heard of the greatneſs of your eſtate? who ſeeth not, that your eſtate is much excelled with that ſweet uniting of all beauties, which remaineth and dwelleth with you? who knows not, that all theſe are but ornaments of that divine ſpark within you, which being deſcended from heaven, could not elſe-where pick out ſo ſweet a manſion? but if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all theſe excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulneſs to ſuch a one, as in his ſoul is devoted to thoſe perfections. *Mopſa*, who already had had a certain ſmackring towards me, ſtood all this while with her hands ſometimes before her face, but moſt commonly with a certain ſpecial grace of her own, wagging her lips, and grinning inſtead of ſmiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waſte, and thruſting out her chin, in faith you jeſt with me; you are a merry man indeed. But the ever pleaſing *Pamela* (that well found the comedy would be marred, if ſhe did not help *Mopſa* to her part) was content to urge a little farther of me.

Maſter

Maſter *Dorus*, ſaid the fair *Pamela*, me thinks you blame your fortune very wrongfully, ſince the fault is not in fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your ſelf to your fortune: and as wrongfully do require *Mopſa* to ſo great a diſparagement as to her father's ſervant, ſince ſhe is not worthy to be loved, that hath not ſome feeling of her own worthineſs. I ſtay'd a good while after her words, in hope ſhe would have continued her ſpeech, ſo great a delight I received in hearing her, but ſeeing her ſay no farther, with a quaking all over my body, I thus anſwered her: Lady, moſt worthy of all duty, how falls it out that you, in whom all virtues ſhine, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid againſt virtue; eſpecially, ſince before your eyes you have a pititiful ſpectacle of her wickedneſs, a forlorn creature, which muſt remain not ſuch as I am, but ſuch as ſhe makes me, ſince ſhe muſt be the balance of worthineſs or diſparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man, even at his death, have leave to ſpeak, let my mortal wound purchaſe thus much conſideration; ſince the perfections are ſuch in the party I love, as the feeling of them cannot come into any unnoble heart, ſhall that heart, which doth not only feel them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, ſhall that heart, I ſay, lifted up to ſuch a height, be counted baſe? O let not an excellent ſpirit do it ſelf ſuch wrong, as to think where it is placed, embraced and loved, there can be any unworthineſs, ſince the weakeſt miſt is not eaſilier driven away by the ſun, than that is chaſed away with ſo high thoughts. I will not deny, anſwered the gracious *Pamela*, but that the love you bear to *Mopſa*, hath brought you to the conſideration of her virtues, and that conſideration may have made you the more virtuous, and ſo the more worthy: but even that then, you muſt confeſs, you have received of her, and ſo are rather gratefully to thank her, than to preſs any farther, 'till you bring ſomething of your own, whereby to claim it. And truly *Dorus*, I muſt in *Mopſa*'s behalf ſay thus much to you, that if her beauties have ſo over-

taken you, it becomes a true lover to have your heart more ſet upon her good than your own, and to bear a tenderer reſpect to her honour, than your ſatisfaction. Now by my hallidame, madam, ſaid *Mopſa*, throwing a great number of ſheeps eyes upon me, you have even touch'd mine own mind to the quick, forſooth. I finding that the policy that I had uſed, had at leaſt wiſe produced thus much happineſs unto me, as that I might, even in my lady's preſence, diſcover the ſore which had deeply feſtered within me, and that ſhe ſhould better conceive my reaſons applied to *Mopſa*, than ſhe would have vouchſafed them, whilſt her ſelf was a party, thought good to purſue on my good beginning, uſing this fit occaſion of *Pamela*'s wit, and *Mopſa*'s ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking upon *Pamela*; as if I had rather been condemned by her mouth, than highly exalted by the other, turning my ſelf to *Mopſa*, but keeping my eye where it was: fair *Mopſa*, ſaid I, well do I find by the wiſe knitting together of your anſwer, that any diſputation I can uſe, is as much too weak, as I unworthy. I find my love ſhall be proved no love, without I leave to love, being too unfit a veſſel, in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraven. Yet ſince the love I bear you hath ſo joyned it ſelf to the beſt part of my life, as the one cannot depart, but that the other will follow, before I ſeek to obey you in making my laſt paſſage, let me know which is my unworthineſs, either of mind, eſtate, or both? *Mopſa* was about to ſay, in neither; for her heart I think tumbled with overmuch kindneſs, when *Pamela* with a more favourable countenance than before, finding how apt I was to fall into deſpair, told me, I might therein have anſwered my ſelf: for beſides that it was granted me, that the inward feeling of *Mopſa*'s perfections had greatly beautified my mind, there was none could deny, and that my mind and body deſerved great allowance. But *Dorus*, ſaid ſhe, you muſt be ſo far maſter of your love, as to conſider, that ſince the judgment of the world ſtands upon matter of fortune

and,

and that the ſex of womankind of all other is moſt bound to have regardful eye to mens judgments, it is not for us to play the philoſophers, in ſeeking out your hidden virtues: ſince that, which in a wiſe prince would be counted wiſdom, in us will be taken for a light grounded affection: ſo is not one thing, one done by divers perſons. There is no man in a burning fever feels ſo great contentment in cold water greedily received (which as ſoon as the drink ceaſeth, the rage reneweth) as poor I found my ſoul refreſhed with her ſweetly pronounced words; and newly and more violently again inflamed, as ſoon as ſhe had incloſed up her delightful ſpeech, with no leſs well graced ſilence. But remembering in my ſelf, *that as well the ſoldier dieth which ſtandeth ſtill, as he that gives the braveſt onſet:* and ſeeing that to the making up of my fortune there wanted nothing ſo much as the making known of mine eſtate, with a face well witneſſing how deeply my ſoul was poſſeſſed, and with the moſt ſubmiſſive behaviour that a thralled heart could expreſs, even as my words had been too thick for my mouth, at length ſpake to this purpoſe: alas, moſt worthy princeſs, ſaid I, and do not then your own ſweet words ſufficiently teſtify, that there was never man could have a juſter action againſt filthy fortune, than I, ſince all other things being granted me, her blindneſs is my only let? O heavenly God, I would either ſhe had ſuch eyes as were able to diſcern my deſerts, or I were blind not to ſee the daily cauſe of my misfortune. But yet, ſaid I, moſt honoured lady, if my miſerable ſpeeches have not already cloied you, and that the very preſence of ſuch a wretch become not hateful in your eyes: let me reply thus much farther againſt my mortal ſentence, by telling you a ſtory, which happened in this ſame country long ſince, for woes make the ſhorteſt time ſeem long, whereby you ſhall ſee that my eſtate is not ſo contemptible, but that a prince hath been content to take the like upon him, and by that only hath aſpired to enjoy a mighty princeſs. *Pamela* graciouſly harkened, and I told my tale in this ſort.

In the country of *Theſſalia*, (alas, why name I that accurſed country, which brings forth nothing but matters for tragedies? but name it I muſt, in *Theſſalia*, I ſay, there was (well may I ſay, there was) a prince, no, no prince, whom bondage wholly poſſeſſed, but yet accounted a prince, and named *Muſidorus*. O *Muſidorus*, *Muſidorus*! But to what ſerve exclamations, where there are no ears to receive the ſound? this *Muſidorus* being yet in the tendereſt age, his worthy father payed to nature, with a violent death, her laſt duties, leaving his child to the faith of his friends, and the proof of time: death gave him not ſuch pangs as the fore-ſightful care he had of his ſilly ſucceſſor. And yet if in his foreſight he could have ſeen ſo much, happy was that good prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his ſon's miſeries, which his knowledge could neither have prevented, nor relieved. The young *Muſidorus* (being thus, as for the firſt pledge of the deſtinies good will, deprived of his principal ſtay) was yet for ſome years after, as if the ſtars would breathe themſelves for a greater miſchief, lulled up in as much good luck, as the heedful love of his doleful mother, and the flouriſhing eſtate of his country could breed unto him.

But when the time now came, that miſery ſeemed to be ripe for him, becauſe he had age to know miſery, I think there was a conſpiracy in all heavenly and earthly things, to frame fit occaſions to lead him unto it. His people, to whom all foreign matters in foretime were odious, began to wiſh in their beloved prince, experience by travail: his dear mother, whoſe eyes were held open only with the joy of looking upon him, did now diſpence with the comfort of her widowed life, deſiring the ſame her ſubjects did, for the increaſe of her ſon's worthineſs.

And hereto did *Muſidorus* own virtue, ſee now virtue can be a miniſter to miſchief, ſufficiently provoke him: for indeed thus much muſt I ſay for him, although the likeneſs of our miſhaps makes me preſume to pattern my

ſelf

ſelf unto him, that well-doing was at that time his ſcope, from which no faint pleaſure could with-hold him. But the preſent occaſion which did knit all this together, was his uncle the king of *Macedon;* who having lately before gotten ſuch victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time ſend both for the prince his ſon (brought up together, to avoid the wars, with *Muſidorus*;) and for *Muſidorus* himſelf, that his joy might be the more full, having ſuch partakers of it. But alas, to what a ſea of miſeries my plaintful tongue doth lead me? and thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, than that I ſaid, I ſtayed my ſpeech, 'till *Pamela* ſhewing by countenance that ſuch was her pleaſure, I thus continued it: theſe two young princes, to ſatisfy the king, took their way by ſea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs go with a navy to ſuccour him: he being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mighty army beſieging it, where at that time his court was. But when the conſpired heavens had gotten this ſubject of their wrath upon ſo fit a place, as the ſea was, they ſtraight began to breathe out in boyſterous winds ſome part of their malice againſt him; ſo that with the loſs of all his navy, he only with the prince his couſin, were caſt a land far off from the place whither their deſires would have guided them. O cruel winds, in your unconſiderate rages, why either began you this fury, or why did you not end it in his end? but your cruelty was ſuch, as you would ſpare his life for many deathful torments. To tell you what pitiful miſhaps fell to the young prince of *Macedon* his couſin, I ſhould too much fill your ears with ſtrange horrors; neither will I ſtay upon thoſe labourſome adventures, nor loathſome miſadventures, to which, and through which his fortune and courage conducted him; my ſpeech haſteneth it ſelf to come to the full point of *Muſidorus*'s misfortunes. For, as we find the moſt peſtilent diſeaſes do gather into themſelves all the infirmities, with which the body before was annoyed; ſo did his laſt miſery embrace in extremity of it ſelf all his former miſchiefs. *Arcadia;*

Arcadia was the place prepared to be the ſtage of his endleſs overthrow; *Arcadia* was, alas well might I ſay it is, the charmed circle, where all his ſpirits for ever ſhould be enchanted. For here, and no where elſe, did his infected eyes make his mind know, what power heavenly beauty had to throw it down to helliſh agonies. Here, here did he ſee the *Arcadian* king's eldeſt daughter, in whom he forthwith placed ſo all his hopes of joy, and joyful parts of his heart, that he left in himſelf nothing but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of ſorrow. But alas, what can ſaying make them believe, whom ſeeing cannot perſuade? thoſe pains muſt be felt before they can be underſtood; no outward utterance can command a conceipt. Such was then the ſtate of the king, as it was no time by direct means to ſeek her. And ſuch was the ſtate of his captived will, as he could delay no time of ſeeking her.

In this intangled cauſe, he clothed himſelf in a ſhepherd's weed, that under the baſeneſs of that form, he might at leaſt have free acceſs to feed his eyes with that which ſhould at length eat up his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifeſted, that this eſtate is not always to be rejected, ſince under that veil there may be hidden things to be eſteemed. And if he might with taking on a ſhepherd's look caſt up his eyes to the faireſt princeſs nature in that time created; the like, nay the ſame deſire of mine need no more to be diſdained, or held for diſgraceful. But now alas mine eyes wax dim, my tongue begins to falter, and my heart to want force to help either, with the feeling remembrance I have, in what heap of miſeries the caitiff prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore moſt excellent princeſs, if I cut off the courſe of my dolorous tale, ſince if I be underſtood, I have ſaid enough for the defence of my baſeneſs, and for that which after might befal to that pattern of ill fortune, the matters are too monſtrous for my capacity, his hateful deſtinies muſt beſt declare their own workmanſhip.

Thus

Thus having delivered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the princeſs might judge that he meanthimſelf, who ſpake ſo feelingly; her anſwer was both ſtrange, and in ſome reſpect comfortable. For would you think it? ſhe hath heard heretofore of us both, by means of the valiant prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our caſting away, which ſhe (following mine own ſtyle) thus delicately brought forth: you have told, ſaid ſhe, *Dorus*, a pretty tale; but you are much deceived in the latter end of it. For the prince *Muſidorus* with his couſin *Pyrocles* did both periſh upon the coaſt of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus*, who was well acquainted with the hiſtory, did aſſure my father. O how that ſpeech of hers did pour joys into my heart! O bleſſed name, thought I, of mine, ſince thou haſt been in that tongue, and paſſed through thoſe lips, though I can never hope to approach them. As for *Pyrocles*, ſaid I, I will not deny it, but that he is periſhed: (which I ſaid, leſt ſooner ſuſpicion might ariſe of your being here, than your ſelf would have it) and yet affirmed no lie unto her, ſince I only ſaid, I would not deny it. But for *Muſidorus*, ſaid I, I perceive indeed you have either heard or read the ſtory of that unhappy prince; for this was the very objection, which that peerleſs princeſs did make unto him, when he ſought to appear ſuch as he was before her wiſdom: and thus as I have read it fair written in the certainty of my knowledge, he might anſwer her, that indeed the ſhip wherein he came, by a treaſon was periſhed: and therefore that *Plangus* might eaſily be deceived: but that he himſelf was caſt upon the coaſt of *Laconia*, where he was taken up by a couple of ſhepherds, who lived in thoſe days famous; for that both loving one fair maid, they yet remained conſtant friends; one of whoſe ſongs not long ſince was ſung before you by the ſhepherd *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-man's houſe, near *Mantinea*, whoſe ſon had, a little before his marriage, been taken priſoner, and by the help of this prince *Muſidorus*, though naming himſelf by another name, was delivered.

Now theſe circumlocutions I did uſe, becauſe of the one ſide I knew the princeſs would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I ſhould have named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander* and *Clitiphon*, perhaps it would have rubb'd ſome conjecture into the heavy head of miſtreſs *Mopſa*.

And therefore, ſaid I, moſt divine lady, he juſtly was thus to argue againſt ſuch ſuſpicions, that the prince might eaſily by thoſe parties be ſatisfied, that upon that wrack ſuch a one was taken up, and therefore that *Plangus* might well err, who knew not of any one's taking up: again that he that was ſo preſerved brought good tokens to be one of the two, chief of that wracked company: which two, ſince *Plangus* knew to be *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, he muſt needs be one of them, although, as I ſaid, upon a fore-taken vow, he was otherwiſe at that time called. Beſides, the princeſs muſt needs judge, that no leſs than a prince durſt undertake ſuch an enterpriſe, which, though he might get the favour of the princeſs, he could never defend with leſs than a prince's power, againſt the force of *Arcadia*. Laſtly, ſaid he, for a certain demonſtration, he preſumed to ſhew unto the princeſs a mark he had on his face, as I might, ſaid I, ſhew this of my neck to the rare *Mopſa*: and withal, ſhewed my neck to them both, where, as you know, there is a red ſpot bearing figure, as they tell me, of a lion's paw, that ſhe may aſcertain her ſelf, that I am *Menalcas*'s brother. And ſo did he, beſeeching her to ſend ſome one ſhe might truſt into *Theſſalia*, ſecretly to be advertiſed, whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable ſign, did not fully agree with their prince *Muſidorus*. Do you not know farther, ſaid ſhe, with a ſettled countenance not accuſing any kind of inward motion, of that ſtory? alas, no, ſaid I, for even here the hiſtoriographer ſtopped, ſaying, the reſt belonged to aſtrology. And therewith, thinking her ſilent imaginations began to work upon ſomewhat to mollify them, as the nature of muſick is to do,

and

and withal; is to ſhew what kind of ſhepherd I was, I took up my harp, and ſung theſe few verſes:

My ſheep are thoughts, which I both guide and ſerve:
Their paſture is fair hills of fruitleſs love:
On barren ſweets they feed, and feeding ſtarve:
I wail their lot, but will not other prove.
My ſheephook is wan hope, which all upholds;
My weeds, deſire, cut out in endleſs folds.
What wool my ſheep ſhall bear, while thus they live,
In you it is, you muſt the judgment give.

And then, partly to bring *Mopſa* again to the matter, leſt ſhe ſhould too much take heed to our diſcourſes, but principally, if it were poſſible to gather ſome comfort out of her anſwers, I kneeled down to the princeſs, and humbly beſought her to move *Mopſa* in my behalf, that ſhe would unarm her noble heart of that ſteely reſiſtance againſt the ſweet blows of love: that ſince all her parts were decked with ſome particular ornament; her face with beauty, her head with wiſdom, her eyes with majeſty, her countenance with graceſulneſs, her lips with lovelineſs, her tongue with victory; that ſhe would make her heart the throne of pity, being the moſt excellent raiment of the moſt excellent part. *Pamela* without ſhow either of favour or diſdain, either of heeding or neglecting what I had ſaid, turned her ſpeech to *Mopſa*, and with ſuch a voice and action, as might ſhew ſhe ſpake of a matter which little did concern her; take heed to your ſelf, ſaid ſhe, *Mopſa*, for your ſhepherd can ſpeak well: but truly, if he do fully prove himſelf ſuch as he ſaith, I mean, the honeſt ſhepherd *Menalcas*'s brother and heir, I know no reaſon why you ſhould think ſcorn of him. *Mopſa* though, in my conſcience, ſhe were even then far ſpent towards me, yet ſhe anſwered her, that for all my quaint ſpeeches, ſhe would keep her honeſty cloſe enough: and that as for the way of matrimony, ſhe would ſtep never a foot farther, 'till my maſter her father had ſpoken

the

the whole word himſelf, no ſhe would not. But ever and anon turning her muzzle towards me, ſhe threw ſuch a proſpect upon me, as might well have given a ſurfeit to any weak lovers ſtomach. But, lord, what a fool am I, to mingle that drivel's ſpeeches among my noble thoughts! but becauſe ſhe was an actor in this tragedy, to give you a full knowledge, and to leave nothing, that I can remember, unrepeated.

Now the princeſs being about to withdraw herſelf from us, I took a jewel made in the figure of a crab-fiſh, which, becauſe it looks one way, and goes another, I thought it did fitly pattern out my looking to *Mopſa*, but bending to *Pamela*: the word about it was, *By force, not choice*; and ſtill kneeling, beſought the princeſs that ſhe would vouchſafe to give it *Mopſa*, and with the bleſſedneſs of her hand to make acceptable unto her that toy which I had found, following of late an acquaintance of mine at the plough. For, ſaid I, as the earth was turned up, the ploughſhare lighted upon a great ſtone: we pull'd that up, and ſo found both that and ſome other pretty things, which we had divided betwixt us.

Mopſa was benummed with joy when the princeſs gave it her: but in the princeſs I could find no apprehenſion of what I either ſaid or did, but with a calm careleſneſs letting each thing ſlide, (juſt as we do by their ſpeeches who neither in matter nor perſon do any way belong unto us) which kind of cold temper, mix'd with that lightening of her natural majeſty, is of all others moſt terrible unto me: for yet if I found ſhe contemned me, I would deſperately labour both in fortune and virtue to overcome it; if ſhe only miſdoubted me I were in heaven; for quickly I would bring ſufficient aſſurance: laſtly, if ſhe hated me, yet I ſhould know what paſſion to deal with; and either with infiniteneſs of deſert I would take away the fuel from that fire; or if nothing would ſerve, then I would give her my heart's blood to quench it. But this cruel quietneſs, neither retiring to miſlike, nor proceeding to favour; gracious, but gracious ſtill after one manner;

all

all her courteſies, having this engraven in them, that what is done, is for virtue's ſake, not for the parties (ever keeping her courſe like the ſun, who neither for our praiſes, nor curſes will ſpur or ſtop his horſes,) this, I ſay, heavenlineſs of hers, for howſoever my miſery is, I cannot but ſo entitle it, is ſo impoſſible to reach unto, that I almoſt begin to ſubmit my ſelf to the tyranny of deſpair, not knowing any way of perſuaſion, where wiſdom ſeems to be unſenſible. I have appeared to her eyes like my ſelf, by a device I uſed with my maſter, perſuading him that we two might put on certain rich apparel I had provided, and ſo practiſe ſomething on horſe-back before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparel I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a tragedy at *Athens*: my horſe indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas*'s houſe, and *Dametas* got one by friendſhip out of the prince's ſtable. But howſoever I ſhew, I am no baſe body, all I do is but to beat a rock and get foam.

But as *Dorus* was about to tell farther, *Dametas* (who came whiſtling, and counting upon his fingers, how many load of hay his ſeventeen fat oxen eat up a year) deſired *Zelmane* from the king that ſhe would come into the the lodge, where they ſtayed for her. Alas, ſaid *Dorus*, taking his leave, the ſum is this, that you may well find you have beaten your ſorrow againſt ſuch a wall, which with the force of a rebound may well make your ſorrow ſtronger. But *Zelmane* turning her ſpeech to *Dametas*, I ſhall grow, ſaid ſhe, skilful in country matters, if I have often conference with your ſervant. In ſooth, anſwered *Dametas* with a graceleſs ſcorn, the lad may prove well enough, if he over ſoon think not too well of himſelf, and will bear away that he heareth of his elders. And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmane* find ſhe might have ſpent her time better with him, he began with a wild method to run over all the art of husbandry: eſpecially imploying his tongue about well dunging of a field: while poor *Zelmane* yielded her ears to thoſe tedious ſtrokes, not warding them ſo much as with

any

any one anſwer, 'till they came to *Baſilius* and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to carry her abroad to ſome ſports prepared for her. *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia* ſitting ing in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left ſide to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was moved in her mind, to have kiſſed their feet for the favour of ſo bleſſed a ſeat: for the narrowneſs of the coach made them join from the foot to the ſhoulders very cloſe together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their envious apparel, yet as a perfect magnes, though but in an ivory box, will through the box ſend forth his embracing virtue to a beloved needle; ſo this imparadiſed neighbourhood made *Zelmane*'s ſoul cleave unto her, both through the ivory caſe of her body, and the apparel which did overcloud it. All the blood of *Zelmane*'s body ſtirring in her, as wine will do when ſugar is haſtily put into it, ſeeking to ſuck the ſweetneſs of the beloved gueſt: her heart like a lion new impriſoned, ſeeing him that reſtrains his liberty, before the grate; not panting, but ſtriving violently, if it had been poſſible, to have leaped into the lap of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, even then proceeding from being maſter of a cart, to be doctor of a coach, not a little proud in himſelf, that his whip at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, drove the coach, the cover whereof was made with ſuch joints, that as they might, to avoid the weather, pull it up cloſe when they liſted, ſo when they would they might put each end down, and remain as diſcovered and open ſighted as on horſe-back; 'till upon the ſide of the forreſt they had both grayhounds, ſpaniels, and hounds: whereof the firſt might ſeem the lords, the ſecond the gentlemen, and the laſt the yeomen of dogs; a caſt of merlins there was beſides, which flying of a gallant height over certain buſhes, would beat the birds, that roſe, down unto the buſhes, as falcons will do wild-fowl over a river. But the ſport which for that day *Baſilius* would principally ſhew to *Zelmane*, was the mounty at a hearn, which getting up on his waggling wings with pain, 'till he was come to ſome height, as though the air next to the

earth

earth were not fit for his great body to fly through) was now grown to diminiſh the ſight of himſelf, and to give example to great perſons, that the higher they be the leſs they ſhould ſhew; when a jerfaulcon was caſt off after her, ſtraight ſpying where the prey was, fixing her eye with deſire and guiding her wing by her eye, uſed no more ſtrength than induſtry. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his ſtair upright, but winding almoſt the full compaſs about, that the ſteepneſs be the more unſenſible: ſo ſhe, ſeeing the towering of her purſued chaſe, went circling and compaſſing about, riſing, ſo with the leſs ſenſe of riſing; and yet finding that way ſcantly ſerve the greedineſs of her haſte, as an ambitious body will go far out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which he deſires; ſo would ſhe, as it were, turn tail to the heron, and fly quite out another way, but all was to return into a higher pitch; which once gotten, ſhe would either beat with cruel aſſaults the heron, who now was driven to the beſt defence of force, ſince flight would not ſerve; or elſe claſping with him, come down together, to be parted by the over-partial beholders.

Divers of which flights *Baſilius* ſhewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the riches of the time ſpent, and the day deceaſed before it was thought of, 'till night like a degenerating ſucceſſor made his departure the better remembered. And therefore, ſo conſtrained, they willed *Dametas* to drive home-ward, who, half ſleeping, half muſing about about the mending of a wine-preſs, guided the horſes ſo ill, that the wheel coming over a great ſtub of a tree, it over-turned the coach. Which though it fell violently upon the ſide where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* ſat, yet for *Zelmane*'s part, ſhe would have been glad of the fall, which made her bear the ſweet burden of *Philoclea*, but that ſhe feared ſhe might receive ſome hurt. But indeed neither ſhe did, nor any of the reſt, by reaſon they kept their arms and legs within the coach, ſaving *Gynecia*, who with the only bruiſe of the fall, had her ſhoulder put out of joint; which though, by one of the faulconers cunning,

it

it was ſet well again, yet with much pain was ſhe brought to the lodge; and pain, fetching his ordinary companion, a fever with him, drove her to entertain them both in her bed.

But neither was the fever of ſuch impatient heat, as the inward plague-ſore of her affection, nor the pain half ſo noyſome, as the jealouſy ſhe conceived of her daughter *Philoclea*, leſt this time of her ſickneſs might give apt occaſion to *Zelmane*, whom ſhe miſdoubted. Therefore ſhe called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her ear to go to the other lodge, and ſend *Miſo* to her, with whom ſhe would ſpeak, and ſhe to lie with her ſiſter *Pamela*. The mean while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, becauſe ſhe would be ſure, ſhe ſhould be out of the lodge, before ſhe licenſed *Zelmane*. *Philoclea*, not skill'd in any thing better than obedience, went quietly down; and the moon then full, not thinking ſcorn to be a torch-bearer to ſuch beauty, guided her ſteps. whoſe motions bear a mind which bare in it ſelf far more ſtirring motions. And alas, ſweet *Philoclea*, how hath my pen 'till now forgot thy paſſions, ſince to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended? pardon the ſlackneſs to come to thoſe woes, which having cauſed in others, thou didſt feel in thy ſelf.

The ſweet minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well-doing, to whom the not knowing of evil ſerveth for a ground of virtue, and hold their inward powers in better form with an unſpotted ſimplicity, that many, who rather cunningly ſeek to know what goodneſs is, than willingly take into themſelves the following of it. But as that ſweet and ſimple breath of heavenly goodneſs, is the eaſier to be altered, becauſe it hath not paſſed through the worldly wickedneſs, nor feelingly found the evil, that evil carries with it; ſo now the lady *Philoclea* (whoſe eyes and ſenſes had received nothing, but according as the natural courſe of each thing required; whoſe tender youth had obediently lived under her parents beheſts, without framing out of her own will the fore-chooſing of any thing) when now ſhe came

to

to a point, wherein her judgment was to be practiſed, in knowing faultineſs by his firſt tokens, ſhe was like a young faun, who coming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it be a thing or no to be eſchewed; whereof at this time ſhe began to get a coſtly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble ſtranger had bred a kind of heedful attention; her coming to that lovely place, where ſhe had no body but her parents, a willingneſs of converſation; her wit and behaviour a liking and ſilent admiration; at length the excellency of her natural gifts, joined with the extreme ſhows ſhe made of a moſt devout honouring *Philoclea*, (carrying thus, in one perſon, the only two bands of good will, lovelineſs and lovingneſs) brought forth in her heart a yielding to a moſt friendly affection; which when it had gotten ſo full poſſeſſion of the keys of her mind, that it would receive no meſſage from her ſenſes, without that affection were the interpreter; then ſtraight grew an exceeding delight ſtill to be with her, with an unmeaſurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did: matters being ſo turned in her, that where at firſt liking her manners did breed good-will, now good-will became the chief cauſe of liking her manners: ſo that within a while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized becauſe it was *Zelmane's*. Then followed that moſt natural effect of conforming her ſelf to that, which ſhe did like, and not only wiſhing to be her ſelf ſuch another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon ſo much an eſteemed authority, ſo that the next degree was to mark all *Zelmane's* doings, ſpeeches, and faſhions, and to take them into her ſelf, as a pattern of worthy proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not only by the commonalty of paſſions, but agreed unto by her moſt noble thoughts, and that by reaſon it ſelf, not yet experienced in the iſſues of ſuch matters, had granted his royal aſſent then friendſhip, a diligent officer, took care to ſee the ſtatute thoroughly obſerved. Then grew on that not only

ſh

ſhe did imitate the ſoberneſs of her countenance, the graceſulneſs of her ſpeech, but even their particular geſtures: ſo that as *Zelmane* did often eye her, ſhe would often eye *Zelmane*; and as *Zelmane*'s eyes would deliver a ſubmiſſive, but vehement deſire in their look; ſhe, though as yet ſhe had not the deſire in her, yet ſhould her eyes anſwer in like piercing kindneſs of a look. *Zelmane*, as much as *Gynecia*'s jealouſy would ſuffer, deſired to be near *Philoclea*; *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecia*'s jealouſy would ſuffer, deſired to be near *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* took her hand, and ſoftly ſtrained it, ſhe alſo, thinking the knots of friendſhip ought to be mutual, would, with a ſweet faſtneſs, ſhew ſhe was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmane* ſighed, ſhe ſhould ſigh alſo; when *Zelmane* was ſad, ſhe deemed it wiſdom, and therefore ſhe would be ſad too. *Zelmane*'s languiſhing countenance with croſſed arms, and ſometimes caſt up eyes, ſhe thought to have an excellent grace: and therefore ſhe alſo willingly put on the ſame countenance: 'till at the laſt, poor ſoul, e'er ſhe was aware, ſhe accepted not only the badge, but the ſervice; not only the ſign, but the paſſion ſignified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did find, that *Zelmane*'s friendſhip was full of impatient deſire, having more than ordinary limits, and therefore ſhe was content to ſecond *Zelmane*, though her ſelf knew not the limits; or that in truth, true love, well conſidered, hath an infective power; at laſt ſhe fell in acquaintance with love's harbinger, wiſhing; firſt ſhe would wiſh, that they two might live all their lives together, like two of *Diana*'s nymphs. But that wiſh ſhe thought not ſufficient, becauſe ſhe knew, there would be more nymphs beſides them, who alſo would have their part in *Zelmane*. Then would ſhe wiſh, that ſhe were her ſiſter, that ſuch a natural band might make her more ſpecial to her, but againſt that, ſhe conſidered, that, though being her ſiſter, if ſhe happened to be married, ſhe ſhould be robbed of her. Then grown bolder ſhe would wiſh either her ſelf, or *Zelmane*,

a man,

a man, that there might ſucceed a bleſſed marriage between them. But when that wiſh had once diſplayed his enſign in her mind, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be with a main battel of miſlikings, and repinings againſt their creation, that ſo it was not. Then dreams by night began to bring more unto her, than ſhe durſt wiſh by day, whereout waking did make her know her ſelf the better by the image of thoſe fancies. But as ſome diſeaſes when they are eaſy to be cured, they are hard to be known; but when they grow eaſy to be known, they are almoſt impoſſible to be cured: ſo the ſweet *Philoclea*, while ſhe might prevent it, ſhe did not feel it, now ſhe felt it, when it was paſt preventing; like a river, no rampires being built againſt it, 'till already it have overflowed. For now indeed love pulled off his maſk, and ſhewed his face unto her, and told her plainly, that ſhe was his priſoner. Then needed ſhe no more paint her face with paſſions; for paſſions ſhone through her face; then her roſy colour was often increaſed with extraordinary bluſhing, and ſo another time, perfect whiteneſs deſcended to a degree of paleneſs: now hot, then cold, deſiring ſhe knew not what, or how, if ſhe knew what. Then her mind, though too late, by the ſmart was brought to think of the diſeaſe, and her own proof taught her to know her mother's mind; which, as no error gives ſo ſtrong aſſault, as that which comes armed in the authority of a parent, ſo greatly fortified her deſires, to ſee, that her mother had the like deſires And the more jealous her mother was, the more ſhe thought the jewel precious which was with ſo many locks guarded. But that prevailing ſo far, as to keep the two lovers from private conference, then began ſhe to feel the ſweetneſs of a lover's ſolitarineſs; when freely with words and geſtures, as if *Zelmane* were preſent, ſhe might give paſſage to her thoughts: and ſo, as it were, utter out ſome ſmoke of thoſe flames, wherewith elſe ſhe was not only burned, but ſmothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other, by

her mother's commandment, with doleful geſtures and uncertain paces, ſhe did willingly accept the time's offer, to be a while alone: ſo that going a little aſide into the wood, where many times before ſhe had delighted to walk, her eyes were ſaluted with a tuft of trees, ſo cloſe ſet together, as with the ſhade the moon gave through it, it might breed a fearful kind of devotion to look upon it: but true thoughts of love baniſhed all vain fancy of ſuperſtition. Full well ſhe did both remember and like the place; for there had ſhe often with their ſhade beguiled *Phœbus* of looking upon her: there had ſhe enjoyed her ſelf often, while ſhe was miſtreſs of her ſelf and had no other thoughts, but ſuch as might ariſe out of quiet ſenſes.

But the principal cauſe that invited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble ſtone, that ſhould ſeem had been dedicated in ancient time to the *Sylvan* gods: which ſhe finding there a few days before *Zelmane*'s coming, had written theſe words upon it, as a teſtimony of her mind, againſt the ſuſpicion her captivity made her think ſhe lived in. The writing was this.

YOU living powers inclos'd in ſtately ſhrine
Of growing trees: you rural Gods that wield
Your ſcepters here, if to your ears divine
A voice may come, which troubled ſoul doth yield;
This vow receive, this vow, O Gods, maintain;
My virgin life no ſpotted thought ſhall ſtain.

Thou pureſt ſtone; whoſe pureneſs doth preſent
My pureſt mind; whoſe temper hard doth ſhow
My temp'red heart; by thee my promiſe ſent
Unto my ſelf let after-livers know,
No fancy mine, nor others wrong ſuſpect
Make me, O virtuous ſhame, thy laws neglect.

O chaſtity, the chief of heavenly lights,
Which mak'ſt us moſt immortal ſhape to wear,

Hold

Hold thou my heart, eſtabliſh thou my ſprites:
To only thee my conſtant courſe I bear;
'Till ſpotleſs ſoul unto thy boſom flie.
Such life to lead, ſuch death I vow to die.

But now that her memory ſerved as an accuſer of her chenge, and that her own hand-writing was there, to bear teſtimony againſt her fall; ſhe went in among thoſe few trees, ſo cloſed in the tops together, as they might ſeem a little chappel: and there might ſhe, by the help of the moon-light, perceive the goodly ſtone, which ſerved as an altar in that woody devotion. But neither the light was enough to read the words, and the ink was already foreworn, and in many places blotted; which as ſhe perceived, alas, ſaid ſhe, fair marble, which never receivedſt ſpot but by my writing: well do theſe blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not diſſemble then, although ſhe have changed ſince. Enjoy, enjoy the glory of thy nature, which can ſo conſtantly bear the marks of my inconſtancy. And herewith hiding her eyes with her ſoft hand, there came into her head certain verſes, which if ſhe had preſent commodity, ſhe would have adjoyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

My words, in hope to blaze a ſtedfaſt mind,
This marble choſe, as of like temper known:
But lo, my words defac'd my fancies blind,
Blots to the ſtone, ſhames to my ſelf I find:
And witneſs am, how ill agree in one,
A woman's hand with conſtant marble ſtone.

My words full weak, the marble full of might;
My words in ſtore, the marble all alone;
My words black ink, the marble kindly white;
My words unſeen, the marble ſtill in ſight,
May witneſs bear, how ill agree in one,
A woman's hand with conſtant marble ſtone.

But ſeeing ſhe could not ſee means to join as then this recantation to the former vow, laying all her fair length under one of the trees, for a while ſhe did nothing but turn up and down, as if ſhe had hoped to turn away the fancy that maſtered her, and hid her face, as if ſhe could have hidden her ſelf from her own fancies. At length with a whiſpering note to her ſelf; O me unfortunate wretch, ſaid ſhe, what poyſonous heats be theſe, which thus torment me? how hath the ſight of this ſtrange gueſt invaded my ſoul? alas, what entrance found this deſire, or what ſtrength had it thus to conquer me? then a cloud paſſing between her ſight and the moon, O *Diana*, ſaid ſhe, I would either the cloud, that now hides the light of my virtue, would as eaſily paſs away, as you will quickly overcome this let? or elſe that you were for ever thus darkened to ſerve for an excuſe of my outragious folly. Then looking to the ſtars, which had perfectly as then beautified the clear sky; my parents, ſaid ſhe, have told me, that in theſe fair heavenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which have their working in the ebbing and flowing of our eſtates. If it be ſo, then, O you ſtars! judge rightly of me; and if I have with wicked intent made my ſelf a prey to fancy, or if by any idle luſts I framed my heart fit for ſuch an impreſſion, then let this plague daily increaſe in me, 'till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreme and unreſiſtable violence have oppreſſed me, who will ever do any of you ſacrifice, O you ſtars, if you do not ſuccour me? No, no, you will not help me. No, no, you cannot help me: ſin muſt be the mother, and ſhame the daughter of my affection. And yet are theſe but childiſh objections, ſimple *Philoclea*, it is the impoſſibility that doth torment me: for, unlawful deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enjoying; but impoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelf. O then, O ten times unhappy that I am, ſince wherein all other hope kindleth love, in me deſpair ſhould be the bellows of my affection: and of all deſpairs the moſt miſerable, which is drawn from impoſſibility. The

moſt

moſt covetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which never can bear any thing; why? becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to climb into heaven; why? becauſe it is impoſſible. Alas then, O love, why doſt thou in thy beautiful ſampler ſet ſuch a work for my deſire to take out, which is as much impoſſible? and yet alas, why do I thus condemn my fortune before I hear what ſhe can ſay for her ſelf? what do I, ſilly wench, know what love hath prepared for me? do I not ſee my mother, as well, at leaſt as furiouſly as my ſelf, love *Zelmane*? and ſhould I be wiſer than my mother? either ſhe ſees a poſſibility in that which I think impoſſible, or elſe impoſſible loves need not misbecome me. And do I not ſee *Zelmane*, who doth not think a thought which is not firſt weighed by wiſdom and virtue, doth not ſhe vouchſafe to love me with like ardor? I ſee it, her eyes depoſe it to be true; what then? and if ſhe can love poor me, ſhall I think ſcorn to love ſuch a woman as *Zelmane*? away then all vain examinations of why and how. Thou loveſt me, moſt excellent *Zelmane*, and I love thee: and with that, embracing the very ground whereon ſhe lay, ſhe ſaid to her ſelf, for even to her ſelf ſhe was aſhamed to ſpeak it out in words, O thy *Zelmane*, govern and direct me: for I am wholly given over unto thee.

In this depth of muſes, and divers ſorts of diſcourſes, would ſhe ravingly have remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miſo*, who were round about to ſeek her, underſtanding ſhe was come to their lodge that night, came hard by her; *Dametas* ſaying, that he would not deal in other bodies matters; but for his part, he did not like, that maids ſhould once ſtir out of their fathers houſes, but if it were to milk a cow, or ſave a chicken from a kite's foot, or ſome ſuch other matter of importance. And *Miſo* ſwearing that if it were her daughter *Mopſa*, ſhe would give her a leſſon for walking ſo late, that ſhould make her keep within doors for one fortnight. But their jangling made *Philoclea* riſe, and pretending as though ſhe had

had done it but to ſport with them, went with them, after ſhe had willed *Miſo* to wait upon her mother, to the lodge; where, being now accuſtomed by her parents diſcipline, as well as her ſiſter, to ſerve her ſelf, ſhe went alone up to *Pamela*'s chamber, where, meaning to delight her eyes, and joy her thoughts with the ſweet converſation of her beloved ſiſter, ſhe found her, though it were in the time that the wings of night do blow ſleep moſt willingly into mortal creatures, ſitting in a chair, lying backward, with her head almoſt over the back of it, and looking upon a wax-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her handkerchief, which had lately drunk up the tears of her eyes, leaving inſtead of them crimſon circles, like red flakes in the element, when the weather is hotteſt; which *Philoclea* finding, for her eyes had learned to know the badges of ſorrow, ſhe earneſtly entreated to know the cauſe thereof, that either ſhe might comfort, or accompany her doleful humour. But *Pamela*, rather ſeeming ſorry that ſhe had perceived ſo much, than willing to open any farther; O my *Pamela*, ſaid *Philoclea*, who are to me a ſiſter in nature, a mother in counſel, a princeſs by the law of our country, and which name, methinks of all other, is the deareſt, a friend by my choice and your favour, what means this baniſhing me from your counſels? do you love your ſorrow ſo well as to grudge me part of it? or do you think I ſhall not love a ſad *Pamela*, ſo well as a joyful? or be my ears unworthy, or my tongue ſuſpected? what is it, my ſiſter, that you ſhould conceal from your ſiſter, yea and ſervant *Philoclea*? theſe words won no farther of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talk better as they lay together; they impoveriſhed their cloaths to enrich their bed, which for that night might well ſcorn the ſhrine of *Venus*: and their cheriſhing one another with dear, though chaſte embracements; with ſweet, though cold kiſſes; it might ſeem that love was come to play him there without dart; or that weary of his own fires, he was there to refreſh himſelf between

their

their ſweet breathing lips. But *Philoclea* earneſtly again intreated *Pamela* to open her grief; who, drawing the curtain, that the candle might not complain of her bluſhing, was ready to ſpeak: but the breath, almoſt formed into words, was again ſtopped by her, and turned into ſighs. But at laſt, I pray you, ſaid ſhe, ſweet *Philoclea*, let us talk of ſome other thing: and tell me whether did you ever ſee any thing ſo amended as our paſtoral ſports be, ſince that *Dorus* came hither? O love, how far thou ſeeſt with blind eyes? *Philoclea* had ſtraight found her, and therefore to draw out more, indeed, ſaid ſhe, I have wondered to my ſelf how ſuch excellencies could be in ſo mean a perſon; but belike fortune was afraid to lay her treaſures, where they ſhould be ſtained with ſo many perfections: only I marvel how he can frame himſelf to hide ſo rare gifts under ſuch a block as *Dametas*. Ah, ſaid *Pamela*, if you knew the cauſe, but no more do I neither; and to ſay the truth: but lord, how are we fallen to talk of this fellow? and yet indeed if you were ſometimes with me to mark him, while *Dametas* reads his ruſtick lecture unto him, how to feed his beaſts before noon, where to ſhade them in the extreme heat, how to make the manger handſome for his oxen, when to uſe the goad, and when the voice; giving him rules of a herdman, though he pretend to make him a ſhepherd, to ſee all the while with what a grace, which ſeems to ſet a crown upon his baſe eſtate, he can deſcend to thoſe poor matters, certainly you would: but to what ſerves this? no doubt we were better ſleep than talk of theſe idle matters. Ah my *Pamela*, ſaid *Philoclea*, I have caught you; the conſtancy of your wit was not wont to bring forth ſuch disjointed ſpeeches: you love, diſſemble no farther. It is true, ſaid, *Pamela*, now you have it; and with leſs ado ſhould, if my heart could have thought thoſe words ſuitable for my mouth. But indeed, my *Philoclea*, take heed: for I think virtue it ſelf is no armour of proof againſt affection. Therefore learn by my example. Alas, thought *Philoclea* to her ſelf, your ſhears come too late to

clip the bird's wings that already is flown away. But then *Pamela*, being once ſet in the ſtream of her love, went away amain, withal telling her how his noble qualities had drawn her liking towards him; but yet ever weighing his meanneſs, and ſo held continually in due limits; 'till ſeeking many means to ſpeak with her, and ever kept from it, as well becauſe ſhe ſhunned it, ſeeing and diſdaining his mind, as becauſe of her jealous jaylors, he had at length uſed the fineſt policy that might be in counterfeiting love to *Mopſa*, and ſaying to *Mopſa* whatever he would have her know: and in how paſſionate manner he had told his own tale in a third perſon, making poor *Mopſa* believe, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, becauſe you ſhall know my tears come not, neither of repentance nor miſery, who think you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to be? even the prince *Muſidorus*, famous over all *Aſia* for his heroical enterpriſes, of whom you remember how much good the ſtranger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned, as *Plangus* thought, though his couſin *Pyrocles* indeed periſhed. Ah my ſiſter, if you had heard his words, or ſeen his geſtures, when he made me know what, and to whom his love was, you would have matched in your ſelf thoſe two rarely matched together, pity and delight. Tell me dear ſiſter, for the gods are my witneſſes I deſire to do virtuouſly, can I without the deteſtable ſtain of ungratefulneſs abſtain from loving him, who (far exceeding the beautifulneſs of his ſhape with the beautifulneſs of his mind, and the greatneſs of his eſtate with the greatneſs of his acts) is content ſo to abaſe himſelf, as to become *Dametas*'s ſervant for my ſake? you will ſay, but how know I him to be *Muſidorus*, ſince the hand-maid of wiſdom is ſlow of belief? that conſideration did not want in me: for the nature of deſire it ſelf is no eaſier to receive belief, than it is hard to ground belief. For as deſire is glad to embrace the firſt ſhow of comfort, ſo is deſire deſirous of perfect aſſurance: and that have I had of him, not only by neceſſary arguments to any of common ſenſe, but

but by ſufficient demonſtrations. Laſtly, he would have me ſend to *Theſſalia*: but truly I am not as now in mind to do my honourable love ſo much wrong, as ſo far to ſuſpect him: yet poor ſoul, knows he no other, but that I do both ſuſpect, neglect, yea, and deteſt him. For every day he finds one way or other to ſet forth himſelf unto me, but all are rewarded with the like coldneſs of acceptation.

A few days ſince, he and *Dametas* had furniſhed themſelves very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a ſight it was to ſee *Dametas*, like rich tiſſue furred with lamb-skins? but O how well it did with *Dorus*, to ſee with what a grace he preſented himſelf before me on horſe-back, making majeſty wait upon humbleneſs? how at the firſt, ſtanding ſtill with his eyes bent upon me, as though his motions were chained to my look, he ſo ſtaid 'till I cauſed *Mopſa* bid him do ſomething upon his horſe: which no ſooner ſaid, but, with a kind rather of quick geſture, than ſhow of violence, you might ſee him come towards me, beating the ground in ſo due time, as no dancer can obſerve better meaſure. If you remember the ſhip we ſaw once, when the ſea went high upon the coaſt of *Argos*; ſo went the beaſt. But he, as if centaur-like he had been one piece with the horſe, was no more moved than one is with the going of his own legs: and in effect ſo did he command him, as his own limbs: for tho' he had both ſpurs and wand, they ſeemed rather marks of ſoveraignty, than inſtruments of puniſhment, his hand and leg, with moſt pleaſing grace, commanding without threatening, and rather remembering than chaſtiſing; at leaſt if ſometimes he did it was ſo ſtollen, as neither our eyes could diſcern it, nor the horſe with any change did complain of it: he ever going ſo juſt with the horſe, either forth-right or turning, that it ſeemed, as he borrowed the horſe's body, ſo he lent the horſe his mind. In the turning one might perceive the bridle-hand ſomething gently ſtir: but indeed ſo gently, as it did rather diſtil virtue, than uſe violence. Himſelf, which methinks is ſtrange, ſhewing at one inſtant both ſteadineſs and nimbleneſs; ſometimes making him

turn

turn cloſe to the ground, like a cat, when ſcratchingly ſhe wheels about after a mouſe: ſometimes with a little more riſing before, now like a raven leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas*'s kids bound over the hillocks: and all ſo done, as neither the luſty kind ſhewed any roughneſs, nor the eaſier any idleneſs: but ſtill like a well-obeyed maſter, whoſe beck is enough for a diſcipline, ever concluding each thing he did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not only the beginning, but ending of his motions. The ſport was to ſee *Dametas*, how he was toſſed from the ſaddle to the main of the horſe, and thence to the ground, giving his gay apparel almoſt as foul an outſide, as it had an inſide. But as before he had ever ſaid, he wanted but horſe and apparel to be as brave a courtier as the beſt, ſo now bruiſed with proof, he proclaimed it a folly for a man of wiſdom to put himſelf under the tuition of a beaſt; ſo as *Dorus* was fain alone to take the ring. Wherein truly at leaſt my womaniſh eyes could not diſcern, but that taking his ſtaff from his thigh, the deſcending it a little down, the getting of it up into the reſt, the letting of the point fall, and taking the ring, was but all one motion, at leaſt, if they were divers motions, they did ſo ſtealingly ſlip one into another, as the latter part was ever in hand, before the eye could diſcern the former was ended. Indeed *Dametas* found fault that he ſhewed no more ſtrength in ſhaking of his ſtaff: but to my conceit the fine cleanneſs of bearing it was exceeding delightful.

But how delightful ſoever it was, my delight might well be in my ſoul, but it never went to look out of the window to do him any comfort. But how much more I found reaſon to like him, the more I ſet all the ſtrength of mine to ſuppreſs it, or at leaſt to conceal it. Indeed I muſt confeſs, that as ſome phyſicians have told me, that when one is cold outwardly, he is not inwardly, ſo truly the cold aſhes laid upon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breaſt ſwollen with keeping my ſighs impriſoned; full often have the

tears

tears I drove back from mine eyes, turned back to drown my heart. But alas what did that help poor *Dorus?* whoſe eyes, being his diligent intelligencers, could carry unto him no other news, but diſcomfortable. I think no day paſt, but by ſome one invention he would appear unto me to teſtify his love. One time he danced the matachine dance in armour, O with what a graceful dexterity! I think to make me ſee, that he had been brought up in ſuch exerciſes: another time he perſuaded his maſter, to make my time ſeem ſhorter, in manner of a dialogue, to play *Priamus*, while he plaid *Paris*. Think, ſweet *Philoclea*, what a *Priamus* we had: but truly, my *Paris* was a *Paris*, and more than a *Paris*: who, while in a ſavage apparel, with naked neck, arms, and legs, he made love to *Oenone*, you might well ſee by his changed countenance, and true tears, that he felt the part he played. Tell me, ſweet *Philoclea*, did you ever ſee ſuch a ſhepherd? tell me, did you ever hear of ſuch a prince? and then tell me, if a ſmall or unworthy aſſault have conquered me. Truly I would hate my life, if I thought vanity led me. But ſince my patents deal ſo cruelly with me, it is time for me to truſt ſomething to my own judgment. Yet hitherto have my looks been as I told you, which continuing after many of theſe his fruitleſs trials, have wrought ſuch change in him, as I tell you true, with that word ſhe laid her hand upon her quaking ſide, I do not a little fear him. See what a letter this is, then drew ſhe the curtain, and took the letter from under the pillow, which to day, with an afflicted humbleneſs, he delivered me, pretending before *Mopſa*, that I ſhould read it unto her, to mollify, forſooth, her iron ſtomach; with that ſhe read the letter, containing thus much:

MOST bleſſed paper, which ſhalt kiſs that hand, whereto all bleſſedneſs is in nature a ſervant, do not yet diſdain to carry with thee the woeful words of a miſer now deſpairing: neither be afraid to appear before her, bearing the baſe title of the ſender. For no ſooner ſhall that divine hand touch

touch thee, but that thy baſeneſs ſhall be turned to moſt high preferment. Therefore mourn boldly my ink; for while ſhe looks upon you, your blackneſs will ſhine: cry out boldly my lamentation: for while ſhe reads you, your cries will be muſick. Say then, O happy meſſenger of a moſt unhappy meſſage, that the too ſoon born, and too late dying creature, which dares not ſpeak, no not look, no not ſcarcely think, as from his miſerable ſelf, unto her heavenly highneſs, only preſumes to deſire thee, in the time that her eyes and voice do exalt thee, to ſay, and in this manner to ſay; not from him, O no, that were not fit, but of him, thus much unto her ſacred judgment: O you, the only honour to women, to men the only admiration, you that being armed by love, defy him that armed you, in this high eſtate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your preſence; and let me remember him, who, ſince he is yours, how mean ſoever he be, it is reaſon you have an account of him. The wretch, yet your wretch, though with languiſhing ſteps, runs faſt to his grave; and will you ſuffer a temple, how poorly built ſoever, but yet a temple of your deity, to be razed? but he dieth: it is moſt true, he dieth: and he in whom you live, to obey you, dieth. Whereof though he plain, he doth not complain: for it is a harm, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dies, becauſe in woeful language all his ſenſes tell him, that ſuch is your pleaſure: ſince you will not that he live, alas, alas, what foleth of the moſt ruined Dorus, *but his end? end then, evil deſtined* Dorus, *end; and end thou woeful letter, end; for it ſufficeth her wiſdom to know, that her heavenly will ſhall be accompliſhed.*

O my *Philoclea*, is he a perſon to write theſe words? and are theſe words lightly to be regarded? but if you had ſeen, when with trembling hand he had delivered it how he went away, as if he had been but the coffin that carried himſelf to his ſepulchre. Two times, I muſt confeſs, I was about to take courteſy into mine eyes; but both times the former reſolution ſtopped the entry of it: ſo that he departed without obtaining any farther kind-

neſs,

neſs. But he was no ſooner out of the door; but that I looked to the door kindly; and truly the fear of him ever ſince hath put me into ſuch perplexity, as now you found me. Ah my *Pamela*, ſaid *Philoclea*, leave ſorrow. The river of your tears will ſoon loſe his fountain; it is in your hand as well to ſtitch up his life again, as it was before to rent it. And ſo, though with ſelf-grieved mind, ſhe comforted her ſiſter, 'till ſleep came to bathe himſelf in *Pamela*'s fair weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me, ſaid ſhe, indeed the only ſubject of the deſtinies diſpleaſure, whoſe greateſt fortunateneſs is more unfortunate, than my ſiſter's greateſt unfortunateneſs. Alas, ſhe weeps becauſe ſhe would be no ſooner happy; I weep, becauſe I can never be happy; her tears flow from pity, mine from being too far lower than the reach of pity: Yet do I not envy thee, dear *Pamela*, I do not envy thee; only I could wiſh that being, thy ſiſter in nature, I were not ſo far off akin in fortune.

But the darkneſs of ſorrow overſhadowing her mind, as the night did her eyes, they were both content to hide themſelves under the wings of ſleep, 'till the next morning had almoſt loſt his name, before the two ſweet ſleeping ſiſters awaked from dreams, which flattered them with more comfort, than their walking could, or would conſent unto. For then they were called up by *Miſo*; who having been with *Gynecia*, had received commandment to be continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane*, and *Philoclea* have any private conference, but that ſhe ſhould be preſent to hear what paſſed: *Miſo* having now her authority increaſed, but came with ſcouling eyes to deliver a ſlavering good morrow to the two ladies, telling them, it was a ſhame for them to mar their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that, when ſhe was of their age, ſhe trowed, ſhe would have made a handkerchief by that time a day. The two ſweet princes with a ſmiling ſilence anſwered her entertainment, and obeying her direction,

on, covered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as ſoon as *Pamela* was ready, and ſooner ſhe was than her ſiſter, of the agony of *Dorus*'s giving a fit to her ſelf, which the words of his letter, lively imprinted in her mind, ſtill remembered her of, ſhe called to *Mopſa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to ſpeak with her; becauſe, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would take farther judgment of him, before ſhe would move *Dametas* to grant her in marriage unto him: *Mopſa*, as glad as of ſweet-meat to go of ſuch an errand, quickly returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who intended both by ſpeaking with him to give ſome comfort to his paſſionate heart, and withal to hear ſome part of his life paſt; which although fame had already delivered unto her, yet ſhe deſired in more particular certainties to have it from ſo beloved an hiſtorian. Yet the ſweetneſs of virtue's diſpoſition, jealous, even over it ſelf, ſuffered her not to enter abruptly into queſtions of *Muſidorus*, whom ſhe was half aſhamed ſhe did love ſo well, and more than half ſorry ſhe could love no better; but thought beſt firſt to make her talk ariſe of *Pyrocles*, and his virtuous father: which thus ſhe did.

Dorus, ſaid ſhe, you told me the laſt day, that *Plangus* was deceived in that he affirmed the prince *Muſidorus* was drowned: but withal, you confeſſed his couſin *Pyrocles* periſhed, of whom certainly in that age there was a great loſs, ſince as I have heard, he was a young prince, of whom all men expected as much, as man's power could bring forth, and yet virtue promiſed for him, their expectation ſhould not be deceived. Moſt excellent lady, ſaid *Dorus*, no expectation in others, nor hope in himſelf could aſpire to a higher mark, than to be thought worthy to be praiſed by your judgment, and made worthy to be praiſed by your mouth. But moſt ſure it is, that as his fame could by no means get ſo ſweet and noble an air to fly in, as in your breath; ſo could not you, leaving your ſelf aſide, find in the world a fitter ſubject of commendation; as noble as a long ſucceſſion of royal anceſtors, famous and famous for victories, could make him; of

ſhape

ſhape moſt lovely, and yet of mind more lovely, valiant, courteous, wiſe, what ſhould I ſay more? ſweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I would to God in ſome ſmall meaſure thou hadſt bequeathed to him that ever muſt have thy virtues in admiration, that, masked at leaſt in them, I might have found ſome more gracious acceptation? with that he impriſoned his look for a while upon *Mopſa*, who thereupon fell into a very wide ſmiling. Truly, ſaid *Pamela*, *Dorus* I like well your mind, that can raiſe it ſelf out of ſo baſe a fortune, as yours is, to think of the imitating ſo excellent a prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who ſhoots at the mid-day ſun, though he be ſure he ſhall never hit the mark: yet as ſure he is, he ſhall ſhoot higher than who aims but at a buſh. But I pray you *Dorus*, ſaid ſhe, tell me, ſince I perceive you are well acquainted with that ſtory, what prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles*, of whom ſo much fame goes, for his rightly royal virtues, or by what ways he got that opinion. And then ſo deſcend to the cauſes of his ſending firſt away from him, and then to him for that excellent ſon of his, with the diſcourſe of his life and loſs: and therein you may, if you liſt, ſay ſomething of that ſame *Muſidorus* his couſin, becauſe they going together, the ſtory of *Pyrocles*, which I only deſire, may be the better underſtood.

Incomparable lady, ſaid he, your commandment doth not only give me the will, but the power to obey you; ſuch influence hath your excellency. And firſt, for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was, at this time you ſpeak of, king of *Macedon*, a kingdom, which in elder time had ſuch a ſoveraignty over all the provinces of *Greece*, that even the particular kings therein did acknowledge, with more or leſs degrees of homage, ſome kind of fealty thereunto: as among the reſt, even this now moſt noble, and by you ennobled, kingdom of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter anceſtors either negligence, or misfortune that in ſome ages many of

thoſe duties had been intermitted, would never ſtir up old titles, how apparent ſoever, whereby the publick peace, with the loſs of many not guilty ſouls, ſhould be broken; but contenting himſelf to guide that ſhip, wherein the heavens had placed him, ſhewed no leſs magnanimity in dangerleſs deſpiſing, than others in dangerous affecting the multiplying of kingdoms: for the earth hath ſince borne enough bleeding witneſſes that it was no want of true courage. Who as he was moſt wiſe to ſee what was beſt, and moſt juſt in the performing what he ſaw, and temperate in abſtaining from any thing any way contrary: ſo think I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to ſee and contemn danger, where danger would offer to make any wrongful threatening upon him. A prince, that indeed eſpecially meaſured his greatneſs by his goodneſs: and if for any thing he loved greatneſs it was, becauſe therein he might exercife his goodneſs. A prince of a goodly aſpect, and the more goodly by a grave majeſty, wherewith his mind did deck his outward graces; ſtrong of body, and ſo much the ſtronger, as he by a well diſciplined exerciſe taught it both to do, and ſuffer. If age ſo as he was about fifty years, when his nephew *Muſidorus* took on ſuch ſhepherdiſh apparel for the love of the world's paragon, as now I wear.

This king left orphan both of father and mother, whoſe father and grandfather likewiſe had died young, he found his eſtate, when he came to the age, which allowed his authority, ſo disjointed even in the nobleſt and ſtrongeſt limbs of government, that the name of a king was grown even odious to the people, his authority having been abuſed by thoſe great lords and little kings; who in thoſe between times of reigning, by unjuſt favouring thoſe that were partially theirs, and oppreſſing them that would defend their liberty againſt them, had brought in, by a more felt than ſeen manner of proceeding, the worſt kind of *Oligarchy*; that is, when men are governed indeed by a few, and yet are not taught to know what thoſe few be, whom they ſhould obey.

For

For they having the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, uſed the authority as men do their farms, of which they ſee within a year they ſhall go out: making the kings ſword ſtrike whom they hated, the kings purſe reward whom they loved: and, which is worſt of all, making the royal countenance ſerve to undermine the royal ſoveraignty. For the ſubjects could taſte no ſweeter fruits of having a king, than grievous taxation to ſerve vain purpoſes; laws made rather to find faults, than to prevent faults: the court of a prince rather deemed as a priviledged place of unbridled licentiouſneſs, than as the abiding of him, who as a father ſhould give a fatherly example unto his people. Hence grew a very diſſolution of all eſtates, while the great men, by the nature of ambition never ſatisfied, grew factious among themſelves: and the underlings glad indeed to be underlings to them they hated leaſt, to preſerve them from ſuch they hated moſt. Men of virtue ſuppreſſed, leaſt their ſhining ſhould diſcover the others filthineſs; and at length virtue it ſelf almoſt forgotten, when it had no hopeful end whereunto to be directed; old men long nuſled in corruption, ſcorning them that would ſeek reformation, young men very fault-finding, but very faulty: and ſo given to new-fangleneſs both of manners, apparel, and each thing elſe, by the cuſtom of ſelf-guilty evil, glad to change, though oft for a worſe; merchandiſe abuſed, and ſo towns decayed for want of juſt and natural liberty; offices even of judging ſouls, ſold; publick defences neglected; and in ſum, leaſt too long I trouble you, all awry, and, which wried it to the moſt wry courſe of all, wit abuſed, rather to feign reaſon why it ſhould be amiſs, than how it ſhould be amended.

In this, and a much worſe plight than it is fit to trouble your excellent ears withal, did the

king *Euarchus* find his eſtate, when he took upon him the regiment: which by reaſon of the long ſtream of abuſe, he was forced to eſtabliſh by ſome even extream ſeverity, not ſo much for the very faults themſelves, which he rather ſought to prevent than to puniſh, as for the faulty ones, who ſtrong, even in their faults, ſcorned his youth, and could not learn to digeſt, that the man which they ſo long had uſed to mask their own appetites, ſhould now be the reducer of them into order. But ſo ſoon as ſome few, but indeed notable, examples, had thundred a duty into the ſubjects hearts, he ſoon ſhewed, no baſeneſs of ſuſpicion, nor the baſeſt baſeneſs of envy, could any whit rule ſuch a ruler. But then ſhined forth indeed all love among them, when an awfulf ear ingendred by juſtice, did make that love moſt lovely: his firſt and principal care being to appear unto his people, ſuch as he would have them be, and to be ſuch as he appeared; making his life the example of his laws, and his laws as it were, his axioms ariſing out of his deeds. So that within ſmall time, he won a ſingular love in his people, and ingraffed ſingular confidence. For how could they chuſe but love him, whom they found ſo truly to love them? he even in reaſon diſdaining, that they that have charge of beaſts, ſhould love their charge, and care for them; and that he that was to govern the moſt excellent creature, ſhould not love ſo noble a charge. And therefore, where moſt princes, ſeduced by flattery to build upon falſe grounds, of government, make themſelves, as it were, another thing from the people; and ſo count it gain what they get from them: and, as if were two counter-balances, that their eſtate goes higheſt when the people goes loweſt, by a fallacy of argument thinking themſelves moſt kings, when the ſubject is moſt baſely ſubjected: he contrariwiſe, virtuouſly and wiſely acknowledg-

knowledging, that he with his people made all but one politick body, whereof himſelf was the head; even ſo cared for them, as he would for his own limbs: never reſtraining their liberty, without it ſtretched to licentiouſneſs, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not imployed to the purchaſe of a greater good: but in all his actions ſhewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to paſs, that while by force he took nothing, by their love he had all. In ſum, peerleſs princeſs, I might as eaſily ſet down the whole art of government, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in ſuch ſort he flouriſhed in the ſweet comfort of doing much good, when by occaſion of leaving his country, he was forced to bring forth his virtue of magnanimity, as before he had done of juſtice.

He had only one ſiſter, a lady, leaſt I ſhould too eaſily fall to partial praiſes of her, of whom it may be juſtly ſaid, that ſhe was no unfit branch to the noble ſtock whereof ſhe was come. Her he had given in marriage to *Dorilaus* prince of *Theſſalia*, not ſo much to make a friendſhip, as to confirm the friendſhip between their poſterity, which between them, by the likeneſs of virtue, had been long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus* could need no amplifiers mouth for the higheſt point of praiſe. Who hath not heard, ſaid *Pamela*, of the valiant; wiſe, and juſt *Dorilaus*, whoſe unripe death doth yet, ſo many years ſince, draw tears from virtuous eyes; and indeed, my father is wont to ſpeak of nothing with greater admiration, than of the notable friendſhip, a rare thing in princes, more rare between princes, that ſo holily was obſerved to the laſt of thoſe two excellent men. But, ſaid ſhe, go on I pray you. *Dorilaus*, ſaid he, having married his ſiſter, had his marriage in ſhort time bleſt, for ſo are

folks wont to ſay, how unhappy ſoever the children after grow, with a ſon, whom they named *Muſidorus*: of whom I muſt needs firſt ſpeak before I come to *Pyrocles*; becauſe as he was born firſt, ſo upon his occaſion grew, as I may ſay accidentally, the other's birth. For ſcarcely was *Muſidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of ſoothſayers, who affirmed ſtrange and incredible things ſhould be performed by that child; whether the heavens at that time liſted to play with ignorant mankind, or that flattery be ſo preſumptuous, as even at times to borrow the face of divinity. But certainly, ſo did the boldneſs of their affirmation accompany the greatneſs of what they did affirm, even deſcending to particularities, what kingdoms he ſhould overcome, that the king of *Phrygia*, who over-ſuperſtitiouſly thought himſelf touched in the matter, ſought by force to deſtroy the infant, to prevent his after expectations: becauſe a skilful man, having compared his nativity with the child, ſo told him. Fooliſh man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not conſidering that if it were a work of the ſuperior powers, the heavens at length are never children. But ſo he did, and by the aid of the kings of *Lydia* and *Crete*, joining together their armies, invaded *Theſſalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to ſome behind-hand of fortune; when his faithful friend and brother *Euarchus* came ſo mightily to his ſuccour, that with ſome interchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a juſt war, the beſt child, Peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a croſs marriage alſo with *Dorilaus* his ſiſter, and ſhortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driven to return to the defence of his own country, which in his abſence, helped with ſome of the ill-contented nobility, the mighty king of *Thrace*, and his brother king of *Panonia*, had invaded. The ſucceſs of

thoſe

thoſe wars was too notable to be unknown to your ears, to which it ſeems all worthy fame hath glory to come unto. But there was *Dorilaus*, valiantly requiting his friends help, in a great battle deprived of life, his obſequies being no more ſolemnized by the tears of his partakers, than the blood of his enemies; with ſo piercing a ſorrow to the conſtant heart of *Euarchus*, that the news of his ſon's birth could lighten his countenance with no ſhew of comfort, although the comfort that might be in a child, truth it ſelf in him forthwith delivered. For what fortune only ſoothſayers foretold of *Muſidorus*, that all men might ſee prognoſticated in *Pyrocles*, both heavens and earth giving tokens of the coming forth of an heroical virtue. The ſenate houſe of the planets was at no time ſo ſet, for the decreeing perfection in a man, as at that time all folks skilful therein did acknowledge: only love was threatned, and promiſed to him, and ſo to his couſin, as both the tempeſt and haven of their beſt years. But as death may have prevented *Pyrocles*, ſo unworthineſs muſt be the death of *Muſidorus*.

But the mother of *Pyrocles*, ſhortly after her child-birth dying, was cauſe that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his only ſon to his ſiſter; doing it the rather becauſe the war continued in cruel heat, betwixt him and thoſe ill neighbours of his. In which mean time thoſe young princes, the only comforters of that virtuous widow, grew on ſo, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardeſt conceits: *Muſidorus*, perchance becauſe among his ſubjects, exceedingly beloved: and by the good order of *Euarchus*, well performed by his ſiſter, they were ſo brought up, that all the ſparks of virtue, which nature had kindled in them, were ſo blown to give forth their uttermoſt heat, that juſtly it may be affirmed, they inflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almoſt be-

fore

fore they could perfectly ſpeak, they began to receive conceits not unworthy of the beſt ſpeakers: excellent devices being uſed, to make even their ſports profitable; images of battles and fortifications being then delivered to their memory, which after, their ſtronger judgments might diſpence, the delight of tales being converted to the knowledge of all the ſtories of worthy princes, both to move them to do nobly, and teach them how to do nobly; the beauty of virtue ſtill being ſet before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, than grammatical rules, their bodies exerciſed in all abilities, both of doing and ſuffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers; and in ſum, all bent to the making up of princely minds: no ſervile fear uſed towards them, nor any other violent reſtraint, but ſtill as to princes: ſo that an habit of commanding was naturalized in them, and therefore the farther from tyranny: nature having done ſo much for them in nothing, as that it made them lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which I ſo much delight to recount, as the memorable friendſhip that grew betwixt the two princes, ſuch as made them more like than the likeneſs of all other virtues, and made them more near one to the other, than the nearneſs of their blood could aſpire unto; which I think grew the faſter, and the faſter was tied between them, by reaſon that *Muſidorus* being older by three or four years, it was neither ſo great a difference in age as did take away the delight in ſociety, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occaſion of childiſh contentions; till they had both paſt over the humour of ſuch contentions. For *Pyrocles* bore reverence full of love to *Muſidorus*, and *Muſidorus* had a delight full of love in *Pyrocles*. *Muſidorus*, what he had learned either for

body

body or mind, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was ſo glad to learn of none, as of *Muſidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to ſixteen years of age, he ſeemed ſo to over-run his age in growth, ſtrength, and all things following it, that not *Muſidorus*, no nor any man living, I think, could perform any action, either on horſe, or foot, more ſtrongly, or deliver that ſtrength more nimbly, or become the delivery more gracefully, or imploy all more virtuouſly. Which may well ſeem wonderful: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderful ſubject.

At which time, underſtanding that the king *Euarchus*, after ſo many years war, and the conqueſt of all *Pannonia*, and almoſt *Thrace*, had now brought the concluſion of all to the ſiege, of *Byzantium*, to the raiſing of which ſiege, great forces were made, they would needs fall to the practice of thoſe virtues, which they before learned. And therefore the mother of *Muſidorus* nobly yielding over her own affects to her childrens good, for a mother ſhe was in affect to them both, the rather that they might help her beloved brother, they break of all delays; which *Muſidorus* for his part thought already had devoured too much of his good time, but that he had once granted a boon, before he knew what it was, to his dear friend *Pyrocles*: that he would ever ſeek the adventures of arms, until he might go with him: which having faſt bound in his heart, a true ſlave to faith, he had bid a tedious delay of following his own humour for his friend's ſake, till now being both ſent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able every way to go through with that kind of life, he was as deſirous for his ſake, as for his own, to enter into it. So therefore preparing a navy, that they might go like themſelves, and not only bring the comfort of their preſence, but of their power, to their dear parent *Euarchus*,

they recommended themſelves to the ſea, leaving the ſhore of *Theſſalia* full of tears and vows; and were received thereon with ſo ſmooth and ſmiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falſly to fawn on princes. The wind was like a ſervant, waiting behind them ſo juſt, that they might fill the ſails as they liſted; and the beſt ſailors ſhewing themſelves leſs covetous of his liberality, ſo tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautiful flock, which ſo well could obey their maſter's pipe: without ſometimes, to delight the princes eyes, ſome two or three of them would ſtrive, who could, either by the cunning of well ſpending the winds breath, or by the advantageous building of their moving houſes, leave their fellows behind them in the honour of ſpeed: while the two princes had leiſure to ſee the practice of that, which before they had learned by books: to conſider the art of catching the wind priſoner, to no other end, but to run away with it; to ſee how beauty and uſe can ſo well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherewith they are attired, there is not one but ſerves to ſome neceſſary purpoſe. And, O lord! to ſee the admirable power and noble effects of love, whereby the ſeeming inſenſible loadſtone, with a ſecret beauty, holding the ſpirit of iron in it, can draw that hard-hearted thing unto it, and like a virtuous miſtreſs, not only make it bow it ſelf, but with it make it aſpire to ſo high a love, as of the heavenly poles; and thereby to bring forth the nobleſt deeds, that the children of the earth can boaſt of. And ſo the princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, ſeeing wherein the ſea-diſcipline differed from land-ſervice, they had for a day, and almoſt a whole night, as pleaſing entertainment, as the falſeſt heart could give to him he means worſt to.

But

But by that the next morning began a little to make a gilded ſhew of a good meaning, there aroſe even with the ſun, a vail of dark clouds before his face, which ſhortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven; preparing as it were a mournful ſtage for a tragedy to be played on. For forthwith the winds began to ſpeak louder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themſelves fitteſt inſtruments of commandment; and blowing whole ſtorms of hail and rain upon them, they were ſooner in danger, than they could almoſt bethink themſelves of change. For then the traiterous ſea began to ſwell in pride againſt the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain ſo calmly, making mountains of it ſelf, over which the toſſed and tottering ſhip ſhould climb, to be ſtraight carried down again to a pit of helliſh darkneſs; with ſuch cruel blows againſt the ſides of the ſhip, that, which way ſoever it went, was ſtill in his malice, that there was left neither power to ſtay, nor way to eſcape. And ſhortly had it ſo diſſevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that moſt of them never met again, but were ſwallowed up in his never ſatisfied-mouth. Some indeed, as ſince was known, after long wandering, returned into *Theſſalia*; others recovered *Bizantium*, and ſerved *Euarchus* in his war. But in the ſhip wherein the princes were, now left as much alone as proud lords be when fortune fails them, though they imployed all induſtry to ſave themſelves, yet what they did, was rather for duty to nature, than hope to eſcape ſo ugly a darkneſs as if it would prevent the night's coming, uſurped the day's right; which accompanied ſometimes with thunders, always with horrible noiſes of the chaſing winds, made the maſters and pilots ſo aſtoniſhed, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could ſcarcely, when they directed, hear their

own

own whiſtle. For the ſea ſtrove with the winds which ſhould be louder, and the ſhrouds of the ſhip, with a gaſtful noiſe to them that were in it, witneſſed, that their ruin was the wager of the others contention, and the heaven roaring out thunder the more amazed them, as having thoſe powers for enemies. Certainly there is no danger carries with it more honour, than that which grows in thoſe floating kingdoms. For that dwelling place is unnatural to mankind, and then the terribleneſs of the continual motion, the deſolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the ear having ugly images ever before it, doth ſtill vex the mind, even when it is beſt armed againſt it. But thus the day paſt, if that might be called day, while the cunningeſt mariners were ſo conquered by the ſtorm, as they thought it beſt with ſtricken ſails to yield to be governed by it: the valianteſt feeling inward diſmayedneſs, and yet the fearfulleſt aſhamed fully to ſhew it, ſeeing that the princes, who were to part from the greateſt fortunes, did in their countenances accuſe no point of fear, but encouraging them to do what might be done, putting their hands to every moſt painful office, taught them at one inſtant to promiſe themſelves the beſt, and yet to deſpiſe the worſt. But ſo were they carried by the tyranny of the wind, and the treaſon of the ſea all that night, which the elder it was, the more way-ward it ſhewed it ſelf towards them: till the next morning, known to be a morning better by the hour-glaſs, than by the day's clearneſs, having run fortune as blindly, as it ſelf ever was painted, leaſt the concluſion ſhould not anſwer to the reſt of the play, they were driven upon a rock: which hidden with thoſe outragious waves, did, as it were, cloſely diſſemble his cruel mind, till with an unbelieved violence, but to them that have tried it, the ſhip ran upon it; and ſeeming willing-

er

er to periſh than to have her courſe ſtayed, redoubled her blows, till ſhe had broken her ſelf in pieces; and as it were, tearing out her own bowels to feed the ſeas greedineſs, left nothing with it, but deſpair of ſafety, and expectation of a loathſome end. There was to be ſeen the divers manner of minds in diſtreſs; ſome ſat upon the top of the poop weeping and wailing, till the ſea ſwallowed them; ſome one more able to abide death, than fear of death, cut his own throat to prevent drowning; ſome prayed: and there wanted not of them which curſed, as if the heavens could not be more angry than they were. But a monſtrous cry begotten of many roaring voices, was able to infect with fear a mind that had not prevented it with the power of reaſon.

But the princes, uſing the paſſion of fearing evil, and deſiring to eſcape, only to ſerve the rule of virtue, not to abandon ones ſelf, leaped to a rib of the ſhip, which broken from his fellows, floated with more likelihood to do ſervice, than any other limb of that ruinous body; upon which they had gotten already two brethren, well known ſervants of theirs; and ſtreight they four were carried out of ſight, in that huge riſing of the ſea, from the reſt of the ſhip. But the piece they were on ſinking by little and little under them, not able to ſupport the weight of ſo many, the brethren, the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the younger *Nelſus*, ſhewed themſelves right faithful and grateful ſervants unto them; grateful, I ſay, for this cauſe: thoſe two gentlemen had been taken priſoners in the great war the king of *Phrygia* made upon *Theſſalia*, in the time of *Muſidorus's* infancy; and having been ſold into another country, though peace fell after between thoſe realms, could not be delivered, becauſe of their valor known, but for a far greater ſum, than either all their friends were able, or the dowager willing to make, in reſpect

of

of the great expences her ſelf and people had been put to in thoſe wars, and ſo had they remained in priſon about thirteen years, when the two young princes, hearing ſpeeches of their good deſerts, found means both by ſelling all the jewels they had of a great price, and by giving under their hands great eſtates when they ſhould come to be kings, which promiſes their virtue promiſed for them ſhould be kept, to get ſo much treaſure as redeemed them from captivity. This remembred, and kindly remembred by theſe two brothers, perchance helped by a natural duty to their princes blood, they willingly left hold of the board, committing themſelves to the ſea's rage, and even when they meant to die, themſelves praying for the princes lives. It is true, that neither the pain nor danger, ſo moved the princes hearts as the tenderneſs of that loving part, far from glory, having ſo few lookers on; far from hope of reward, ſince themſelves were ſure to periſh.

But now of all the royal navy they lately had, they had left but one little piece of one ſhip, whereon they kept themſelves, in all truth having interchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counſelling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worſe. But ſo fell it out, that as they were carried by the tide, which there, ſeconded by the ſtorm, ran exceedingly ſwiftly, *Muſidorus* ſeeing, as he thought, *Pyrocles* not well upon the board, as he would with his right hand have helped him on better, he had no ſooner unfaſtened his hold, but that a wave forcibly ſpoiled his weaker hand of hold, and ſo for a time parted thoſe friends, each crying to the other; but the noiſe of the ſea drowned their farewel. But *Pyrocles*, then careleſs of death, if it had come by any means, but his own, was hortly brought out of the ſeas fury to the lands com-

comfort, when in my conſcience I know that comfort was but bitter unto him: and bitter indeed it fell out even in it ſelf to be unto him.

For being caſt on Land much bruiſed and beaten both with the ſeas hard farewel, and the ſhores rude welcome; and even almoſt deadly tired with the length of his uncomfortable labour, as he was walking up to diſcover ſome body, to whom he might go for relief: There came ſtraight running unto him certain, who, as it was after known, by appointment watched, with many others, in divers places along the coaſt: who laid hands on him, and without either queſtioning with him, or ſhewing will to hear him, like men fearful to appear curious, or which was worſe, having no regard to the hard plight he was in, being ſo wet and weak; they carried him ſome miles thence, to a houſe of a principal officer of that country. Who with no more civility (though with much more buſineſs than thoſe under fellows had ſhewed) began in captious manner to put interrogatories unto him. To which, he unuſed to ſuch entertainment, did ſhortly and plainly anſwer, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no ſooner known, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for miſchief, not from miſchief) he was ſent to the king's court, which as then was not above a day's journey off, with letters from that officer, containing his own ſerviceable diligence in diſcovering ſo great a perſonage, adding withal more than was true of his conjectures, becauſe he would endear his own ſervice.

This country whereon he fell was *Phrygia*, and it was to the king thereof, to whom he was ſent, a prince of a melancholy conſtitution both of body and mind; wickedly ſad, ever muſing of horrible matters, ſuſpecting, or rather condemning all men of evil, becauſe his mind had no eye to ſpy goodneſs: and therefore accuſing *Sycophants*, of all men, did beſt ſort to his nature; but therefore not ſeeming *Sycophants*,

phants, becauſe of no evil they ſaid, they could bring any new or doubtful thing unto him, but ſuch as already he had been apt to determine, ſo as they came but as proofs of his wiſdom: fearful, and never ſecure, while the fear he had figured in his mind had any poſſibility of event. A toad-like retiredneſs; and cloſeneſs of mind; nature teaching the odiouſneſs of poiſon, and the danger of odiouſneſs. Yet while youth laſted in him, the exerciſes of that age, and his humour, not yet fully diſcovered, made him ſomething the more frequentable, and leſs dangerous. But after that years began to come on with ſome, though more ſeldom ſhews of a bloody nature: and that the prophecy of *Muſidorus*'s deſtiny came to his ears (delivered unto him, and received of him with the hardeſt interpretation, as though his ſubjects did delight in the hearing thereof) Then gave he himſelf indeed to the full current of his diſpoſition, eſpecially after the war of *Theſſalia*, wherein, though in truth wrongly, he deemed his un-ſucceſs proceeded of their unwillingneſs to have him proſper: and then thinking himſelf contemned (knowing no countermine againſt contempt, but terror) began to let nothing paſs which might bear the colour of a fault, without ſharp puniſhment: and when he wanted faults, excellency grew a fault! and it was ſufficient to make one guilty, that he had power to be guilty. And as *there is no humour, to which impudent poverty cannot make it ſelf ſerviceable*: ſo were there enough of thoſe of deſperate ambition, who would build their houſes upon others ruins, which after ſhould fall by like practices. So as a ſervitude came mainly upon that poor people, whoſe deeds were not only puniſhed, but words corrected, and even thoughts by ſome mean or other pulled out of them; while ſuſpicion bred the mind of cruelty, and the effect of cruelty ſtirred up a new cauſe of ſuſpicion. And in this plight, full of watchful fearfulneſs, did the ſtorm

deliver

deliver ſweet *Pyrocles* to the ſtormy mind of that tyrant; all men that did ſuch wrong to ſo rare a ſtranger, whoſe countenance deſerved both pity and admiration, condemning themſelves as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their faces.

But when this bloody king knew what he was, and in what order he and his couſin *Muſidorus* (ſo much of him feared) were come out of *Theſſalia*, aſſuredly thinking, becauſe ever thinking the worſt, that thoſe forces were provided againſt him; glad of the periſhing, as he thought, of *Muſidorus*, determined in publick ſort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For having quite loſt the way of nobleneſs, he ſtrove to climb to the height of terribleneſs; and thinking to make all men a dread, to make ſuch one an enemy, who would not ſpare, nor fear to kill ſo great a prince; and laſtly having nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemy. The day was appointed, and all things prepared for that cruel blow, in ſo ſolemn an order, as if they would ſet forth tyranny in moſt gorgeous decking. The princely youth, of invincible valour, yet ſo unjuſtly ſubjected to ſuch outragious wrong, carrying himſelf in all his demeanour, ſo conſtantly abiding extremity, that one might ſee it was the cutting away of the greateſt hope of the world, and deſtroying virtue in his ſweeteſt growth.

But ſo it fell out, that his death was prevented by a rare example of friendſhip in *Muſidorus*; who being almoſt drowned, had been taken up by a fiſherman belonging to the kingdom of *Pontus*: and being there, and underſtanding the full diſcourſe (as fame was very prodigal of ſo notable an accident) in what caſe *Pyrocles* was; learning withal that his hate was far more to him than to *Pyrocles*, he found means to acquaint himſelf with a nobleman of that country, to whom largely diſcovering what he was, he found him a moſt fit inſtrument to effectuate his deſire. For this nobleman had been one, who in many years

years had ſerved *Euarchus*, and had been ſo mind-ſtricken by the beauty of virtue in that noble king, that, though not born his ſubject, he ever profeſſed himſelf his ſervant. His deſire therefore to him was, to keep *Muſidorus* in a ſtrong caſtle of his, and then to make the king of *Phrygia* underſtand, that if he would deliver *Pyrocles*, *Muſidorus* would willingly put himſelf into his hands; knowing well, that how thirſty ſoever he was of *Pyrocles*'s blood, he would rather drink that of *Muſidorus*.

The nobleman was loth to preſerve one by the loſs of another; but time urging reſolution, the importunity of *Muſidorus*, which ſhewed a mind not to over-live *Pyrocles*, with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, ſo prevailed, that he carried this ſtrange offer of *Muſidorus*, which by that tyrant was greedily accepted.

And ſo upon ſecurity of both ſides, they were interchanged: where I may not omit the work of friendſhip in *Pyrocles*, who both in ſpeech and countenance to *Muſidorus*, well ſhewed, that he thought himſelf injured, and not relieved by him; asking him what he had ever ſeen in him, why he could not bear the extremities of mortal accidents as well as any man? and why he ſhould envy him the glory of ſuffering death for his friend's cauſe, and, as it were, rob him of his own poſſeſſion? but in this notable contention (where the conqueſt muſt be the conqueror's deſtruction, and ſafety the puniſhment of the conquered) *Muſidorus* prevailed, becauſe he was a more welcome prey to the unjuſt king; and as chearfully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly fromward his death, he was delivered to the king, who could not be enough ſure of him, without he fed his own eyes upon one, whom he had began to fear, as ſoon as the other began to be.

Yet becauſe he would in one act, both make oſtentation of his own felicity, into whoſe hands his moſt feared enemy was fallen, and withal cut off

ſuch

ſuch hopes from his ſuſpected ſubjects, when they ſhould know certainly he was dead, with much more skilful cruelty, and horrible ſolemnity he cauſed each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyranny. And ſo the day being come, he was led forth by many armed men, who often had been the fortifiers of wickedneſs, to the place of execution: where coming with a mind comforted in that he had done ſuch ſervice to *Pyrocles*, this ſtrange encounter he had.

The excelling *Pyrocles* was no ſooner delivered by the king's ſervants to a place of liberty, than he bent his wit and courage, and what would not they bring to paſs? how either to deliver *Muſidorus*, or to periſh with him. And finding he could get in that country no forces ſufficient by force to reſcue him to bring himſelf to die with him, little hoping of better event, he put himſelf in poor raiment, and by the help of ſome few crowns he took of that nobleman, who full of ſorrow, though not knowing the ſecret of his intent, ſuffered him to go in ſuch order from him, he, even he, born to the greateſt expectation, and of the greateſt blood that any prince might be, ſubmitted himſelf to be ſervant to the executioner that ſhould put to death *Muſidorus*: a far notabler proof of his friendſhip, conſidering the height of his mind, than any death could be. That bad officer not ſuſpecting him, being arayed fit for ſuch an eſtate, and having his beauty hidden by many foul ſpots he artificially put upon his face, gave him leave not only to wear a ſword himſelf, but to bear his ſword prepared for the juſtified murder. And ſo *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Muſidorus* was upon the ſcaffold, ſeparated ſomewhat from the reſt, as allowed to ſay ſomething, he ſtept unto him, and putting the ſword into his hand, not bound, a point of civility the officers uſed towards him, becauſe they doubted no ſuch enter-

enterprize, *Muſidorus*, ſaid he, die nobly. In truth never man between joy before knowledge what to be glad of, and fear after conſidering this caſe, had ſuch a confuſion of thoughts, as I had, when I ſaw *Pyrocles* ſo near me. But with that *Dorus* bluſhed, and *Pamela* ſmiling, and *Dorus* the more bluſhed at her ſmiling, and ſhe the more ſmiled at his bluſhing: becauſe he had, with the remembrance of that plight he was in, forgotten in ſpeaking of himſelf to uſe the third perſon. But *Muſidorus* turned again her thoughts from his cheeks to his tongue in this ſort: But, ſaid he, when they were with ſwords in hands, not turning backs one to the other, for there they knew was no place of defence, but making it a preſervation not hoping to be preſerved, and now acknowledging themſelves ſubject to death, meaning only to do honour to their princely birth, they flew amongſt them all, for all were enemies, and had quickly either with flight or death, left none upon the ſcaffold to annoy them, wherein *Pyrocles*, the excellent *Pyrocles*, did ſuch wonder beyond belief, as was able to lead *Muſidorus* to courage, though he had been born a coward. But indeed juſt rage and deſperate virtue did ſuch effects, that the popular ſort of the beholders began to be almoſt ſuperſtitiouſly amazed, as at effects beyond mortal power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window, where he was not aſhamed the world ſhould behold him a beholder, commanded his guard and the reſt of his ſoldiers to haſten their death. But many of them loſt their bodies to loſe their ſouls, when the princes grew almoſt ſo weary, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were ſtill fighting with weak arms and ſtrong hearts, it hapened, that one of the ſoldiers, commanded to go up after his fellows againſt the princes, having received a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went back with as much

much dilligence, as he came up with modeſty: which another of his fellows ſeeing, to pick a thank of the king, ſtroke him upon the face, reviling him, that ſo accompanied, he would run away from ſo few. But he, as many times it falls out, only valiant, when he was angry, in revenge thruſt him through: which with his death was ſtreight revenged by a brother of his: and that again requited by a fellow of the others. There began to be a great tumult amongſt the ſoldiers: which ſeen, and not underſtood by the people, uſed to fears, but not uſed to be bold in them, ſome began to cry treaſon; and that voice ſtreight multiplying it ſelf, the king, O the cowardiſe of a guilty conſcience, before any man ſet upon him, fled away. Where with a bruit, either by art or ſome well-meaning men, or by ſuch chance, as ſuch things often fall out by, ran from one to the other, that the king was ſlain; wherewith certain young men of the braveſt minds, cryed with a loud voice, liberty; and encouraging the other citizens to follow them, ſet upon the guard and ſoldiers, as chief inſtruments of tyranny: and quickly aided by the princes, they had left none of them alive, nor any other in the city, who they thought had in any ſort ſet his hand to the work of their ſervitude, and, god knows, by the blindneſs of rage, killing many guiltleſs perſons, either for affinity to the tyrant, or enmity to the tyrant-killers. But ſome of the wiſer, ſeeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed tyranny, prevailed with the reſt to make *Muſidorus* their chief: chuſing one of them, becauſe princes, to defend them; and him, becauſe elder and moſt hated of the tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted up, fortune, I think ſmiling at her work therein, that a ſcaffold of execution ſhould grow a ſcaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came news of more certain truth, that the king was not dead, but fled to a ſtrong caſtle of his near hand, where he was gathering forces in all ſpeed poſſible to ſuppreſs this mutiny. But now they had run themſelves too far out of breath, to go back again the ſame carreer; and too well they knew the ſharpneſs of his memory to forget ſuch an injury; therefore learning virtue of neceſſity, they continued reſolute to obey *Muſidorus*. Who ſeeing what forces were in the city, with them iſſued againſt the tyrant, while they were in this heat; before practices might be uſed to diſſever them: and with them met the king, who likewiſe hoping little to prevail by time, knowing and finding his people's hate, met him with little delay in the field: where himſelf was ſlain by *Muſidorus*, after he had ſeen his only ſon, a prince of great courage and beauty, but foſtered up in blood by his naughty father, ſlain by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victory obtained with great and truly not undeſerved honour to the two princes, the whole eſtates of the country with one conſent, gave the crown and all other marks of ſoveraignty to *Muſidorus*; deſiring nothing more than to live under ſuch a government as they promiſed themſelves of him.

But he, thinking it a greater greatneſs to give a kingdom, than get a kingdom, underſtanding that there was left of the blood royal, and next to the ſucceſſion, an aged gentleman of approved goodneſs, who had gotten nothing by his couſins power but danger from him, and odiouſneſs for him, having paſt his time in modeſt ſecrecy, and as much from intermedling in matters of government, as the greatneſs of his blood would ſuffer him, did, after having received the full power to his own hands, reſign all to the nobleman; but with ſuch conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might aſſure the people, with as much af-

aſſurance as worldly matters bear, that not only that governor, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the government, ſhould be no way apt to incline to tyranny.

This doing ſet forth no leſs his magnificence, than the other act did his magnanimity; ſo that greatly praiſed of all, and juſtly beloved of the new king, who in all both words and behaviour proteſted himſelf their tenant and liegeman, they were drawn thence to revenge thoſe two ſervants of theirs, of whoſe memorable faith, I told you, moſt excellent princes, in willingly giving themſelves to be drowned for their ſakes: but drowned indeed they were not, but gat with painful ſwiming upon a rock: from whence, after being come as near famiſhing, as before drowning, the weather breaking up, they were brought to the main land of *Pontus*, the ſame country upon which *Muſidorus* alſo was fallen, but not in ſo lucky a place.

For they were brought to the king of the country, a tyrant alſo, not through ſuſpicion, greedineſs, or revengefulneſs, as he of *Phrygia*, but, as I may term it, of a wanton cruelty: inconſtant in his choice of friends, or rather never having a friend but a play-fellow; of whom when he was weary, he could not otherwiſe rid himſelf than by killing them; giving ſometimes prodigally, not becauſe he loved them to whom he gave, but becauſe he luſted to give: puniſhing, not ſo much for hate or anger, as becauſe he felt not the ſmart of puniſhment: delighted to be flattered, at firſt for thoſe virtues which were not in him, at length making his vices virtues worthy the flattering: with like judgment glorying, when he had happened to do a thing well, as when he had performed ſome notable miſchief.

He chanced at that time, for indeed long time none laſted with him, to have next in uſe about him,

a man of the moſt envious diſpoſition, that, I think, ever infected the air with his breath; whoſe eyes could not look right upon any happy man, nor ears bear the burden of any bodies praiſe: contrary to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with others well-being; making happineſs the ground of his unhappineſs, and good news the argument of his ſorrow: in ſum, a man whoſe favour no man could win, but by being miſerable. And ſo becauſe theſe two faithful ſervants of theirs came in miſerable ſort to that court, he was apt enough at firſt to favour them; and the king underſtanding of their adventure, wherein they had ſhewed ſo conſtant a faith unto their lords, ſuddenly falls to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinite praiſes, and praiſing himſelf in his heart, in that he praiſed them. And by and by where they made great courtiers, and in the way of minions, when advancement, the moſt mortal offence to envy, ſtirred up their former friend, to overthrow his own work in them; taking occaſion upon the knowledge, newly come to the court, of the late death of the king of *Phrygia* deſtroyed by their two lords, who having been a near kinſman to this prince of *Pontus*, by this envious counſellor, partly with ſuſpicion of practice, partly with glory of, in part, revenging his couſins death, the king was ſuddenly turned, and every turn with him was a down-fall, to lock them up in priſon, as ſervants to his enemies, whom before he had never known, nor, till that time one of his own ſubjects had entertained and dealt for them, did ever take heed of. But now earneſt in every preſent humour, and making himſelf brave in his liking, he was content to give them juſt cauſe of offence, when they had power to make juſt revenge. Yet did the princes ſend unto him before they entred into war, deſiring their ſervants liberty. But

he

he ſwelling in their humbleneſs, like a bubble blown up with a ſmall breath, broken with a great, forgetting, or never knowing humanity, cauſed their heads to be ſtricken off, by the advice of his envious counſellor, who now hated them ſo much the more, as he foreſaw their happineſs in having ſuch, and ſo fortunate maſters, and ſent them with unroyal reproaches to *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterouſly, and not heroically in killing his tyrannical couſin.

But that injury went beyond all degree of reconcilement; ſo that they making forces in *Phrygia*, a kingdom wholly at their commandment, by the love of the people, and gratefulneſs of the king, they entred his country; and wholly conquering it, with ſuch deeds as at leaſt fame ſaid were excellent, took the king, and by *Muſidorus*'s commandment, *Pyrocles*'s heart more inclining to pity, he was ſlain upon the tomb of their two true ſervants; which they cauſed to be made for them with royal expences, and notable workmanſhip to preſerve their dead lives. For his wicked ſervant he ſhould have felt the like, or worſe, but that his heart broke even to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carcaſſes. There might *Pyrocles* quietly have enjoyed that crown, by all the deſire of that people, moſt of whom had revolted unto him: but he finding a ſiſter of the late kings, a fair and well eſteemed lady, looking for nothing more, than to be oppreſſed with her brothers ruins, gave her in marriage to the nobleman his fathers old friend, and endowed them with the crown of that kingdom. And not content with thoſe publick actions, of princely, and as it were, governing virtue, they did, in that kingdom and ſome other near about, divers acts of particular tryals, more famous, becauſe more perilous. For in that time thoſe regions were full both of cruel monſters, and monſtrous men:

all which in ſhort time by private combats they delivered the contries of.

Among the reſt, two brothers of huge both greatneſs and force, therefore commonly called giants, who kept themſelves in a caſtle ſeated on the top of a rock, impregnable, becauſe there was no coming unto it but by one narrow path where one man's force was able to keep down an army. Theſe brothers had a while ſerved the king of *Pontus*, and in all his affairs, eſpecially of war, whereunto they were only apt, they had ſhewed, as unconquered courage, ſo a rude faithfulneſs: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage than of deceit: not greatly ambitious, more than to be well and uprightly dealt with; rather impatient of injury, than delighted with more than ordinary courteſies; and in injuries more ſenſible of ſmart or loſs, than of reproach or diſgrace. Theſe men being of this nature, and certainly jewels to a wiſe man, conſidering what indeed wonders they were able to perform, yet were diſcarded by that unworthy prince, after many notable deſerts, as not worthy the holding: which was the more evident to them, becauſe it ſuddenly fell from an exceſs of favour, which, many examples having taught them, never ſtopt his race till it came to an headlong overthrow: they full of rage, retired themſelves into this caſtle: where thinking nothing juſter than revenge, nor more able than the effects of anger, that, according to the nature, full of inward bravery and fierceneſs, ſcarcely in the glaſs of reaſon, thinking it ſelf fair but when it is terrible, they immediately gave themſelves to make all the country about them, ſubject to that king, to ſmart for their lords folly: not careing how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it teſtified their ſpight, which they deſired to manifeſt. And with uſe of evil, growing more and

more

more evil, they took delight in ſlaughter, and pleaſing themſelves in making others wrack the effect of their power: ſo that where in the time that they obeyed a maſter, their anger was a ſerviceable power of the mind to do publick good; ſo now unbridled, and blind judge of it ſelf, it made wickedneſs violent, and praiſed it ſelf in excellency of miſchief, almoſt to the ruin of the country, not greatly regarded by their careleſs and loveleſs king. Till now theſe princes finding them ſo fleſhed in cruelty, as not to be reclaimed, ſecretly undertook the matter alone: for accompanied they would not have ſuffered them to have mounted; and ſo thoſe great fellows ſcornfully receiving them, as fooliſh birds fallen into their net, it pleaſed the eternal juſtice to make them ſuffer death by their hands: and ſo they were manifoldly acknowledged the ſavers of that country.

It were the part of a very idle orator to ſet forth the numbers of well-deviſed honours done unto them: but as high honour is not only gotten and born by pain and danger, but muſt be nurſt by the like, or elſe vaniſheth as ſoon as it appears to the world: ſo the natural hunger thereof, which was in *Pyrocles*, ſuffered him not to account a reſting ſeat of that, which either riſeth or falleth, but ſtill to make one occaſion beget another: whereby his doings might ſend his praiſe to others mouths to rebound again true contentment to his ſpirit. And therefore having well eſtabliſhed thoſe kingdoms under good governours, and rid them by their valour of ſuch giants and monſters, as before time armies were not able to ſubdue, they determined in unknown order to ſee more of the world, and to imploy thoſe gifts, eſteemed rare in them, to the good of mankind; and therefore would themſelves, underſtanding that the king *Euarchus* was paſſed all the cumber of

his

his wars, go privately to ſeek exerciſes of their virtue, thinking it not ſo worthy to be brought to heroical effects by fortune or neceſſity, like *Ulyſſes* and *Æneas*, as by ones own choice and working. And ſo went they away from very unwilling people to leave them, making time haſte it ſelf to be a circumſtance of their honour, and one place witneſs to another of the truth of their doings. For ſcarcely were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that, as they rid alone armed, for alone they went, one ſerving the other, they met an adventure; which though not ſo notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembred for the unuſed examples therein, as well of true natural goodneſs as of wretched ungratefulneſs.

It was in the kindom of *Galatia*, the ſeaſon being, as in the depth of winter, very cold and as then ſuddenly grown to ſo extreme and foul a ſtorm, that never any winter, I think, brought forth a fouler child: ſo that the princes were even compelled by the hail, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to ſeek ſome ſhrouding place, which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts fury. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence thereof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopy, held a ſtrange and pitiful diſputation, which made them ſtep out, yet in ſuch ſorts as they might ſee unſeen. There they perceived an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appear a kind of nobleneſs, not ſuitable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the old man. Well *Leonatus*, ſaid he, ſince

ſince I cannot perſuade thee to lead me to that which ſhould end my grief and my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leave me: fear not, my miſery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but miſery: fear not the danger of my blind ſteps, I cannot fall worſe than I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedneſs: but fly, fly from this region only worthy of me. Dear father, anſwered he, do not take away from me the only remnant of my happineſs: while I have power to do you ſervice, I am not wholly miſerable. Ah my ſon, ſaid he, and with that he groaned, as if ſorrow ſtrove to broke his heart, how evil fits it me to have ſuch a ſon? and how much doth thy kindneſs upbraid my wickedneſs? theſe doleful ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe, well ſhewing they had not been born to the fortune they were in, moved the princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were? ſirs, anſwered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kind of pitiouſneſs, I ſee well you are ſtrangers, that know not our miſery, ſo well here known, that no man dare know, but that we muſt be miſerable. Indeed our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needful unto us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us, than to make our ſelves ſo known as may ſtir pity: but your preſence promiſeth that cruelty ſhall not over-run hate: and if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſunk below the degree of fear.

This old man, whom I lead, was lately rightful prince of this country of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted ungrateſulneſs of a ſon of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, whereof no foreign forces were ever able to ſpoil him, but of his ſight, the riches which nature grants to the poorſt creatures: whereby and by other his unnatu-

ral

ral dealings, he hath been driven to ſuch grief, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to caſt himſelf headlong to death: and ſo would have made me, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his diſtruction. But noble gentlemen, ſaid he, if either of you have a father, and feel what dutiful affection is ingrafted in a ſons heart, let me me intreat you to convey this afflicted prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecurity: amongſt your worthy acts it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king of ſuch might and fame, and ſo unjuſtly oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieved.

But before they could make him anſwer, his father began to ſpeak. Ah my ſon, ſaid he, how evil an hiſtorian are you, that leave out the chief knot of all the diſcourſes? my wickedneſs, my wickedneſs! and if thou doeſt it to ſpare my ears, the only ſenſe now left me proper for knowledge, aſſure thy ſelf thou doeſt miſtake me: and I take witneſs of that ſun which you ſee, with that he caſt up his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light, and wiſh my ſelf in worſe caſe than I do wiſh my ſelf, which is as evil as may be, if I ſpeak untruly, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you gentlemen, to whom from my heart I wiſh that it may not prove ſome ominous foretoken of misfortune to have met with ſuch a miſer as I am, that whatſoever my ſon, O god, that truth binds me to reproach him with the name of my ſon, hath ſaid is true. But beſides thoſe truths, this alſo is true, that having had, in awful marriage, of a mother fit to bear royal children, this ſon, ſuch a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall know by my ſhort declaration, and ſo injoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was grown to juſtify their expectations, ſo as I needed envy no farther for the chief comfort of mortality, to

leave

leave another ones-ſelf after me, I was carried by a baſtard ſon of mine, if at leaſt I be bound to believe the words of that baſe woman my concubine, his mother, firſt to miſlike, than to hate, laſtly to deſtroy, or to do my beſt to deſtroy this ſon, I think you think, undeſerving deſtruction. What ways ſhe uſed to bring me to it, if I ſhould tell you, I ſhould tediouſly trouble you with as much poiſonous hypocriſy, deſperate fraud, ſmooth malice, hidden ambition, and ſmiling envy, as in any living perſon could be harboured: but I liſt it not; no remembrance of naughtineſs delights me but mine own; and methinks, the accuſing his traps might in ſome manner excuſe my fault, which certainly I loath to do. But the concluſion is, that I gave order to ſome ſervants of mine, whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelf, to lead him out into a forreſt, and there to kill him.

But thoſe thieves, better natured to my ſon than my ſelf, ſpared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly, which he did, giving himſelf to be a private ſoldier in a country hereby: but as he was ready to be greatly advanced for ſome noble pieces of ſervice which he did, he heard news of me: who drunk in my affection to that unlawful and unnatural ſon of mine, ſuffered my ſelf ſo to be governed by him, that all favours and puniſhments paſſed by him, all offices, and places of importance diſtributed to his favourites; ſo that 'ere I was aware, I had left my ſelf nothing but the name of a king: which he ſhortly weary of too, with many indignities if any thing may be called an indignity, which was laid upon me, threw me out of my ſeat, and put out my eyes, and then, proud in his tyranny, let me go, neither impriſoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feel miſery; miſery indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchedneſs, fuller of diſgrace, and fulleſt of guiltineſs.

neſs. And as he came to the crown by ſo unjuſt means, as unjuſtly he kept it, by force of ſtranger ſouldiers in *Cittadels*, the neaſts of tyranny and murtherers of liberty; diſarming all his own countrymen, that no man durſt ſhew himſelf a well willer of mine: to ſay the truth, I think, few of them being ſo, conſidering my cruel folly to my good ſon, and fooliſh kindneſs to my unkind baſtard: but if there were any who felt a pity of ſo great a fall, and had yet any ſparks of unſlain duty left in them towards me; yet durſt they not ſhew it, ſcarcely with giving me alms at their doors: which yet was the only ſuſtenance of my diſtreſſed life, no body daring to ſhew ſo much charity, as to lend me a hand to guide my dark ſteps; till this ſon of mine, god knows worthy of a more virtuous, and more fortunate father, forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the preſent good way he was in of doing himſelf good, came hither to do this kind office you ſee him perform towards me, to my unſpeakable grief; not only becauſe his kindneſs is a glaſs even to my blind eyes of my naughtineſs, but that above all griefs, it grieves me he ſhould deſperately adventure the loſs of his well-deſerving life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deſerts, as if he would carry mud in a cheſt of chryſtal: for well I know, he that now reigneth, how much ſoever, and with good reaſon, he deſpiſeth me, of all men deſpiſed; yet he will not let ſlip any advantage to make away him, whoſe juſt title, ennobled by courage and goodneſs, may one day ſhake the ſeat of a never ſecure tyranny. And for this cauſe I craved of him to lead me to the top of this rock, indeed I muſt confeſs, with meaning to free him from ſo ſerpentine a companion, as I am. But he finding what I purpoſed, only therein ſince he was born, ſhewed himſelf diſobedient unto me. And now Gentlemen, you have the

true

true ſtory, which I pray you publiſh to the world, that my miſchievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial piety, the only reward now left for ſo great a merit. And if it may be, let me obtain that of you, which my ſon denies me: for never was there more pity in ſaving any, than in ending me: both becauſe therein my agony ſhall end, and ſo you ſhall preſerve this excellent young man, who elſe wilfully follows his own ruin.

The matter in it ſelf lamentable, lamentably expreſſed by the old prince, which needed not take to himſelf the geſtures of pity, ſince his face could not put off the marks thereof, greatly moved the two princes to compaſſion, which could not ſtay in ſuch hearts as theirs without ſeeking remedy. But by and by the occaſion was preſented: for *Plexirtus*, ſo was the baſtard called, came thither with forty horſe, only of purpoſe to murder this brother, of whoſe coming he had ſoon advertiſement, and thought no eyes of ſufficient credit in ſuch a matter, but his own, and therefore came himſelf to be actor and ſpectator. And as ſoon as he came, not regarding the weak, as he thought, guard but of two men, commanded ſome of his followers to ſet their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwiſe armed but with a ſword, how falſly ſoever he was dealt with by others, would not betray himſelf; but bravely drawing it out, made the death of the firſt that aſſailed him, warn his fellows to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were quickly become parties (ſo juſt a defence deſerving as much as old friendſhip) and ſo did behave them among that company, more injurious than valiant) that many of them loſt their lives for their wicked maſter.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at laſt prevailed, if the king of *Pontus*, lately by them made ſo, had not come unlooked for to their ſuccour.

Who

Who (having had a dream which had fixed his imagination vehemently upon ſome great danger, preſently to follow thoſe two princes, whom he moſt dearly loved) was come in all haſte, following as well as he could their track, with a hundred horſes in that country, which he thought, conſidering who then reigned, a fit place enough to make the ſtage of any tragedy.

Bnt then the match had been ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life and worſe-gotten honour, ſhould have tumbled together to deſtruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their ſuit, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that country, brought up from their infancy with *Plexirtus*, men of ſuch proweſs, as not to know fear in themſelves, and yet to teach it in others that ſhould deal with them: for they had often made their lives triumph over moſt terrible dangers, never diſmayed, and even fortunate; and truly no more ſettled in valour, than diſpoſed to goodneſs and juſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to make friendſhip a child, and not the father of virtue. But bringing up, rather then choice, having firſt knit their minds unto him (indeed crafty enough, either to hide his faults, or never to ſhew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the courſe, rather to ſatisfy him, than all the world; and rather to be good friends, than good men: ſo as though they did not like the evil he did, yet they liked him that did the evil: and though not councellers of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they having heard of this ſudden going out with ſo ſmall a company, in a country full of evil-wiſhing minds towards him, though they knew not the cauſe, followed him; till they found him in ſuch caſe, as they were to venture their lives, or elſe he to loſe his: which they did with ſuch force of mind and body,

that

that truly I may juſtly ſay, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* had never till then found any that could make them ſo well repeat their hardeſt leſſon in the feats of arms. And briefly ſo they did; that if they overcame not, yet were they not overcome, but carried away that ungrateful maſter of theirs to a place of ſecurity, howſoever the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the conſtancy of the princes ſo to leave it; but in all haſte making forces both in *Pontus*, and *Phrygia*, they had in few days left him but only that one ſtrong place where he was. For, fear having been the only knot that had faſtned his people unto him, that once united by a greater force, they all ſcattered from him, like ſo many birds, whoſe cage had been broken.

In which ſeaſon the blind king, having in the chief city of his realm ſet the crown upon his ſon *Leonatus*'s head, with many tears, both of joy and ſorrow, ſetting forth to the whole people, his own fault and his ſon's virtue; after he had kiſſed him, and forced his ſon to accept honour of him, as of his new-become ſubject, even in a moment died, as it ſhould ſeem, his heart broken with unkindneſs and affliction, ſtretched ſo far beyond his limits with this acceſs of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep ſafe his vital ſpirits. But the new king, having no leſs lovingly performed all duties to him dead, than alive, purſued on the ſiege of his unnatural brother, as much for the revenge of his father, as the eſtabliſhing of his own quiet. In which ſiege truly I cannot but acknowledge the proweſs of thoſe two brothers, than whom the princes never found in all their travel, two of greater abilility to perform, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing elſe, famine would at laſt bring him to deſtruction, thought better by humbleneſs to creep, where by pride he could not march. For certainly ſo had nature form-

ed him, and the exerciſe of craft conformed him to all turningneſs of ſlights, that though no man had leſs goodneſs in his ſoul than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodneſs to another; though no man felt leſs pity; no man could tell better how to ſtir pity; no man more impudent to deny, where proofs were not manifeſt; no man more ready to confeſs with a repenting manner of aggravating his own evil, where denial will but make the fault fouler. Now he took this way, that having gotten a paſsport for one, that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* alive into his hands, to ſpeak with the king his brother, he himſelf (though much againſt the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wiſhed to die in brave defence) with a rope about his neck, bare-footed, came to offer himſelf to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*. Where what ſubmiſſion he uſed, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultineſs the leſs, how artificially he could ſet out the torments of his own conſcience, with the burdenſome cumber he had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to live, he begged life in the refuſing it; I am not cunning enough to be able to expreſs: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eye, than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint revenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pity, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the fault paſſed, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poor villains (chief miniſters of his wickedneſs, now betrayed by the author thereof) were delivered to many cruel ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, he had more come into the defence of an unremediable miſchief already committed, than that they had done it at firſt by conſent.

In ſuch ſort the princes left theſe reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behaviour carrying him in far,

far lower degree of ſervice, than the ever-noble nature of *Leonatus* would ſuffer him) and taking likewiſe their leaves of their good friend the king of *Pontus*, who returned to enjoy the benefit, both of his wife and kingdom, they privately went thence, having only with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompany them through divers places; they four doing acts more dangerous, though leſs famous, becauſe they were but private chivalries: till hearing of the fair and virtuous queen *Erona* of *Lycia*, beſieged by the puiſſant king of *Armenia*; they bent themſelves to her ſuccour, both becauſe the weaker, and weaker as being a lady, and partly becauſe they heard the king of *Armenia* had in his company three of the moſt famous men living, for matters of arms, that were known to be in the world. Whereof one was the prince *Plangus*, whoſe name was ſweetned by your breath, peerleſs lady, when the laſt day it pleaſed you to mention him unto me: the other two were two great princes, though holding of him, *Barzanes* and *Euardus*, men of giant-like both hugeneſs and force; in which two eſpecially, the truſt the king had of victory was repoſed. And of them, thoſe brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, ſufficient judges in warlike matters, ſpake ſo high commendation, that the two princes had even a youthful longing to have ſome trial of their virtue. And therefore as ſoon as they were entered into *Lycia*, they joined themſelves with them that faithfully ſerved the poor queen, at that time beſieged: and ere long animated in ſuch ſort their almoſt overthrown hearts, that they went by force to relieve the town, though they were deprived of a great part of their ſtrength by the parting of the two brothers, who were ſent for in all haſte to return to their old friend and maſter *Plexirtus*: who, willingly hood-winking themſelves from ſeeing his faults, and binding themſelves to believe what he ſaid, often abuſed the virtue of courage to defend his foul

vice of injuſtice. But now they were ſent for to advance a conqueſt he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* purſued the delivery of the queen *Erona*.

I have heard, ſaid *Pamela*, that part of the ſtory of *Plangus*, when he paſſed through this country: therefore you may, if you liſt, paſs over that war of *Erona*'s quarrel, leaſt if you ſpeak too much of war matters, you ſhould wake *Mopſa* which might happily breed a great broil. He looked, and ſaw that *Mopſa* indeed ſat ſwallowing of ſleep with open mouth, making ſuch a noiſe withal, as no body could lay the ſtealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to uſe that occaſion, I kneeled down, and with humble heartedneſs, and hearty earneſtneſs printed in his graces; Alas, ſaid I, divine lady, who have wrought ſuch miracles in me, as to make a prince, none of the baſeſt, to think all principalities baſe, in reſpect of the ſheephook which may hold him up in your ſight; vouchſafe now at laſt to hear in direct words my humble ſuit, while this dragon ſleeps, that keeps the golden fruit. If in my deſire I wiſh, or in my hopes aſpire, or in my imagination fain to my ſelf any thing which may be the leaſt ſpot to that heavenly virtue, which ſhines in all your doings; I pray the eternal power, that the words I ſpeak may be deadly poiſons, while they are in my mouth, and that all my hopes, all my deſires, all imaginations may only work their own confuſion. But if love, love of you, love of your virtues, ſeek only that favour of you, which becometh that gratefulneſs which cannot misbecome your excellency, O do not. ---- He would have ſaid farther, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopſa*, ſhe ſuddenly ſtarted up, ſtaggering, and rubbing her eyes, ran firſt out of the door, and then back to them, before ſhe knew how ſhe went out, or why ſhe came in again: till at length, being fully come to her little ſelf, ſhe asked *Pamela*, why ſhe had called her. For nothing ſaid *Pamela*, but that ye might hear ſome tales of your ſervants telling: and therefore now, ſaid ſhe, *Dorus* go on.

But

But as he, who found no ſo good ſacrifice, as obedience, was returning to the ſtory of himſelf, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miſo*; ſo as for that time they were fain to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela*, delighted even to preſerve in her memory the words of ſo well a beloved ſpeaker, repeated the whole ſubſtance to her ſiſter, till their ſober dinner being come and gone, to recreate themſelves ſomething, even tired with the noiſomneſs of *Miſo*'s converſation, they determined to go, while the heat of the day laſted, to bathe themſelves, ſuch being the manner of the *Arcadian* nymphs often to do, in the river of *Ladon*, and take with them a lute, meaning to delight them under ſome ſhadow. But they could not ſtir, but that *Miſo*, with her daughter *Mopſa* was after them: and as it lay in their way to paſs by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window eſpied them, and ſo ſtole down after them; which ſhe might the better do, becauſe that *Gynecia* was ſick, and *Baſilius*, that day being his birth-day, according to his manner, was buſy about his devotions; and therefore ſhe went after, hoping to find ſome time to ſpeak with *Philoclea*: but not a word could ſhe begin, but that *Miſo* would be one of the audience, ſo that ſhe was driven to recommend thinking, ſpeaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her truſt, till they came to the river ſide, which of all the rivers in *Greece* had the praiſe for excellent pureneſs and ſweetneſs, inſomuch as the very bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthful. It ran upon ſo fine and delicate a ground, as one could not eaſily judge, whether the river did more waſh the gravel, or the gravel did purify the river; the river not running forth right, but almoſt continually winding, as if the lower ſtreams would return to their ſpring, or that the river had a delight to play with it ſelf. The banks of either ſide ſeeming arms of the loving earth that fain would embrace it; and the river a

wanton nymph which ſtill would ſlip from it; either ſide of the bank being fringed with the moſt beautiful trees, which reſiſted the ſun's darts from over-much piercing the natural coldneſs of the river. There was

But among the reſt a goodly *Cypreſs*, who bowing her fair head over the water, it ſeemed ſhe looked into it, and dreſſed her green locks by that running river. There the princeſſes determining to bathe themſelves thought it was ſo priviledged a place, upon pain of death, as no body durſt preſume to come thither; yet for the moſt ſurety, they looked round about, and could ſee nothing but a water-ſpaniel, who came down the river, ſhewing that he hunted for a duck, and with a ſnuffling grace, diſdaining that his ſmelling force could not as well prevail thorough the water, as thorough the air; and therefore waiting with his eye, to ſee whether he could eſpy the ducks getting up again: but then a little below them failing of his purpoſe, he got out of the river, and ſhaking off the water (as great men do their friends) now he had no farther cauſe to uſe it, inweeded himſelf ſo, as the ladies loſt the farther marking his ſportfulneſs: and inviting *Zelmane* alſo to waſh her ſelf with them, and ſhe excuſing her ſelf with having taken a late cold, they began by piece-meal to take away the eclipſing of their apparel.

Zelmane would have put to her helping hand, but ſhe was taken with ſuch a quivering, that ſhe thought it more wiſdom to lean her ſelf to a tree, and look on, while *Miſo* and *Mopſa*, like a couple of foreſwat melters, were getting the pure ſilver of their bodies out of the ure of their garments. But as the raiments went off to receive kiſſes of the ground, *Zelmane* envied the happineſs of all, but of the ſmock was even jealous: and when that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained, for her *Zelmane* only marked, like a *Diamond* taken from out of the

rock.

rock, or rather like the ſun getting from under a cloud, and ſhewing his naked beams to the full view, then was the beauty too much for a patient ſight, the delight too ſtrong for a ſtayed conceit: ſo that *Zelmane* could not chuſe but run, to touch, embrace and kiſs her. But conſcience made her come to her ſelf, and leave *Philoclea*, who bluſhing, and withal ſmiling, making ſhamefacedneſs pleaſant, and pleaſure ſhamefaced, tenderly moved her feet, unwonted to feel the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a pretty kind of a ſhrugging come over her body, like the twinkling of the faireſt among the fixed ſtars. But the river it ſelf gave way unto her, ſo that ſhe was ſtreight breaſt high, which was the deepeſt that there about ſhe could be: and when cold *Ladon* had once fully embraced them, himſelf was no more ſo cold to thoſe ladies, but as if his cold complexion had been heated with love, ſo ſeemed he to play about every part he conld touch.

Ah ſweet; now ſweeteſt *Ladon*, ſaid *Zelmane*, why doſt thou not ſtay thy courſe to have more full taſt of thy happineſs? but the reaſon is manifeſt, the upper ſtreams make ſuch haſte to have their paſt of embracing, that the neather, though lothly, muſt needs give place unto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom ſhe is, upon whom her beauty falls, through whom her eye pierceth. O happy *Ladon*, which art now an unperfect mirror of all perfection, canſt thou ever forget the bleſſedneſs of this impreſſion? if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine gravel to weeds, and mud: if thou do, let ſome unjuſt niggards make wares to ſpoil thy beauty: if thou do, let ſome greater river fall into thee, to take away the name of *Ladon*, Oh! *Ladon*, happy *Ladon*, rather ſlide than run by her, leaſt thou ſhouldſt make her legs ſlip from her, and then, O happy *Ladon*, who would then call thee, but the moſt curſed *Ladon*? But as the ladies plaid them in the water, ſome-

times ſtriking it with their hands, the water, making lines in his face, ſeemed to ſmile at ſuch beating, and with twenty bubbles not to be content to have the picture of their face in large upon him, but would in each of thoſe bubbles ſet forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*, whoſe ſight was gain-ſaid by nothing but the tranſparant vail of *Ladon* (li e a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire be at one ſtay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heat increaſed) had the coals of her affection ſo kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that now all her parts grudged, that her eyes ſhould do more homage, than they, to the princes of them. Inſomuch that taking up the lute, her wit began to be with a divine fury inſpired; her voice would in ſo beloved an occaſion ſecond her wit; her hands accorded the lute's muſick to the voice; her panting heart danced to the muſick; while I think her feet did beat the time; while her body was the room where it ſhould be celebrated; her ſoul the queen which ſhould be delighted. And ſo together went the utterance and the invention, that one might judge, it was *Philoclea*'s beauty which did ſpeedily write it in her eyes; or the ſenſe thereof, which did word by word indite it in her mind, whereunto ſhe, but as an organ, did only lend utterance. The ſong was to this purpoſe:

WHat tongue can her perfection tell,
In whoſe each part all tongues may dwell?
Her hair fine threads of fineſt gold,
In curled knots man's thought to hold:
But that her forehead ſays, in me
A whiter beauty you may ſee;
Whiter indeed, more white than ſnow,
Which on cold winter's face doth grow:
That doth preſent thoſe even brows,
Whoſe equal line their angles bows;

Like

Like to the moon when after change
Her horned head abroad doth range:
And arches be two heavenly lids,
Whoſe wink each bold attempt forbids.
For the black ſtars thoſe ſpheres contain,
The matchleſs pair, even praiſe doth ſtain.
No lamp whoſe light by art is got,
No ſun which ſhines, and ſeeth not,
Can liken them without all peer,
Save one as much as other clear.
Which only thus unhappy be,
Becauſe themſelves they cannot ſee.
Her cheeks with kindly claret ſpread,
Aurora-like new out of bed:
Or like the freſh queen-apple's ſide,
Bluſhing at ſight of *Phœbus* pride.
Her noſe, her chin pure ivory wears:
No purer than the pretty ears.
So that therein appears ſome blood
Like wine and milk that mingled ſtood:
In whoſe incirclets if ye gaze,
Your eyes may tread a lover's maze.
But with ſuch turns the voice to ſtray,
No talk untaught can find the way.
The tip no jewel needs to wear;
The tip is jewel of the ear.
But who thoſe ruddy lips can miſs,
Which bleſſed ſtill themſelves to kiſs?
Rubies, cherries, and roſes new,
In worth, in taſte, in perfect hue:
Which never part, but that they ſhow
Of precious pearl the double row;
The ſecond-ſweetly fenced ward,
Her heavenly-dewed tongue to guard,
Whence never word in vain did flow.
Fair under theſe doth ſtately grow,
The handle of this precious work,
The neck in which ſtrange graces lurk.

Such

Such be I think the ſumptuous towers,
Which skill doth make in princes bowers.
So good aſſay invites the eye,
A little downward to eſpy,
The lively cluſters of her breaſts,
Of *Venus* babe the wanton neſts:
Like pomels round of marble clear;
Where azur'd veins well mix'd appear,
With deareſt tops of porphyrie.
Betwixt theſe two a way doth lie,
A way more worthy beauty's fame,
Than that which bears the *Milky* name,
This leads into the joyous field,
Which only ſtill doth lillies yield:
But lillies ſuch whoſe native ſmell,
The *Indians* odors doth excel.
Waſte it is called, for it doth waſte
Mens lives, until it be imbrac'd.
There may one ſee, and yet not ſee
Her ribs in white all armed be.
More white than *Neptune*'s foamy face,
When ſtruggling rocks he would embrace.
In thoſe delights the wandring thought
Might of each ſide a ſtray be b'ought,
But that her navel doth unite,
In curious circle buſie ſight;
A dainty ſeal of virgin-wax,
Where nothing but impreſſion lacks.
Her belly there glad ſight doth fill,
Juſtly intitled *Cupid*'s hill.
A hill moſt fit for ſuch a maſter,
A ſpotleſs mine of alabaſter.
Like alabaſter fair and ſleek,
But ſoft and ſupple ſattin-like.
In that ſweet ſeat the body doth ſport:
Loth, I muſt leave his chief reſort.
For ſuch a uſe the world hath gotten,
The beſt things ſtill muſt be forgotten,

Yet

Yet never ſhall my ſong omit
Her thighs, for *Ovid's* ſong more fit;
Which flanked with two ſugared flanks,
Lift up her ſtately ſwelling banks;
That *Albion* cliffs in whiteneſs paſs;
With haunches ſmooth as looking-glaſs.
But bow all knees, now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancy ſees.
The knots of joy, the gems of love,
Whoſe motion makes all graces move.
Whoſe bough incav'd doth yield ſuch ſight,
Like cunning painter ſhadowed white.
The gartring place with child-like ſign,
Shews eaſy print in metal fine.
But then again the fleſh doth riſe
In her brave calves like chryſtal skies.
Whoſe *Atlas* is a ſmalleſt ſmall,
More white then whiteſt bone of all.
Thereout ſteals out that round clean foot
This noble cedars precious root:
In ſhew and ſcent pale violets,
Whoſe ſtep on earth all beauty ſets.
But back unto her back, my *Muſe*,
Where *Ledas* ſwan his fathers mews,
Along whoſe ridge ſuch bones are met,
Like comfits round in marchpane ſet.
Her ſhoulders be like to white doves,
Pearching within ſquare royal roves,
Which leaded are with ſilver skin,
Paſſing the hate ſpot, emerlin.
And thence thoſe arms derived are;
The *Phœnix* wings are not ſo rare
For faultleſs length, and ſtainleſs heu.
Ah woe is me, my woes renew.
Now courſe doth lead me to her hand,
Of my firſt love the fatal band.
Where whiteneſs doth for ever ſit;
Nature her ſelf enamell'd it.
For therewith ſtrange compact doth lie
Warm ſnow, moiſt pearl, ſoft ivory;

There fall thoſe ſaphire-coloured brooks,
Which conduit-like with curious crooks
Sweet Ilands make in that ſweet land,
As for the fingers of the hand,
The bloody ſhafts of *Cupid's* war,
With amathiſt's they headed are.
Thus hath each part his beauties part:
But how the graces do impart,
To all her limbs a ſpecial grace,
Becoming every time and place,
Which doth even beauty beautify,
And moſt bewitch the wretched eye.
How all this is but a fair inn
Of fairer gueſts, which dwell therein.
Of whoſe high praiſe, and praiſeful bliſs,
Goodneſs the pen, Heaven paper is:
The ink immortal fame doth lend:
As I begun, ſo muſt I end.
No tongue can her perfections tell,
In whoſe each part all tongues may dwell.

But as *Zelmane* was coming to the latter end of her ſong, ſhe might ſee the ſame water-ſpaniel which before had hunted, come and fetch away one of *Philoclea's* gloves; whoſe fine proportion, ſhewed well what a dainty gueſt was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to ſee that the dog was therewith delighted, and ſo let him go a little way withal, who quickly carried it out of ſight among certain trees and buſhes, which were very cloſe together. But by and by he came again, and amongſt the rayment, *Miſo* and *Mopſa* being preparing ſheets againſt their coming out, the dog lighted of a little book of four or five leaves of paper, and was bearing that away too. But then, *Zelmane*, not knowing what importance it might be of, ran after the dog, who going ſtreight to thoſe buſhes, ſhe might ſee the dog deliver

liver it to a gentleman, who ſecretly lay there. But ſhe haſtily coming in, the gentleman roſe up, and with a courteous, though ſad, countenance preſented himſelf unto her. *Zelmane's* eyes ſtreight willed her mind to mark him: for ſhe thought in her ſelf, ſhe had never ſeen a man of a more goodly preſence, in whom ſtrong making took not away delicacy, nor beauty fierceneſs: being indeed ſuch a right man-like man, as nature often erring, yet ſhews ſhe would fain make. But when ſhe had a while, not without admiration, viewed him, ſhe deſired him to deliver back the glove and paper, becauſe they were the lady *Philoclea's*, telling him withal, that ſhe would not willingly let him know of his cloſe lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing of themſelves, becauſe ſhe knew they would be mortally offended withal. Fair lady, anſwered he, the worſt of the complaint is already paſſed, ſince I feel of my fault in my ſelf the puniſhment. But for theſe things, I aſſure you, it was my dogs wanton boldneſs, not my preſumption. With that he gave her back the paper: but for the glove, ſaid he, ſince it is my lady *Philoclea's*, give me leave to keep it; ſince my heart cannot perſuade its ſelf to part from it. And I pray you tell the lady, lady indeed of all my deſires, that owns it, that I will direct my life to honour this glove with ſerving her. O villain cryed out *Zelmane*, madded with finding an unlooked for rival, and that he would make her a meſſenger, diſpatch, ſaid ſhe, and deliver it, or by the life of her that owns it, I will make thy ſoul, though too baſe a price, pay for it: and with that drew out her ſword, which, *Amazon*-like, ſhe ever ware about her. The gentleman retired himſelf into an open place from among the buſhes, and then drawing out his too, he offered to deliver it unto her, ſaying, withal, god forbid I ſhould uſe my ſword againſt you, ſith, if I be not deceived, you are the

ſame

ſame famous *Amazon*, that both defended my ladies juſt title of beauty againſt the valiant *Phalantus*, and ſaved her life in killing the lion: therefore I am rather to kiſs your hands, with acknowledging my ſelf bound to obey you. But this courteſy was worſe than a baſtinado to *Zelmane*: ſo that again with rageful eyes ſhe bad him defend himſelf, for no leſs than his life ſhould anſwer it. A hard caſe, ſaid he, to teach my ſword that leſſon, which hath ever uſed to turn it ſelf to a ſhield in a ladies preſence. But *Zelmane* hearkning to no more words, began with ſuch witty fury to purſue him with blows and thruſts, that nature and virtue commanded the gentleman to look to his ſafety. Yet ſtill courteſy, that ſeemed incorporate in his heart, would not be perſuaded by danger to offer any offence, but only to ſtand upon the beſt defenſive guard he could; ſometimes going back, being content in that reſpect to take on the figure of cowardiſe; ſometimes with ſtrong and well-met wards, ſometimes cunning avoidings of his body; and ſometimes faining ſome blows, which himſelf pul'd back before they needed to be withſtood. And ſo with play did he a good while fight againſt the fight of *Zelmane*, who, more ſpited with that courteſy, that one that did nothing ſhould be able to reſiſt her, burned away with choler any motions, which might grow out of her own ſweet diſpoſition, determined to kill him if he fought no better; and ſo redoubling her blows, drove the ſtranger to no other ſhift than to ward and go back; at that time ſeeming the image of innocency againſt violence. But at length he found, that both in publick and private reſpects, who ſtands only upon defence, ſtands upon no defence: for *Zelmane* ſeeming to ſtrike at his head, and he going toward it, withal ſtept back as he was accuſtomed: ſhe ſtopt her blow in the air, and ſuddenly turning the point, ran full at his breaſt, ſo as he was

driven

driven with the pummel of a ſword, having no other weapon of defence, to beat it down: but the thruſt was ſo ſtrong, that he could not ſo wholly beat it away, but that it met with his thigh, through which it run. But *Zelmane* retiring her ſword, and ſeeing his blood, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquering pity; and heartily ſorry, and even aſhamed with her ſelf ſhe was, conſidering how little he had done, who well ſhe found could have done more. In ſo much that ſhe ſaid, truly I am ſorry for your hurt; but your ſelf gave the cauſe, both in refuſing to deliver the glove, and not fighting as I know you could have done. But, ſaid ſhe, becauſe I perceive you diſdain to fight with a woman, it may be before a year come about, you ſhall meet with a neer kinſman of mine, *Pyrocles* prince of *Macedon*, and I give you my word, he for me ſhall maintain this quarrel againſt you. I would anſwered *Amphialus*, I had many more ſuch hurts to meet and know that worthy prince, whoſe virtue I love and admire, though my good deſteny hath not been to ſee his perſon.

But as they were ſo ſpeaking, the young ladies came, to whom *Mopſa*, curious in any thing but her own good behaviour, having followed and ſeen *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what ſhe had ſeen, while they were drying themſelves: and the water, with ſome drops, ſeemed to weep, that it ſhould part from ſuch bodies. But they careful of *Zelmane*, aſſuring themſelves that any *Arcadian* would bear reverence to them, *Pamela* with a noble mind, and *Philoclea* with a loving, haſtily hiding the beauties, where of nature was proud, and they aſhamed, they made quick work to come to ſave *Zelmane*. But already they found them in talk, and *Zelmane* careful of his wound. But when they ſaw him, they knew it was their couſin germane, the famous *Amphialus*: whom yet with a ſweet graced

graced bitterneſs they blamed for breaking their father's commandment, eſpecially while themſelves where in ſuch ſort retired. But he craved pardon, proteſting unto them that he had only been to ſeek ſolitary places, by an extream melancholly that had a good while poſſeſt him, and guided to that place by his ſpaniel, where while the dog hunted in the river, he had withdrawn himſelf to pacify with ſleep his over watched eyes: till a dream waked him, and made him ſee that whereof he had dreamed, and withal not obſcurely ſignified, that he felt the ſmart of his own doings. But *Philoclea*, that was even jealous of her ſelf for *Zelmane*, would needs have her glove, and not without ſo mighty a lowre as that face could yield. As for *Zelmane* when ſhe knew it was *Amphialus*; lord *Amphialus*, ſaid ſhe, I have long deſired to know you heretofore, I muſt confeſs, with more good will, but ſtill with honouring your virtue, though I love not your perſon: and at this time I pray you let us take care of your wound, upon condition you ſhall hereafter promiſe, that a more knightly combat ſhall be performed between us. *Amphialus* anſwered in honourable ſort, but with ſuch excuſing himſelf, that more and more accuſed his love to *Philoclea*, and provoked more hate to *Zelmane*. But *Mopſa* had already called certain ſhepherds not far off, who knew and well obſerved their limits, to come and help to carry way *Amphialus*, whoſe wound ſuffered him not without danger to ſtrain it: and ſo he leaving himſelf with them, departed from them, faſter bleeding in his heart, than at his wound: which bound up by the ſheets, wherewith *Philoclea* had been wrapped, made him thank the wound, and bleſs the ſword for that favour.

He being gone, the ladies, with merry anger talking, in what naked ſimplicity their couſin had ſeen them, returned to the lodg-ward: yet think-

ing

ing it too early, as long as they had any day, to break off ſo pleaſing a company, with going to perform a cumberſome obedience, *Zelmane* invited them to the little arbour, only reſerved for her, which they willingly did: and there ſitting, *Pamela* having a while made the lute in his language ſhew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* delivered up the paper, which *Amphialus* had at firſt yielded unto her: and ſeeing written upon the backſide of it the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, and deſiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her eſtate, ſhe took occaſion in preſenting of it, to ask whether it were any ſecret or no. No truly anſwered *Philoclea*, it is but even an exerciſe of my father's writing, upon this occaſion; he was one day, ſome while before your coming hither, walking abroad, having us two with him, almoſt a mile hence; croſſing a high-way, which comes from the city of *Megalopolis*, he ſaw this gentleman, whoſe name is there written, one of the propereſt and beſt graced men that ever I ſaw, being of middle age and of a mean ſtature. He lay as then under a tree, while his ſervants were getting freſh poſt-horſes for him. It might ſeem he was tired with the extreme travel he had taken, and yet not ſo tired, that he was forced to take any reſt, ſo haſty he was upon his journey: and withal ſo ſorrowful, that the very face thereof was painted in his face; which with pitiful motions, even groans, tears, and paſſionate talking to himſelf, moved my father to fall in talk with him: who at firſt not knowing him, anſwered him in ſuch a deſperate phraſe of grief, that my father afterward took a delight to ſet it down in ſuch a form as you ſee: which if you read, what you doubt of, my ſiſter and I are able to declare unto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaves, and read it being written dialogue-wiſe in this manner.

PLANGUS and BASILIUS.

PLANGUS.

Alas, how long this pilgrimage doth laſt?
What greater ills have now the heavens in ſtore,
To couple coming harms with ſorrows paſt?
Long ſince my voice is hoarſe, and throat is ſore,
With cries to skies, and courſes to the ground,
But more I plain, I feel my woes the more.
Ah, where was firſt that cruel cunning found,
To frame of earth, a veſſel of the mind,
Where it ſhould be to ſelf-deſtruction bound?
What needed ſo high ſpirits ſuch manſions blind?
Or wrapt in fleſh what do they here obtain.
But glorious name of wretched human kind?
Balls to the ſtars, and thralls to fortunes reign;
Turn'd from themſelves, infected with their rage,
Where death is fear'd, and life is held with pain.
Like players plac'd to fill a filthy ſtage,
Where change of thoughts one fool to t'other ſhews
And all but jeſts, ſave only ſorrows rage.
The child feels that; the man that feeling knows,
Which cries firſt born, the preſage of his life,
Where wit but ſerves, to have true taſte of woes.
A ſhop of ſhame, a book where blots be rife,
This body is, this body ſo compos'd,
As in it ſelf to nouriſh mortal ſtrife:
So divers be the elements diſpos'd.
In this weak work, that it can never be
Made uniform to any ſtate repos'd.
Grief only makes his wretched ſtate to ſee
(Even like a top which nought but whipping moves)
This Man, this talking beaſt, this walking tree,
Grief is the ſtone which fineſt judgment proves:
For who grieves not, hath but a blockiſh brain,
Since cauſe of grief no cauſe from life removes,

BA-

BASILIUS.

How long wilt thou with mournful muſick ſtain
The chearful notes thoſe pleaſant places yield,
Where all good haps a perfect ſtate maintain?

PLANGUS.

Curſt be good haps, and curſt be they that build
Their hopes on haps, and do not make deſpair
For all thoſe certain blows the ſureſt ſhield.
Shall I that ſaw *Erona's* ſhining hair,
Torn with her hands, and thoſe ſame hands of ſnow,
With loſs of pureſt blood themſelves to tear?
Shall I that ſaw thoſe breaſts, where beauties flow
Swelling with ſighs, made pale with minds diſeaſe,
And ſaw thoſe eyes, thoſe ſuns, ſuch ſhowers to ſhow?
Shall I whoſe ears her mournful words did ſeize,
Her words in ſyrup laid of ſweeteſt breath,
Relent thoſe thoughts which then did ſo diſpleaſe?
No, no: deſpair my daily leſſon ſaith,
And faith, although I ſeek my life to fly,
Plangus muſt live to ſee *Erona's* death.
Plangus muſt live ſome help for her, to try
(Though in deſpair) for love ſo forceth me,
Plangus doth live, and ſhall *Erona* die?
Erona die? O heaven, if heaven there be,
Hath all thy whirling courſe ſo ſmall effect?
Serve all thy ſtarry eyes this ſhame to ſee?
Let dolts in haſte ſome altars fair erect
To thoſe high powers, which idly ſit above,
And virtue do in greateſt need neglect.

BASILIUS.

O man take heed, how thou the gods doſt move

To cauſe full-wrath, which thou canſt not reſiſt.
Blaſphemous words the ſpeaker vain do prove.
Alas while we are wrapt in foggy miſt
Of our ſelf love, ſo paſſions do deceive,
We think they hurt, when moſt they do aſſiſt.
To harm us, worms ſhould that high juſtice leave
His nature? nay himſelf? for ſo it is.
What glory from our loſs can he receive?
But ſtill our dazled eyes their way do miſs,
While we do at his ſweeter ſcourge repine;
The kindly way do beat us on to bliſs.
If ſhe muſt die then hath ſhe paſt the line
Of loathſome days, whoſe loſs how canſt thou moan,
That doſt ſo well their miſeries define?
But ſuch we are with inward tempeſt blown
Of winds quite contrary in waves of will:
We moan that loſt, which had we did bemoan.

PLANGUS.

And ſhall ſhe die? ſhall cruel fire thus ſpill
Thoſe beams that ſet ſo many hearts on fire?
Hath ſhe not force even death with love to kill:
Nay, even cold death enflam'd with hot deſire
Her to enjoy where joy it ſelf is thrall,
Will ſpoil the earth of his moſt rich attire:
Thus death becomes a rival to us all,
And hopes with foul embracements her to get,
In whoſe decay virtue's fair ſhrine muſt fall.
O virtue weak, ſhall death his triumph ſet
Upon thy ſpoils, which never ſhould lie waſte?
Let death firſt die; be thou his worthy let.
By what eclipſe ſhall that ſun be defac'd?
What mine hath erſt thrown down ſo fair a tower?
What ſacriledge hath ſuch a ſaint diſgrac'd?
The world the garden is, ſhe is the flower
That ſweetens all the place; ſhe is the gueſt
Of rareſt price, both heavens and earth her bower.

And

And ſhall, O me! all this in aſhes reſt?
Alas if you a *Phœnix* new will have
Burnt by the ſun, ſhe firſt muſt build her neſt.
But well you know, the gentle ſun would ſave
Such beams ſo like his own, which might have might
In him the thoughts of *Phaeton's* dam to grave,
Therefore, alas, you uſe vile *Vulcan's* ſpight,
Which nothing ſpares, to melt that virgin wax,
Which while it is, it is all *Aſia's* light.
O *Mars*, for what doth ſerve thy armed ax?
To let that wit-old beaſt conſume in flames
Thy *Venus* child, whoſe beauty *Venus* lacks?
O *Venus*, if her praiſe no envy frames
In thy high mind, get her thy husband's grace.
Sweet ſpeaking oft a curriſh heart reclaims.
O eyes of mine, where once ſhe ſaw her face,
Her face which was more lively in my heart:
O brain, where thought of her hath only place;
O hand, which touch'd her hand when we did part;
O lips that kiſt that hand with my tears ſpent;
O tongue, then dumb, not daring tell my ſmart;
O ſoul, whoſe love in her is only ſpent,
What ere you ſee, think, touch, kiſs, ſpeak, or love,
Let all for her, and unto her be ſpent.

BASILIUS.

Thy wailing words do much my ſpirits move,
They uttered are in ſuch a feeling faſhion,
That ſorrows work againſt my will I prove.
Methinks I am partaker of thy paſſion,
And in thy caſe do glaze thy own debility:
Self-guilty folk moſt prone to feel compaſſion.
Yet reaſon ſaith, reaſon ſhould have ability
To hold thoſe worldly things in ſuch proportion,
As let them come or go with even facility.
But our deſires tyrannical extortion
Doth force us there to ſet our chief delightfulneſs

Where but a baiting place is all our portion.
But ſtill although we fail of perfect rightfulneſs,
Seek we to tame theſe childiſh ſuperfluities:
Let us not wink though void of pureſt ſightfulneſs
For what can breed more peeviſh incongruities,
Than man to yield to female lamentations:
Let us ſome grammar learn of more congruities.

PLANGUS.

If through mine ears pierce any conſolations,
By wiſe diſcourſe, ſweet tunes, or poets fiction;
If aught I ceaſe theſe hideous exclamations;
While that my ſoul, ſhe, liveth in affliction;
Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,
To wretched me, the laſt worſt malediction.
Can I that knew her ſacred parts, reſtrained be
From any joy? know fortunes vile diſplacing her,
In mortal rules let raging woes contained be?
Can I forget, when they in priſon placing her,
Which ſwelling heart in ſpight and due diſdainfulneſs
She lay for dead, till I help with unlacing her?
Can I forget from how much mourning painfulneſs
With diamond in window-glaſs ſhe grav'd
Erona die, and end this ugly painfulneſs?
Can I forget in how ſtrange phraſe ſhe crav'd
That quickly they would her burn, drown or ſmother,
As if by death ſhe only might be ſav'd?
Then let me eke gorget one hand from other:
Let me forget that *Plangus* I am called:
Let me forget I am ſon to my mother:
But if my memory muſt thus be thralled
To that ſtrange ſtroke which conquered all my ſenſes.
Can thoughts ſtill thinking, ſo reſt unapalled?

BASI-

BASILIUS.

Who ſtill doth ſeek againſt himſelf offences,
What pardon can avail? or who employs him
To hurt himſelf, what ſhields can be defences?
Woe to poor man; each outward thing annoys him.
In divers kinds; yet as he were not filled,
He heaps in outward grief, that moſt deſtroys him.
Thus is our thought with pain for thiſtles tilled:
Thus be our nobleſt parts dried up with ſorrow:
Thus is our mind with too much minding ſpilled.
One day lays up ſtore of grief for the morrow:
And whoſe good haps do leave him unprovided,
Condoling cauſe of friendſhip he will borrow:
Betwixt the good and ſhade of good divided,
We pity deem that which but weakneſs is:
So are we from our high creation ſlided.
But *Plangus*, leſt I may your ſickneſs miſs.
Or rubbing, hurt the ſore, I here do end.
The Aſs did hurt when he did think to kiſs.

When *Zelmane* had read it over, marvelling very much of the ſpeech of *Erona*'s death, and therefore deſirous to know farther of it, but more deſirous to hear *Philoclea* ſpeak, Moſt excellent lady, ſaid ſhe, one may be little the wiſer for reading this dialogue, ſince it neither ſets forth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cauſe ſhould be which threatens her with death, and him with ſorrow: therefore I would humbly crave to underſtand the particular diſcourſe thereof; becauſe, I muſt confeſs, ſomething in my travel I have heard of this ſtrange matter, which I would be glad to find by ſo ſweet an authority confirmed. The truth is, anſwered *Philoclea*, that after he knew my father to be prince of this country, while he hoped to prevail ſomething with him in great requeſt he made unto

him, he was content to open fully the eſtate both of himſelf, and of that lady; which with my ſiſter's help, ſaid ſhe, who remembers it better than I, I will declare unto you. And firſt of *Erona*, being the chief ſubject of this diſcourſe, this ſtory, which more tears and exclamations than I liſt to ſpend about it, he recounted.

Of late there reigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the bleſſing of his marriage, this only daughter of his, *Erona*; a princeſs worthy for her beauty, as much praiſe, as beauty may be praiſe-worthy. This princeſs *Erona*, being nineteen years of age, ſeeing the country of *Lydia* ſo much devoted to *Cupid*, as that in every place his naked pictures and images were ſuperſtitiouſly adored (either moved thereunto by the eſteeming it could be no god-head, which could breed wickedneſs, or the ſhamefaced conſideration of ſuch nakedneſs) procured ſo much of her father, as utterly to pull down, and deface all them ſtatutes and pictures: which how terribly he puniſhed, for to that the *Lydians* impute it, quickly after appeared.

For ſhe had not lived a year longer, when ſhe was ſtricken with moſt obſtinate love to a young man but of mean parentage, in her father's court, named *Antiphilus*: ſo mean, as that he was but the ſon of her nurſe, and by that means, without other deſert, became known of her. Now ſo evil could ſhe conceal her fire, and ſo wilfully perſevered ſhe in it, that her father offering her the marriage of the great *Tiridates*, king of *Armenia*, who deſired her more than the joys of heaven, ſhe for *Antiphilus*'s ſake refuſed it. Many ways her father ſought to withdraw her from it; ſometimes by perſuaſions, ſometimes by threatnings; once, hiding *Antiphilus*, and giving her to underſtand that he was fled the Country: laſtly, making a ſolemn execution to be done of another, under the name of *Antiphilus*, whom he kept in priſon. But neither ſhe liked perſuaſions,

ſuaſions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for abſence: and when ſhe thought him dead, ſhe ſought all means, as well by poiſon as knife, to ſend her ſoul, at leaſt to be married in the eternal church with him. This ſo brake the tender father's heart, that, leaving things as he found them, he ſhortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona*, being ſeized of the crown, and arming her will with authority, ſought to advance her affection to the holy title of matrimony.

But before ſhe could accompliſh all the ſolemnities, ſhe was overtaken with a war the king *Tiridates* made upon her, only for her perſon; towards whom, for her ruin, love had kindled his cruel heart, indeed cruel and tyrannous: for, being far too ſtrong in the field, he ſpared no man, woman, nor child; but, as though there could be found no foil to ſet forth the extremity of his love, but extremity of hatred, wrote, as it were, the ſonnets of his love in the blood, and tuned them in the cries of her ſubjects; although his fair ſiſter *Artaxia*, who would accompany him in the army, ſought all means to appeaſe his fury: till laſtly, he beſieged *Erona* in her beſt city, vowing to win her, or loſe his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a woful conſent, or a ruinous denial, when there came thither, following the courſe which virtue and fortune led them, two excellent young princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, the one prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Theſſalia*: two princes as *Plangus* ſaid, and he witneſſed his ſaying with ſighs and tears, the moſt accompliſhed both in body and mind, that the ſun ever looked upon. While *Philoclea* ſpoke thoſe words; O ſweet words, thought *Zelmane* to her ſelf, which are not only a praiſe to me, but a praiſe to praiſe her ſelf, which out of that mouth iſſueth.

Theſe two princes, ſaid *Philoclea*, as well to help the weaker, eſpecially being a lady, as to ſave a *Greek* people from being ruined by ſuch, whom we call

call and count barbarous, gathering together ſuch of the honeſteſt *Lycians*, as would venture their lives to ſuccour their princeſs; giving order by a ſecret meſſage, they ſent into the city, that they ſhould iſſue with all force at an appointed time: they ſet upon *Tiridates*'s camp with ſo well guided a fierceneſs, that being on both ſides aſſaulted, he was like to be overthrown; but that this *Plangus*, being general of *Tiridates*'s horſemen, eſpecially aided by the two mighty men *Euardus* and *Barzanes*, reſcued the foot-men, even almoſt defeated: but yet could not bar the princes, with their ſuccours both of men and victual, to enter the city.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the war long, which length ſeemed to him worſe than a languiſhing conſumption, he made a challenge of three princes in his retinue, againſt thoſe two princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrel ſhould be decided, with compact that neither ſide ſhould help his fellow: but of whoſe ſide the more overcame, with him the victory ſhould remain. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* choſe rather to bide the brunt of war, than venture him, yet) could not for ſhame refuſe the offer, eſpecially, ſince the two ſtrangers that had no intereſt in it, did willingly accept it: beſides that, he ſaw it like enough, that the people, weary of the miſeries of war, would rather give him up, if they ſaw him ſhrink, than for his ſake venture their ruin; conſidering that the challengers were of far greater worthineſs than himſelf. So it was agreed upon; and againſt *Pyrocles* was *Euardus* king of *Bithynia*; *Barzanes* of *Hircania* againſt *Muſidorus*; two men, that thought the world ſcarce able to reſiſt them: and againſt *Antiphilus* he placed this ſame *Plangus*, being his own couſin germain, and ſon to the king of *Iberia*. Now ſo it fell out, that *Muſidorus* ſlew *Barzanes*, and *Pyrocles* *Euardus*; which victory theſe princes eſteemed above all that ever they had: but of the other ſide

Plan-

Plangus took *Antiphilus* priſoner; under which colour, as if the matter had been equal, though indeed it was not, the greater part being overcome of his ſide, *Tiridates* continued his war: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yielding, ſent her word that he would the third morrow after, before the walls of the town, ſtrike off *Antiphilus*'s head, without his ſuit in that ſpace were granted; adding withal, becauſe he had heard of her deſperate affection, that, if in the mean time ſhe did her ſelf any hurt, what tortures could be deviſed ſhould be lain upon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo, if *Cupid* be a god, or that the tyranny of our own thoughts ſeem a god unto us: but whatſoever it was, then it did ſet forth the miſerableneſs of his effects; ſhe being drawn to two contraries by one cauſe (for the love of him commanded her to yield to no other: the love of him commanded her to preſerve his life;) which knot might well be cut, but untied it could not be. So that love in her paſſions, like a right make-bate, whiſpered to both ſides arguments of quarrel. 'What, ſaid he, of the one ſide, doſt thou love *Antiphilus*, O *Erona*! and ſhall *Tiridates* enjoy thy body? With what eyes wilt thou look upon *Antiphilus*, when he ſhall know that another poſſeſſeth thee? but if thou wilt do it, canſt thou do it? canſt thou force thy heart? think with thy ſelf, if this man have thee, thou ſhalt never have more part of *Antiphilus* than if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection ſhall be ſtill gnawing, and the remorſe ſtill preſent. Death perhaps will cool the rage of thy affection; where thus, thou ſhalt ever love, and ever lack. Think this beſide, if thou marry *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is ſo excellent a man, that long he cannot be from being in ſome high place married; canſt thou ſuffer that too? if another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuſe thy body, thou doſt him the wrong. His death is a work of nature, and either now, or

at

at another time he ſhall die. But it ſhall be thy work, thy ſhameful work, which is thy power to ſhun, to make him live to ſee thy faith falſified, and his bed defiled. But when love had well kindled that party of her thoughts, then went he to the other ſide. What, ſaid he, O *Erona*, and is thy love of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou doſt now make it a queſtion, whether he ſhall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much love, will ſee his head off. Mark well the reaſons of the other ſide, and thou ſhalt ſee it is but love of thy ſelf which ſo diſputeth. Thou canſt not abide *Tiridates*: but this is but love of thy ſelf; thou ſhalt be aſhamed to look upon him afterwards; this is but fear of ſhame, and love of thy ſelf; thou ſhalt want him as much then; this is but love of thy ſelf; he ſhall be married; if he be well, why ſhould that grieve thee, but for love of thy ſelf? no, no, pronounce theſe words if thou canſt, Let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each ſide ſtood before her underſtanding; one time ſhe thought ſhe ſaw *Antiphilus* dying, another time ſhe thought *Antiphilus* ſaw her by *Tiridates* enjoyed; twenty times calling for a ſervant to carry meſſage of yielding, but before he came the mind was altered. She bluſhed when ſhe conſidered the effect of granting; ſhe was pale, when ſhe remembered the fruits of denying. For weeping, ſighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair, were indifferent of both ſides. Eaſily ſhe would have agreed to have broken all diſputations with her own death, but that the fear of *Antiphilus*'s farther torments, ſtaid her. At length, even the evening before the day appointed for his death, the determination of yielding prevailed, eſpecially, growing upon a meſſage of *Antiphilus*; who with all the conjuring terms he could deviſe, beſought her to ſave his life, upon any conditions. But ſhe had no ſooner ſent her meſſenger to *Tiridates*, but her mind changed, and ſhe went to the two young princes,

princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, and falling down at their feet, deſired them to try ſome way for her deliverance; ſhewing her ſelf reſolved, notto over live *Antiphilus*, nor yield to *Tiridates*.

They that know not what ſhe had done in private, prepared that night accordingly: and as ſometimes it falls out, that what is conſtancy, ſeems cunning; ſo did this change indeed ſtand in as good ſtead as a witty diſſimulation. For it made the king as reckleſs, as them diligent: ſo that in the dead time of the night, the princes iſſued out of the town; with whom ſhe would needs go, either to die her ſelf, or reſcue *Antiphilus*, having no armour, or weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what device, though *Plangus* at large deſcribed it, the concluſion was, the wonderful valour of the two princes ſo prevailed, that, *Antiphilus* was ſuccoured, and the king ſlain. *Plangus* was then the chief man left in the camp; and therefore ſeeing no other remedy, conveyed in ſafety into her country *Artaxia*, now queen of *Armenia*; who with true lamentation, made known unto the world that her new greatneſs did no way comfort her in reſpect of her brother's loſs, whom ſhe ſtudied by all means poſſible to revenge upon every one of the occaſioners, having, as ſhe thought, overthrown her brother by a moſt abominable treaſon. Inſomuch, that being at home ſhe proclaimed great reward to any private man, and her ſelf in marriage to any prince, that would deſtroy *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and, though againſt the conſent of her nobility, married to *Erona*; in which caſe the two *Greek* princes, being called away by another adventure, left them.

But now methinks, as I have read ſome poets, who when they intend to tell ſome horrible matter, they bid men ſhun the hearing of it: ſo if I do not deſire you to ſtop your ears from me, yet may I well deſire a breathing time, before I am to tell the exe-

execrable treaſon of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this miſery; and withal wiſh you all, that from all mankind indeed you ſtop your ears. O moſt happy were we, if we did ſet our loves one upon another. And as ſhe ſpake that word, her cheeks in red letters writ more than her tongue did ſpeak, and therefore ſince I have named *Plangus*, I pray you, ſiſter, ſaid ſhe, help me with the reſt, for I have held the ſtage long enough; and if it pleaſe you to make his fortune known, as I have done *Erona's*, I will after take heart again to go on with his falſhood; and ſo between us both, my lady *Zelmane* ſhall underſtand both the cauſe and parties of this lamentation. Nay, I beſhrew me then, ſaid *Miſo*, I will none of that, I promiſe you, as long as I have the government, I will firſt have my tale, and then my lady *Pamela*, my lady *Zelmane*, and my daughter *Mopſa*, for *Mopſa* was then returned from *Amphialus*, may draw cuts, and the ſhorteſt cut ſpeak firſt. For I tell you, and this may be ſuffered, when you are married, you will have firſt and laſt word of your husbands. The ladies laughed to ſee with what an eager earneſtneſs ſhe looked, having threatned not only in her ferret eyes; but while ſhe ſpake her noſe ſeeming to threaten her chin, and her ſhaking limbs one to threaten another. But there was no remedy, they muſt obey, and *Miſo*, ſitting on the ground with her knees up, and her hands upon her knees, tuning her voice with many a quavering cough, thus diſcourſed unto them. I tell you true, ſaid ſhe, whatſoever you think of me, you will one day be as I am; and I, ſimple though I ſit here, thought once my penny as good ſilver, as ſome of you do: and if my father had not plaid the haſty fool, it is no lie I tell you, I might have had another-gains husband than *Dametas*. But let that paſs, god amend him; and yet I ſpeak it not without good cauſe. You are full in your tittle tatlings of *Cupid*, here is *Cupid*, and there is *Cupid*. I will tell you

now

now what a good old woman told me, what an old wiſe man told her, what a great learned clark told him, and gave it him in writing: and here I have it in my prayer-book. I pray you, ſaid *Philoclea*, let us ſee it and read it. No haſte, but good, ſaid *Miſo*, you ſhall firſt know how I came by it. I was a young girl of ſeven and twenty year old, and I could not go through the ſtreet of our village, but I might hear the young men talk: O the pretty little eyes of *Miſo*: O the fine thin lips of *Miſo*: O the goodly fat hands of *Miſo*: beſides, how well a certain wrying I had in my neck became me. Then the one would wink with one eye, and the other caſt dazies at me. I muſt confeſs, ſeeing ſo many amorous, it made me ſet up my peacocks tail with the higheſt. Which when this good old woman perceived, O the good old woman, well may the bones reſt of the good old woman, ſhe call'd me to her into her houſe. I remember full well it ſtood in the lane you go to the barber's-ſhop; all the town knew her, there was a great loſs of her: ſhe call'd me to her, and taking firſt a ſop of wine to comfort her heart, it was of the ſame wine that comes out of *Candia*, which we pay ſo dear for now a days, and in that good world was very good cheap, ſhe called me to her; Minion, ſaid ſhe, indeed I was a pretty one in thoſe days, though I ſay it, I ſee a number of lads that love you: well, ſaid ſhe, I ſay no more; do you know what love is? with that ſhe brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foul fiend I trow: for he had a pair of horns like a bull, his feet cloven; as many eyes upon his body, as my gray mare hath dapples, and for all the world ſo placed. This monſter ſat like a hangman upon a pair of gallows; in his right hand, he was painted holding a crown of laurel; in his left hand, a purſe of money; and out of his mouth, hung a lace of two fair pictures, a man and a woman, and ſuch a countenance

tenance he ſhewed, as if he would perſuade folks by thoſe allurements to come thither and be hanged. I, like a tender-hearted wench, ſhrieked out for fear of the devil: well, ſaid ſhe, this ſame is even love; therefore do what thou liſt with all thoſe fellows one after another; and it recks not much what they do to thee, ſo it be in ſecret; but upon my charge, never love none of them. Why mother, ſaid I, could ſuch a thing come from the belly of the fair *Venus*? for a few days before, our prieſt, between him and me, had told me the whole ſtory of *Venus*. Tush, ſaid ſhe, they are all deceived and therewith gave me this book, which ſhe ſaid, a great maker of ballads had given to an old painter, who, for a little pleaſure, had beſtowed both book and picture of her. Read there, ſaid ſhe, and thou ſhalt ſee that his mother was a cow, and the falſe *Argus* his father. And ſo ſhe gave me this book, and there now you may read it. With that the remembrance of the good old woman, made her make ſuch a face to weep, as if it were not ſorrow, it was the carcaſe of ſorrow that appeared there. But while her tears came out, like rain falling upon dirty furrows, the latter end of her prayer-book was read among theſe ladies, which contained this:

Poor *Painters* oft with ſilly *Poets* join,
To fill the world with ſtrange but vain conceits:
One brings the ſtuff, the *other* ſtamps the coin,
Which breeds naught elſe but gloſſes of deceit.
Thus painters *Cupid* paint, thus poets do
A naked god, blind, young, with arrows two.
Is he a god that ever flies the light:
Or naked he diſguis'd in all untruth?
If he be blind, how hitteth he ſo right?
How, is he young that tam'd old *Phœbus* youth?
But arrows two, and tipt with gold or lead?
Some hurt, accuſe a third with horny head.

No, nothing ſo; and old falſe knave he is,
By *Argus* got on *Io*, then a cow:
What time for her *Juno* her *Jove* did miſs,
And charge of her to *Argus* did allow.
Mercury kill'd his falſe ſire for this act,
His dam a beaſt was pardon'd beaſtly fact
With father's death and mother's guilty ſhame,
With *Jove's* diſdain of ſuch a rival's ſeed:
The wretch compel'd a runnagate became,
And learn'd what ill a miſer-ſtate doth breed:
To lie, to ſteal, to pry, and to accuſe.
Nought in himſelf each other to abuſe.
Yet bears he ſtill his parents ſtately gifts,
A horned head, cloven feet, and thouſand eyes,
Some gazing ſtill, ſome winking whily ſhifts,
With long large ears, where never rumour dies
His horned head doth ſeem the heaven to ſpight,
His cloven foot doth never tread aright.
Thus half a man, with man he daily hunts,
Cloath'd in the ſhape which ſooneſt may deceive:
Thus half a beaſt, each beaſtly vice he plants,
In thoſe weak hearts that his advice receive;
He prowls each place ſtill in new colours deckt,
Sucking one's ill, another to infect.
To narrow breaſts he comes all wrapt in gain;
To ſwelling hearts he ſhines in honours fire:
To open eyes all beauties he doth rain:
Creeping to each with flattering of deſire.
But for that love is worſt which rules the eyes,
Thereon is name, there his chief triumph lies.
Millions of years this old revil'd *Cupid* lives,
While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth prove.
Till now at length that *Jove* him office gives
(At *Juno's* ſuit, who much did *Argus* love)
In this our world a hangman for to be
Of all thoſe fools, that will have all they ſee.

The ladies made ſport at the deſcription and ſtory of *Cupid*. But *Zelmane* could ſcarce ſuffer thoſe blaſphemies, as ſhe took them, to be read, but humbly beſought *Pamela* ſhe ſhould perform her ſiſters requeſt of the other part of the ſtory. Noble lady, anſwered ſhe, beautifying her face with a ſweet ſmiling, and the ſweetneſs of her ſmiling with the beauty of her face, ſince I am born a prince's daughter, let me not give example of diſobedience. My governeſs will have us draw cuts, and therefore I pray you let us do ſo: and ſo perhaps it will light upon you to entertain this company with ſome ſtory of your own; and it is reaſon our ears ſhould be willing to hear, as your tongue is able to deliver. I will think, anſwer'd *Zelmane*, excellent princeſs, my tongue of ſome value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to favour me. But *Pamela* pleaſantly perſiſting to have fortune their judge, they ſet hands, and *Mopſa*, though at the firſt for ſqueamiſhneſs going up and down with her head like a boat in a ſtorm, put to her golden gols among them, and blind fortune, that ſaw not the colour of them, gave her the prehemineence: and ſo being her time to ſpeak, whiping her mouth, as there was good cauſe, ſhe thus tumbled into her matter. In time paſt, ſaid ſhe, there was a king, the mightieſt man in all his country, that had by his wife, the faireſt daughter that ever eat pap. Now this king did keep a great houſe, that every body might come and take their meat freely. So one day as his daughter was ſitting in her window, playing upon a harp, as ſweet as any roſe; and combing her head with a comb all precious ſtones, there came in a knight into the court, upon a goodly horſe, one hair of gold, and the other of ſilver; and ſo the knight caſting up his eyes to the window, did fall into ſuch love with her, that he grew not worth the bread he eat; till many a ſorry day going over his head, with daily

ly diligence and griefly groans, he won her affection, ſo that they agreed to run away together. And ſo in *May*, when all true hearts rejoice, they ſtole out of the caſtle, without ſtaying ſo much as for their breakfaſt. Now forſooth, as they went together, often fall to kiſſing one another, the knight told her, he was brought up among the water-nymphs, who had ſo bewitched him, that if he were ever askt his name, he muſt preſently vaniſh away: and therefore charged her upon his bleſſing, never to ask him what he was, nor whither he would. And ſo a great while ſhe kept his commandment; till once, paſſing through a cruel wilderneſs, as dark as pitch, her mouth ſo watered, that ſhe could not chuſe but ask him the queſtion. And then, he making the grievouſeſt complaints that would have melted a tree to have heard them, vaniſh'd quite away: and ſhe lay down, caſting forth as pitiful cries as any ſhriek-owl. But having lain ſo, wet by the rain, and burnt by the ſun, five days, and five nights, ſhe got up, and went over many a high hill, and many a deep river; till ſhe came to an aunts houſe of hers, and came and cried to her for help: and ſhe for pity gave her a nut, and bid her never open her nut, till ſhe was come to the extreameſt miſery that ever tongue could ſpeak of; and ſo ſhe went, and ſhe went, and never feſted the evening, where ſhe went in the morning; till ſhe came to a ſecond aunt, and ſhe gave her another nut.

Now good *Mopſa*, ſaid the ſweet *Philoclea*, I pray thee at my requeſt keep this tale till my marriage-day, and I promiſe thee that the beſt gown I wear that day ſhall be thine. *Mopſa* was very glad of that bargain, eſpecially that it ſhould grow a feſtival tale: ſo that *Zelmane*, who deſired to find the uttermoſt what theſe ladies underſtood touching her ſelf, and having underſtood the danger of *Erona*, of which before ſhe had never heard, purpoſing

with her ſelf, as ſoon as this purſuit ſhe now was in, was brought to any effect, to ſuccour her, entreated again, that ſhe might know as well the ſtory of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her ſiſters perfecter remembrance: who with ſo ſweet a voice, and ſo winning a grace, as in themſelves were of moſt forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this manner to their earneſt requeſt ſoon condeſcended.

The father of this prince *Plangus* as yet lives, and is king of *Iberia*: a man, if the judgment of *Plangus* may be accepted, of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing evil, without himſelf miſtake the evil, ſeeing it diſguiſed under ſome form of goodneſs. This prince being at firſt married to a princeſs, who both from her anceſtors, and in her ſelf was worthy of him, by her had this ſon *Plangus*. Not long after whoſe birth, the queen, as though ſhe had performed the meſſage for which ſhe was ſent into the world, returned again unto her maker. The king, ſealing up all thoughts of love under the image of her memory, remained a widower many years after; recompencing the grief of that diſ-joining from her, in conjoining himſelf both a fatherly and motherly care toward her only child *Plangus*. Who being grown to man's age, as our own eyes may judge, could not but fertily requite his father's fatherly education.

This prince, while yet the errors in his nature were excuſed by the greenneſs of his youth, which took all the fault upon it ſelf, loved a private man's wife of the principal city of that kingdom, if that may be called love, which he rather did take into himſelf willingly, than by which he was taken forcibly. It ſufficeth, that the young man perſuaded himſelf he loved her: ſhe being a woman beautiful enough, if it be poſſible, that the only outſide can juſtly entitle a beauty. But finding ſuch a chaſe as only fled to be caught, the

young

young prince brought his affection with her to the point, which ought to engrave remorſe in her heart, and to paint ſhame upon her face. And ſo poſſeſt he his deſire without any interruption; he conſtantly favouring her, and ſhe thinking that the enamelling of a prince's name, might hide the ſpots of a broken wedlock. But as I have ſeen one that was ſick of a ſleeping diſeaſe, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: ſo, out of his ſinful ſleep his mind, unworthy ſo to be loſt, was not to be call'd to it ſelf, but by a ſharp accident. It fell out, that his many times leaving of the court, in undue times, began to be noted; and, as princes ears be manifold, from one to the other came unto the king; who careful of his only ſon, ſought and found out by his ſpies, the neceſſary evil ſervants to a king, what it was, whereby he was from his better delights ſo diverted. Whereupon, the king, to give his fault the greater blow, uſed ſuch means by diſguiſing himſelf, that he found them, her husband being abſent, in her houſe together, which he did, to make them the more feelingly aſhamed of it. And that way he took, laying threatnings upon her, and upon him reproaches. But the poor young prince, deceived with that young opinion, that if it be ever lawful to lie, it is for one's lover, imployed all his wit to bring his father into a better opinion. And becauſe he might bend him from that, as he counted it, crooked conceit of her, he wreſted him, as much as he could poſſibly, to the other ſide: not ſticking with prodigal proteſtations to ſet forth her chaſtity; not denying his own attempt, but thereby the more extolling her virtue. His ſophiſtry prevailed, his father believed, and ſo believed, that ere long, though he were already ſtept into the winter of his age, he found himſelf warm in thoſe deſires, which were in his ſon far more excuſable. To be ſhort, he gave him-

ſelf over unto it; and becauſe he would avoid the odious compariſon of a young rival, ſent away his ſon with an army, to the ſubduing of a province lately rebelled againſt him; which he knew could not be leſs work than three or four years. Wherein he behaved himſelf ſo worthily, as even to this country the fame thereof came, long before his own coming: while yet his father had a ſpedier ſucceſs, but in a far more unnobler conqueſt. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man, growing only in age and affection, followed his ſuit with all means of unhoneſt ſervants, large promiſes, and each thing elſe that might help to countervail his own unlovelyneſs.

And ſhe, whoſe husband about that time died, forgetting the abſent *Plangus*, or at leaſt not hoping of him to obtain ſo aſpiring a purpoſe, left no art unuſed, which might keep the line from breaking, whereat the fiſh was already taken; not drawing him violently, but letting him play himſelf upon the hook, which he had ſo greedily ſwallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a doleful countenance, yet neither forgetting handſomeneſs in her mourning garments, nor ſweetneſs in her doleful countenance; her words were ever ſeaſoned with ſighs, and any favour ſhe ſhewed, bathed in tears, that affection might ſee cauſe of pitty, and pitty might perſuade cauſe of affection. And being grown skilful in his humours, ſhe was no leſs skilful in applying his humours; never ſuffering his fear to fall to deſpair, nor his hope to haſten to an aſſurance: ſhe was content he ſhould think that ſhe loved him; and a certain ſtolen look ſhould ſometimes, as though it were againſt her will, bewray it: but if thereupon he grew bold, he ſtreight was encountered with a mask of virtue. And that which ſeemeth moſt impoſſible unto me, for as near as I can repeat it, as *Plangus* told it, ſhe could not only

ſigh

ſigh when ſhe would, as all can do, and weep when ſhe would, as, they ſay, ſome can do; but, being moſt impudent in her heart, ſhe could when ſhe would, teach her cheeks bluſhing, and make ſhamefac'dneſs the cloak of ſhameleſneſs. In ſum, to leave out many particularities, which he recited, ſhe did not only uſe ſo the ſpur, that his deſire ran on; but ſo the bit, that it ran on even in ſuch a career as ſhe would have it; that within a while the king, ſeeing with no other eyes but ſuch as ſhe gave him, and thinking on no other thoughts, but ſuch as ſhe taught him; having at firſt liberal meaſure of favours, then ſhortned of them, when moſt his deſire was inflamed, he ſaw no other way but marriage to ſatisfy his longing, and her mind, as he thought, loving, but chaſtly loving: ſo that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious over the rebels, he found his father, not only married, but already a father of a ſon and a daughter by this woman. Which though *Plangus*, as he had every way juſt cauſe, was grieved at; yet did his grief never bring forth either contemning of her or repining at his father. But ſhe, who beſides was grown a mother, and a ſtep-mother, did read in his eyes her own fault, and made his conſcience her guiltineſs, thought ſtill that his preſence carried her condemnation: ſo much the more, as that ſhe, unchaſtly attempting his wonted fancies, found, for the reverence of his father's bed, a bitter refuſal; which breeding rather ſpite than ſhame in her, or if it were a ſhame, a ſhame not of the fault, but of the repulſe, ſhe did not only, as hating him, thirſt for a revenge, but, as fearing harm from him, endeavoured to do harm unto him. Therefore did ſhe try the uttermoſt of her wicked wit, how to overthrow him in the foundation of his ſtrength, which was in the favour of his father: which becauſe ſhe ſaw ſtrong both in

nature and deſert, it required the more cunning how to undermine it. And therefore, ſhunning the ordinary trade of hireling *Sycophants*, ſhe made her praiſes of him, to be accuſations; and her advancing him to be his ruin. For firſt, with words, nearer admiration than liking, ſhe would extol his excellencies, the goodlineſs of his ſhape, the power of his wit, the valiantneſs of his courage, the fortunateneſs of his ſucceſſes: ſo as the father might find in her a ſingular love towards him: nay ſhe ſhuned not to kindle ſome few ſparks of jealouſy in him: thus having gotten an opinion in his father, that ſhe was far from meaning miſchief to the ſon, then fell ſhe to praiſe him with no leſs vehemency of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then ſhe ſets forth the liberty of his mind, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitneſs in him to bear rule, the ſingular love the ſubjects bear him; that it was doubtful, whether his wit were greater in winning their favours, or his courage in imploying their favours: that he was not born to live a ſubject life, each action of his bearing in it majeſty; ſuch a kingly entertainment, ſuch a kingly magnificence, ſuch a kingly heart for enterprizes: eſpecially remembring thoſe virtues, which in a ſucceſſor are no more honoured by the ſubjects, than ſuſpected of the princes. Then would ſhe, by putting of objections, bring in objections to her husband's head, already infected with ſuſpicion. Nay, would ſhe ſay, I dare take it upon my death, that he is no ſuch ſon, as many like might have been, who loved greatneſs ſo well, as to build their greatneſs upon their fathers ruin. Indeed *ambition, like love, can abide no lingring*, and *ever urgeth on his own ſucceſſes*; hating nothing, but what may ſtop them. But the gods forbid, we ſhould ever once dream of any ſuch thing in him, who perhaps might be content that you and the world ſhould know, what

what he can do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his praiſe, that he will not hurt. Then ever remembring to ſtrengthen the ſuſpicion of his eſtate with private jealouſy of her love, doing him exceſſive honour when he was in preſence, and repeating his pretty ſpeeches and graces in his abſence, beſides, cauſing him to be employed in all ſuch dangerous matters, as either he ſhould periſh in them; or, if he prevailed, they ſhould increaſe his glory, which ſhe made a weapon to wound him; until ſhe found that ſuſpicion began already to ſpeak for it ſelf, and that her husband's ears were grown hungry of rumours, and his eyes prying into every accident.

Then took ſhe help to her of a ſervant near about her husband, whom ſhe knew to be of a haſty ambition, and ſuch a one, who wanting true ſufficiency to raiſe him, would make a ladder of any miſchief. Him ſhe uſeth to deal more plainly in alledging cauſes of jealouſy, making him know the fitteſt times when her husband already was ſtirred that way. And ſo they two, with divers ways, nouriſhed one humour, like muſicians, that ſinging divers parts, make one muſick. He ſometimes with fearful countenance would deſire the king to look to himſelf; for that all the court and city were full of whiſperings, and expectation of ſome ſudden change, upon what ground himſelf knew not. Another time he would councel the king to make much of his ſon, and hold his favour, for that it was too late now to keep him under. Now ſeeming to fear himſelf, becauſe, he ſaid, *Plangus* loved none of them that were great about his father. Laſtly, breaking with him directly, making a ſorrowful countenance, and an humble geſture bear falſe witneſs for his true meaning, that he found not only, ſoldiery, but people weary of his government, and all their affection bent upon *Plangus*; both he and the queen concurring in ſtrange dreams, and each thing elſe,

that in a mind, already perplexed, might breed aſtoniſhment: ſo that within a while, all *Plangus*'s actions began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpicion.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not avoid, even contraries being driven to draw one yoke of argument. If he were magnificent, he ſpent much with an aſpiring intent, if he ſpared, he heaped much with an aſpiring intent: if he ſpake courteouſly, he angled the people's hearts; if he were ſilent, he muſed upon ſome dangerous plot. In ſum, if he could have turned himſelf to as many forms as *Proteus*, every form ſhould have been made hideous.

But ſo it fell out, that a meer triſle gave them occaſion of farther proceeding. The king one morning, going to a vineyard that lay along the hill whereupon his caſtle ſtood: he ſaw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, took a branch of the ſame bough for want of another thing, and tied it about the place broken. The king asking the fellow what he did, Marry, ſaid he, I make the ſon bind the father. This word, finding the king already ſuperſtitious through ſuſpicion, amazed him ſtreight, as a preſage of his own fortune: ſo that, returning and breaking with his wife how much he miſdoubted his eſtate; ſhe made ſuch gain-ſaying anſwers as while they ſtrove, ſtrove to be overcome. But even while the doubts moſt boiled, ſhe thus nouriſhed them.

She under-hand dealt with the principal men of that country, that at the great parliament, which was then to be held, they ſhould in the name of all the eſtates perſuade the king, being now ſtept deeply into old age, to make *Plangus* his aſſociate in government with him; aſſuring them, that not only ſhe would join with them, but that the father himſelf would take it kindly, charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withal; for that perhaps it might be harmful

ful unto him, if the king ſhould find that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not only willingly, becauſe they loved him; and truly, becauſe ſuch indeed was the mind of the people; but ſafely, becauſe ſhe who ruled the king, was agreed thereto) accompliſhed her councel; ſhe indeed keeping promiſe of vehement perſuading the ſame: which the more ſhe and they did, the more ſhe knew her husband would fear, and hate the cauſe of his fear. *Plangus* found this, and humbly proteſted againſt ſuch deſire or will to accept. But the more he proteſted, the more his father thought he diſſembled, accounting his integrity to be but a cunning face of falſhood: and therefore delaying the deſire of his ſubjects, attended ſome fit occaſion to lay hands upon his ſon, which his wife brought thus to paſs.

She cauſed the ſame miniſter of hers to go unto *Plangus*, and, enabling his words with great ſhew of faith, and endearing them with deſire of ſecreſy, to tell him, that he found his ruine conſpired by his ſtep-mother, with certain of the noblemen of that country, the king himſelf giving his conſent, and that few days ſhould paſs before the putting it in practice; withal diſcovering the very truth indeed, with what cunning his ſtep-mother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his own opinion, made him give the better credit; yet not ſo far, as to flie out of his country, according to the naughty fellow's perſuaſion, but to attend, and to ſee farther. Whereupon the fellow, by the direction of his miſtreſs, told him one day, that the ſame night about one of the clock, the king had appointed to have his wife, and thoſe noblemen together, to deliberate of their manner of proceeding againſt *Plangus*; and therefore offered him, that if himſelf would agree, he would bring him to a place where he ſhould hear all that paſſed; and ſo have the more reaſon both to himſelf, and to the world, to ſeek his ſafety.

ty. The poor *Plangus*, being ſubject to that only diſadvantage of honeſt hearts, credulity, was perſuaded by him; and arming himſelf, becauſe of his late going, was cloſely conveyed into the place appointed. In the mean time, his ſtep-mother, making all her geſtures cunningly counterfeit a miſerable affliction, ſhe lay almoſt groveling on the floor of her chamber, not ſuffering any body to comfort her, until they calling for her husband, and he held off with long enquiry, at length, ſhe told him, even almoſt crying out every word, that ſhe was weary of her life, ſince ſhe was brought to that plunge, either to conceal her husband's murther, or accuſe her ſon, who had ever been more dear than a ſon unto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations ſhe told him, that her ſon *Plangus*, ſoliciting her in the old affection between them, had beſought her to put too her helping hand to the death of the king; aſſuring her, that though all the laws in the world were againſt it, he would marry her when he were king.

She had not fully ſaid thus much, with many pitiful digreſſions, when in comes the ſame fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himſelf out of breath, fell at the king's feet, beſeeching him to ſave himſelf; for that there was a man with a ſword drawn in the next room. The king affrighted, went out, and called his guard, who entring the place, found indeed *Plangus* with his ſword in his hand, but not naked, but ſtanding ſuſpiciouſly enough, to one already ſuſpicious: The king, thinking he had put up his ſword becauſe of the noiſe, never took leiſure to hear his anſwer, but made him priſoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market-place.

But the day had no ſooner opened the eyes and ears of his friends, and followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, and by force delivered him; although numbers on the other ſide,

abuſed

abuſed with the fine framing of their report, took arms for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might have uſed the force of his friends, to revenge his wrong, and get the crown; yet the natural love of his father, and hate to make their ſuſpicion ſeem juſt, cauſed him rather to chuſe a voluntary exile, than to make his father's death the purchaſe of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whoſe mother was his father's ſiſter, living in his court eleven or twelve years, ever hoping by his interceſſion, and his own deſert, to recover his father's grace. At the end of which time, the war of *Erona* happened, which my ſiſter, with the cauſe thereof, diſcourſed unto you.

But his father had ſo deeply engraved the ſuſpicion in his heart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a fearful guiltineſs, than of an humble faithfulneſs; and therefore continued his hate with ſuch vehemency, that he did even hate his nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his niece *Artaxia*, becauſe in their court he received countenance, leaving no means unattempted of deſtroying his ſon; among other, employing that wicked ſervant of his, who undertook to empoiſon him. But his cunning diſguiſed him not ſo well, but that the watchful ſervants of *Plangus* did diſcover him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and, before his well deſerved execution, by torture forced to confeſs the particularities of this, which in general I have told you.

Which confeſſion authentically ſet down, though *Tiridates* with ſolemn embaſſage ſent to the king, wrought no effect. For the king having put the reins of the government into his wife's hand, never did ſo much as read it, but ſent it ſtreight by her to be conſidered. So as they rather heaped more hatred on *Plangus*, for the death of their ſervant. And now finding, that his abſence, and their reports, had much diminiſhed the wavering people's affecti-

affection towards *Plangus*, with advancing fit perſons for faction, and granting great immunities to the commons, they prevailed ſo far, as to cauſe the ſon of the ſecond wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaimed ſucceſſor, and *Plangus* quite excluded: ſo that *Plangus* was driven to continue his ſerving *Tiridates*, as he did in the war againſt *Erona*, and brought home *Artaxia*, as my ſiſter told you; when *Erona* by the treaſon of *Antiphilus*——. But at that word ſhe ſtopped. For *Baſilius*, not able longer to abide their abſence, came ſuddenly among them, and with ſmiling countenance, telling *Zelmane* he was afraid ſhe had ſtolen away his daughters, invited them to follow the ſun's councel in going then to their lodging; for indeed the ſun was ready to ſet. They yielded, *Zelmane* meaning ſome other time to underſtand the ſtory of *Antiphilus*'s treaſon, and *Erona*'s danger, whoſe cauſe ſhe greatly tendred. But *Miſo* had no ſooner eſpied *Baſilius*, but that as ſpitefully, as her rotten voice could utter, ſhe ſet forth the faucineſs of *Amphialus*. But *Baſilius* only attended what *Zelmane*'s opinion was: who though ſhe hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage prevailed over it, and ſhe deſired he might be pardoned that youthful error; conſidering the reputation he had, to be one of the beſt knights in the world; ſo as hereafter he governed himſelf, as one remembring his fault. *Baſilius* giving the infinite terms of praiſes to *Zelmane*'s both in valour in conquering, and pitifulneſs in pardoning, commanded no more words to be made of it, ſince ſuch he thought was her pleaſure.

So brought he them up to viſit his wife, where, between her and him, the poor *Zelmane* received a tedious entertainment; oppreſſed with being loved, almoſt as much, as with loving. *Baſilius* not ſo wiſe in covering his paſſion, could make his tongue go almoſt no other pace, but to run into thoſe immoderate praiſes, which the fooliſh lover thinks ſhort of his

his miſtreſs, though they reach far beyond the heavens. But *Gynecia*, whom womanly modeſty did more outwardly bridle, yet did oftentimes uſe the advantage of her ſex in kiſſing *Zelmane*, as ſhe ſat upon her bed-ſide by her; which was but ſtill more and more ſweet incenſe to caſt upon the fire wherein her heart is ſacrificed. Once, *Zelmane* could not ſtir, but that, as if they had been poppets, whoſe motion ſtood only upon her pleaſure, *Baſilius* with ſerviceable ſteps, *Gynecia*, with greedy eyes would follow her. *Baſilius's* mind *Gynecia* well knew, and could have found in her heart to laugh at, if mirth could have born any proportion with her fortune: But all *Gynecia's* actions were interpreted by *Baſilius*, as proceeding from jealouſy of his amorouſneſs. *Zelmane* betwixt both, like the poor child, whoſe father, while he beats him, will make him believe it is for love; or like the ſick man, to whom the phyſician ſwears, the ill taſting wallowiſh medicine he proffers, is of a good taſte: their love was hateful, their courteſy troubleſome, their preſence cauſe of her abſence thence, where not only her light, but her life conſiſted. Alas, thought ſhe to her ſelf, dear *Dorus*, what odds is there between thy deſtiny and mine? For thou haſt to do, in thy purſuit, but with ſhepherdiſh folks, who trouble thee with a little envious care, and affected diligence; but I, beſides that I have now *Miſo* the worſt of the devils, let looſe upon me, am waited on by princes, and watched by the two wakeful eyes of love and jealouſy. Alas incomparable *Philoclea*, thou ever ſeeſt me, but doſt never ſee me as I am: thou heareſt willingly all that I dare ſay, and I dare not ſay that which were moſt fit for thee to hear. Alas, who ever but I was impriſoned in liberty, and baniſhed being ſtill preſent? to whom but me have lovers been jaylors, and honour a captivity?

But the night coming on with her ſilent ſteps upon them, they parted each from other, if at leaſt they

they could be parted, of whom every one did live in another, and went about to flatter ſleep in their beds, that diſdained to beſtow it ſelf liberally upon ſuch eyes, which by their will would ever be looking? and in leaſt meaſure upon *Gynecia*. Who, when *Baſilius* after long toſſing was gotten aſleep, and the chearful comforts of the lights removed from her, kneeling up in her bed, began with a ſoft voice, and ſwoln heart, to renew the curſes of her birth; and then in a manner embracing her bed: Ah chaſted bed of mine, ſaid ſhe, which never heretofore couldſt accuſe me of one defiled thought, how canſt thou now receive this diſaſtered changling? happy, happy, be they only which be not; and thy bleſſedneſs only in this reſpect thou mayeſt feel that thou haſt no feeling. With that ſhe furiouſly tore off great part of her fair hair: take here, O forgotten virtue, ſaid ſhe, this miſerable ſacrifice; while my ſoul was cloathed with modeſty, that was a comely ornament: now why ſhould nature crown the head, which is ſo wicked, as her only deſpair is ſhe cannot be enough wicked? more ſhe would have ſaid, but that *Baſilius*, awaked with the noiſe, took her in his arms, and began to comfort her; the good man thinking it was all for a jealous love of him: which humour if ſhe would a little have maintained, perchance it might have weakened his new conceived fancies. But he finding her anſwers wandering from the purpoſe, left her to her ſelf (glad the next morning to take the advantage of a ſleep, which a little before day overwatched with ſorrow, her tears had as it were ſealed up in her eyes) to have the more conference with *Zelmane*; who baited on this faſhion by theſe two lovers, and ever kept from any mean to declare her ſelf, found in her ſelf a daily increaſe of her violent deſires; like a river, the more ſwelling, the more his current is ſtopped.

The chief recreation ſhe could find in her anguiſh, was ſometime to viſit that place, where firſt ſhe was

ſo

ſo happy as to ſee the cauſe of her unhap. There would ſhe kiſs the ground, and thank the trees, bleſs the air, and do dutiful reverence to every thing that ſhe thought did accompany her at their firſt meeting: then return again to her inward thoughts; ſometimes deſpair darkning all her imaginations, ſometimes the active paſſion of love chearing and clearing her invention, how to unbar that comberſome hindrance of her two ill-matched lovers. But this morning *Baſilius* himſelf gave her good occaſion to go beyond them. For having combed and tricked himſelf more curiouſly, than any time forty winters before, coming where *Zelmane* was, he found her given over to her muſical muſes, to the great pleaſure of the good old *Baſilius*, who retired himſelf behind a tree, while ſhe with a moſt ſweet voice did utter theſe paſſionate verſes.

LOved I am, and yet complain of love:
As loving not, accus'd in love I die,
When pity moſt I crave, I cruel prove:
Still ſeeking love, love found as much I flie.
Burnt in my ſelf, I muſe at others fire;
What I call wrong, I do the ſame and more:
Barr'd of my will, I have beyond deſire;
I wail for want, and yet am choak'd with ſtore.
This is thy work thou god for ever blind:
Though thouſands old, a boy entitled ſtill.
Thus children do the ſilly birds they find,
With ſtroaking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
Yet thus much love, O love I crave of thee:
Let me be lov'd, or elſe not loved be.

Baſilius made no great haſte from behind the trees, till he perceived ſhe had fully ended her muſick. But then loth to loſe the precious fruit of time, he preſented himſelf unto her, falling down upon both his knees, and holding up his hands, as the old governeſs of *Danae* is painted, when ſhe

ſuddenly ſaw the golden ſhower, O heavenly woman, or earthly goddeſs, ſaid he, let not my preſence be odious unto you, nor my humble ſuit ſeem of ſmall weight in your ears. Vouchſafe your eyes to deſcend upon this miſerable old man, whoſe life hath hitherto been maintained but to ſerve as an increaſe of your beautiful triumphs. You only have overthrown me, and in my bondage conſiſts my glory. Suffer not your own work to be deſpiſed of you, but look upon him with pity, whoſe life ſerves for your praiſe. *Zelmane*, keeping a countenance aſcances ſhe underſtood him not, told him, it became her evil to ſuffer ſuch exceſſive reverence of him, but that it worſe became her to correct him, to whom ſhe owed duty; that the opinion ſhe had of his wiſdom was ſuch, as made her eſteem greatly of his words; but that the words themſelves ſounded ſo, as ſhe could not imagine what they might intend. Intend, ſaid *Baſilius*, proud that that was brought in queſtion, what may they intend, but a refreſhing of my ſoul, and aſſwaging of my heat, and enjoying thoſe your excellencies, wherein my life is upheld, and my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting up her face, as if ſhe had received a mortal injury of him, And is this the devotion your ceremonies have been bent unto? ſaid ſhe: is it the diſdain of my eſtate, or the opinion of my lightneſs, that have emboldened ſuch baſe fancies towards me? enjoying quoth you? now little joy come to them that yield to ſuch enjoying. Poor *Baſilius* was ſo appalled, that his legs bowed under him; his eyes looked as though he ſhould gladly hide himſelf, and his old blood going to his heart, a general ſhaking all over his body poſſeſſed him. At length with a wan mouth, he was about to give a ſtammering anſwer, when it came into *Zelmane*'s head by this device, to make her profit of his folly; and therefore with a relented countenance, thus ſaid unto him; Your words, mighty prince, were unfit either for me to hear, or

you

you to ſpeak: but yet the large teſtimony I ſee of your affection, makes me willing to ſuppreſs a great number of errors. Only thus much I think good to ſay, that the ſame words in my lady *Philoclea's* mouth, as from one woman to another, ſo as there were no other body by, might have had a better grace; and perchance have found a gentler receipt.

Baſilius, whoſe ſenſes by deſire were held open, and conceit was by love quickned, heard ſcarcely half her anſwer out, but that, as if ſpeedy flight might ſave his life, he turned away, and ran with all the ſpeed his body would ſuffer him towards his daughter *Philoclea*; whom he found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miſo* curiouſly watching her, having left *Mopſa* to do the like ſervice to *Pamela*. *Baſilius* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aſide, with all the conjuring words which deſire could indite and authority utter, beſought her ſhe would preſerve his life, in whom her life was begun; ſhe would ſave his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged mind from deſpair; that if ſhe were not cloyed with his company, and that ſhe thought not the earth over-burthened with him, ſhe would cool his fiery grief, which was to be done but by her breath: That in fine, whatſoever he was, he was nothing but what it pleaſed *Zelmane*; all the powers of his ſpirit depending of her, that if ſhe continued cruel he could no more ſuſtain his life, than the earth remain fruitful in the ſun's continual abſence. He concluded, ſhe ſhould in one payment requite all his deſerts; and that ſhe needed not diſdain any ſervice, though never ſo mean, which was warranted by the ſacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad than ever ſhe had known her ſelf, that ſhe might, by this occaſion, enjoy the private conference of *Zelmane*, yet had ſo ſweet a feeling of virtue in her mind, that ſhe would not ſuffer a vile colour to be caſt over her fair thoughts, but with humble grace anſwered her father: That there

needed neither promiſe nor perſuaſion to her, to make her to do her uttermoſt for her father's ſervice; that for *Zelmane*'s favour, ſhe would in all virtuous ſort ſeek it towards him: and that as ſhe would not pierce farther into his meaning, than himſelf ſhould declare; ſo would ſhe interpret all his doings to be accompliſhed in goodneſs: and therefore deſired, if otherwiſe it were, that he would not impart it to her, who then ſhould be forced to begin, by true obedience, a ſhew of diſobedience: rather performing his general commandment, which had ever been to embrace virtue, than any new particular, ſprung out of paſſion, and contrary to the former. *Baſilius* content to take that, ſince he could have no more, thinking it a great point, if, by her means, he could get but a more free acceſs unto *Zelmane*, allowed her reaſons, and took her proffer thankfully, deſiring only a ſpeedy return of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, and *Miſo* ſtreight behind her, like *Alecto* following *Proſerpina*. But *Baſilius* forced her to ſtay, though with much ado, ſhe being ſharp ſet upon the fulfilling of a ſhrewd office, in overlooking *Philoclea*; and ſo ſaid to *Baſilius*, that ſhe did as ſhe was commanded, and could not anſwer it to *Gynecia*, if ſhe were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did evil to take her charge from her. But *Baſilius*, ſwearing he would put out her eyes, if ſhe ſtirred a foot to trouble his daughter, gave her a ſtop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her travailing mind: for well ſhe ſaw her father was grown her adverſe party, and yet her fortune ſuch, as ſhe muſt favour her rival; and the fortune of that fortune ſuch, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary mean help her.

But ſhe walked but a little on, before ſhe ſaw *Zelmane* lying upon a bank, with her face ſo bent over *Ladon*, that, her tears falling into the water, one might have thought that ſhe began meltingly to

he

be metamorphoſed to the under-running river. But by and by with ſpeech ſhe made known, as well that ſhe lived, as that ſhe ſorrowed. Fair ſtreams, ſaid ſhe, that do vouchſafe in your clearneſs to repreſent unto me, my blubbered face, let the tribute offer of my tears unto you, procure your ſtay a while with me, that I may begin yet at laſt to find ſome thing that pities me; and that all things of comfort and pleaſure do not fly away from me. But if the violence of your ſpring command you to haſte away, to pay your duties to your great prince, the ſea; yet carry with you theſe few words, and let the uttermoſt ends of the world know them. A love more clear than your ſelves, dedicated to a love, I fear, more cold than your ſelves, with the clearneſs lays a night of ſorrow upon me, and with the coldneſs inflames a world of fire within me. With that ſhe took a willow ſtick, and wrote in a ſandy bank theſe few verſes.

OVer theſe brooks truſting to eaſe mine eyes,
(Mine eyes even great in labour with their tears)
I laid my face; my face ev'n therein lies
Cluſters of clouds, which no ſun ever clears,
In watry glaſs my watry eyes I ſee;
Sorrows ill eas'd, where ſorrows painted be.

My thoughts impriſon'd in my ſecret woes,
With flamy breaths do iſſue oft in ſound,
The ſound to this ſtrange air no ſooner goes;
But that it does with Echoes *force rebound;*
And make me hear the plaints I would refrain;
Thus outward helps my inward grief maintain.

Now in this ſand I would diſcharge my mind,
And caſt from me part of my burd'nous cares:
But in the ſand my tales foretold I find,
And ſee therein how well the writer fares.

Since, ſtream, air, ſand, mine eyes, and ears conſpire:
What hope to quench, where each thing blows the fire?

And as ſoon as ſhe had written them, a new ſwarm of thoughts ſtinging her mind, ſhe was ready with her feet to give the new-born letters both death and burial. But *Philoclea*, whoſe delight of hearing and ſeeing was before a ſtay from interrupting her, gave her ſelf to be ſeen unto her, with ſuch a lighting beauty upon *Zelmane*, that neither ſhe could look on, nor would look off. At laſt *Philoclea*, having a little muſed how to cut the thread even, between her own hopeleſs affection and her father's unbridled hope, with eyes, cheeks, and lips, whereof each ſang their part to make up the harmony of baſhfulneſs, began to ſay, My father, to whom I owe my ſelf; and therefore, when *Zelmane* (making a womaniſh habit to be the armour of her boldneſs, giving up her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it again by the ſweetneſs of thoſe kiſſes) humbly beſought her to keep her ſpeech for a while within the paradiſe of her mind. For well ſhe knew her father's errand, who ſhould ſoon receive a ſufficient anſwer. But now ſhe demanded leave not to loſe this long ſought-for commodity of time, to eaſe her heart thus far, that if in her agonies her deſtiny was to be condemned by *Philoclea*'s mouth; at leaſt *Philoclea* might know, whom ſhe had condemned. *Philoclea* eaſily yielded to grant her own deſire; and ſo making the green bank the ſituation, and the river the proſpect of the moſt beautiful buildings of nature; *Zelmane* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts already had run to the end, with a mind fearing the unworthineſs of every word that ſhould be preſented to her ears, at length brought it forth in this manner.

Moſt beloved lady, the incomparable excellencies of your ſelf, waited on by the greatneſs of your eſtate,

eſtate, and the importance of the thing, whereon my life conſiſteth, doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumſtances in the uttering my ſpeech, both bold and fearful. But the ſmall opportunity of envious occaſion, by the malicious eye hateful love doth caſt upon me, and the extreme bent of my affection, which will either break out in words, or break my heart, compel me not only to embrace the ſmalleſt time, but to paſs by the reſpect due unto you, in reſpect of your poor caitife's life, who is now, or never to be preſerved. I do therefore vow unto you, hereafter never more to omit all dutiful form, do you only now vouchſafe to hear the matter of a mind moſt perplexed, if ever the ſound of love hath come to your ears, or if ever you have underſtood, what force it hath had to conquer the ſtrongeſt hearts, and change the moſt ſettled eſtates, receive here an example of thoſe ſtrange tragedies; one, that in himſelf containeth the particularities of all thoſe misfortunes: and from henceforth believe that ſuch a thing may be, ſince you ſhall ſee it is. You ſhall ſee; I ſay, a living image, and a preſent ſtory of what love can do when he is bent to ruin.

But alas, whither goeſt thou my tongue? or how doth my heart conſent to adventure the revealing his neareſt touching ſecret? but peace fear, thou comeſt too late, when already the harm is taken. Therefore I ſay again, O only princeſs attend here a miſerable miracle of affection. Behold here before your eyes *Pyrocles*, prince of *Macedon*, whom you only have brought to this game of fortune, and unuſed *Metamorphoſis*: whom you only have made neglect his country, forget his father, and laſtly forſake to be *Pyrocles*: the ſame *Pyrocles* who, you heard, was betrayed by being put in a ſhip, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O moſt true preſage! for theſe traytors, my eyes, putting me into a ſhip of deſire, which daily burneth; thoſe

eyes, I ſay, which betrayed me, will never leave till they have drowned me. But be not, be not, moſt excellent lady, you that nature hath made to be the load-ſtar of comfort, be not the rock of ſhip-wrack: you whom virtue hath made the princeſs of felicity, be not the miniſter of ruin: you whom my choice hath made the goddeſs of my ſafety. O let not, let not, from you be poured upon me deſtruction; your fair face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words: think then what his amazement is, from whence they come; ſince no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling, I deſire that my deſire may be weighed in the ballances of honour, and let virtue hold them. For if the higheſt love in no baſe perſon may aſpire to grace, then may I hope your beauty will not be without pity, if otherwiſe you be, alas, but let it not be ſo, reſolved, yet ſhall not my death be comfortleſs, receiving it by your ſentence.

The joy which wrought into *Pigmalion*'s mind, while he found his beloved image was ſofter and warmer in his folded arms, till at length it accompliſhed his gladneſs with a perfect woman's ſhape, ſtill beautified with the former perfections, was even ſuch, as by each decree of *Zelmane*'s words creepingly entered into *Philoclea*; till her pleaſure was fully made up with the manifeſting of his being, which was ſuch as in hope did overcome hope. Yet doubt would fain have played his part in her mind and called in queſtion, how ſhe ſhould be aſſured that *Zelmane* was *Pyrocles*. But love ſtraight ſtood up and depoſed, that a lie could not come from the mouth of *Zelmane*. Beſides, a certain ſpark of honour, which roſe in her well diſpoſed mind, made her fear to be alone with him, with whom alone ſhe deſired to be, withal the other contradictions growing in thoſe minds, which neither abſolutely climb the rock of virtue, nor freely ſink into the ſea of vanity, but that ſpark ſoon gave place, or at leaſt

gave

gave no more light in her mind, than a candle doth in the ſun's preſence. But even ſick with a ſurfeit joy, and fearful of ſhe knew not what; as he that newly finds huge treaſures, doubts whether he ſleep or no: or like a fearful dear, which then looks moſt about when he comes to the beſt feed, with a ſhrugging kind of tremor through all her principal parts, ſhe gave theſe affectionate words for anſwer. Alas, how painful a thing it is to a divided mind to make a well-joined anſwer? how hard it is to bring inward ſhame to outward confeſſion? and what handſomneſs, trow you, can be obſerved in that ſpeech which is made one knows not to whom? Shall I ſay, O *Zelmane*? alas your words be againſt it. Shall I ſay prince *Pyrocles*? wretch that I am, your ſhew is manifeſt againſt it. But this, this I may well ſay; if I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either never been, or ever been *Zelmane*: you had either never attempted this change, ſet on with hope, or never diſcovered it, ſtopped with deſpair. But I fear me, my behaviour ill governed, gave you the firſt comfort: I fear me, my affection ill hid, hath given you this laſt aſſurance: I fear indeed, the weakneſs of my government before, made you think ſuch a mask would be grateful unto me; and my weaker government ſince, makes you to pull off the viſor. What ſhould I do then? ſhall I ſeek far fetched inventions? ſhall I labour to lay marble colours over my ruinous thoughts? or rather, though the pureneſs of my virgin mind be ſtained, let me keep the true ſimplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, O *Zelmane*, for ſo I love to call thee, ſince in that name my love firſt began, and in the ſhade of that name my love ſhall beſt lie hidden, that even while ſo thou wert, what eye bewitched me I know not, my paſſions were fitter to deſire, than to be deſired. Shall I ſay then, I am ſorry, or that my love muſt be turned to hate, ſince thou art turned to *Pyrocles*?

how

how may that well be? ſince when thou wert *Zelmane*, the deſpair thou mighteſt not be thus, did moſt torment me. Thou haſt then the victory; uſe it with virtue. Thy virtue wan me; with virtue preſerve me. Doſt thou love me? keep me then ſtill worthy to be loved.

Then held ſhe her tongue, and caſt down a ſelf-accuſing look, finding, that in her ſelf ſhe had, as it were, ſhot out of the bow of her affection, a more quick opening of her mind, than ſhe minded to have done. But *Pyrocles* ſo carried up with joy, that he did not envy the god's felicity, preſented her with ſome jewels of right princely value, as ſome little tokens of his love and quality: and withal ſhewed her letters from his father king *Euarchus*, unto him, which even in the ſea had amongſt his jewels been preſerved. But little needed thoſe proofs to one, who would have fallen out with her ſelf, rather than make any contrary conjectures to *Zelmane*'s ſpeeches; ſo that with ſuch embracements, as it ſeemed their ſouls deſired to meet, and their hearts to kiſs as their mouths did, which fain *Pyrocles* would have ſealed with the chief arms of his deſire; but *Philoclea* commanded the contrary; and yet they paſſed the promiſe of marriage.

And then at *Philoclea*'s intreaty, who was willing to purloin all occaſions of remaining with *Zelmane*, ſhe told her the ſtory of her life, from the time of their departing from *Erona*; for the reſt ſhe had already underſtood of her ſiſter. For, ſaid ſhe, I have underſtood, how you firſt in the company of your noble couſin *Muſidorus*, parted from *Theſſalia*, and of divers adventures, which with no more danger than glory you paſſed through, till your coming to the ſuccour of the queen *Erona*; and the end of that war, you might perceive by my ſelf, I had underſtood of the prince *Plangus*. But what ſince was the courſe of your doings, until you came, after ſo many victories, to make a conqueſt of poor me, that

I know not; the fame thereof having rather ſhewed it by pieces, than delivered any full form of it. Therefore, dear *Pyrocles*, for what can my ears ſo ſweetly be fed with, as to hear you of you, be liberal unto me of thoſe things, which have made you indeed precious to the world; and now doubt not to tell of your perils, for ſince I have you here out of them, even the remembrance of them is pleaſant. *Pyrocles* eaſily perceived ſhe was content with kindneſs, to put off occaſion of farther kindneſs, wherein love ſhewed himſelf a cowardly boy, that durſt not attempt for fear of offending. But rather love proved himſelf valiant, that durſt with the ſword of reverent duty gain-ſtand the force of ſo many enraged deſires. But ſo it was, that though he knew this diſcourſe was to entertain him from a more ſtraight parley, yet he durſt not but kiſs his rod, and gladly make much of that entertainment which ſhe allotted unto him: and therefore with a deſirous ſigh chaſtning his breaſt for too much deſiring, Sweet princeſs of my life, ſaid he, what trophies, what triumph, what monuments, what hiſtories might ever make my fame yield ſo ſweet a muſick to my ears, as that it pleaſeth you to lend your mind to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, only therefore of value, becauſe he is your *Pyrocles*? and therefore grow I now ſo proud, as to think it worth the hearing, ſince you vouchſafe to give it the hearing. Therefore only height of my hope, vouchſafe to know, that after the death of *Tiridates*, and ſettling *Erona* in her government, for ſettled we left her; howſoever ſince, as I perceived by your ſpeech the laſt day, the ungrateful treaſon of her ill-choſen husband overthrew her; a thing, in truth, never till this time by me either heard, or ſuſpected: for who could think, without having ſuch a mind as *Antiphilus*, that ſo great a beauty as *Erona*'s, indeed excellent, could not have held his affection? ſo great goodneſs could not have bound gratefulneſs? and

high

high ſo advancement could not have ſatisfied his ambition? but therefore true it is, that wickedneſs may well be compared to a bottomleſs pit, into which it is far eaſier to keep ones ſelf from falling than being fallen, to give ones ſelf any ſtay from falling infinitely. But for my couſin and me, upon this cauſe we parted from *Erona*.

Euardus, the brave and mighty prince, whom it it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Erona*, had three nephews, ſons to a ſiſter of his; all three ſet among the formoſt ranks of fame for great minds to attempt, and great force to perform what they did attempt, eſpecially the eldeſt, by name *Anaxius*; to whom all men would willingly have yielded the height of praiſe, but that his nature was ſuch, as to beſtow it upon himſelf, before any could give it. For of ſo unſupportable a pride he was, that where his deeds might well ſtir envy, his demeanor did rather ſtir diſdain. And if it be true that the giants ever made war againſt heaven, he had been a fit inſign-bearer for that company. For nothing ſeemed hard to him, though impoſible; and nothing unjuſt, whilſt his liking was his juſtice. Now he in theſe wars had flatly refus'd his aid, becauſe he could not brook, that the worthy prince *Plangus* was by his couſin *Tiridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the ſword and ſpear in judging of deſert, how much he eſteemed himſelf before *Plangus* in that, ſo much would he have had his allowance in his ſervice.

But now that he underſtood that his uncle was ſlain by me, I think rather ſcorn that any ſhould kill his uncle, than any kindneſs, an unuſed gueſt to an arrogant ſoul, made him ſeek his revenge; I muſt confeſs in manner gallant enough. For he ſent a challenge unto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdom of *Lycia*, where he would prove upon me, that I had by

ſome

ſome treachery overcome his uncle, whom elſe many hundreds ſuch as I, could not have withſtood. Youth and ſucceſs made me willing enough to accept any ſuch bargain, eſpecially, becauſe I heard that your couſin *Amphialus*, who for ſome years hath univerſally borne the name of the beſt knight in the world, had divers times fought with him, and never been able to maſter him; but ſo had left him, that every man thought *Anaxius* in that one virtue of courteſy far ſhort of him, in all other his match; *Anaxius* ſtill deeming himſelf for his ſuperior. Therefore to him I would go, and would needs go alone, becauſe ſo I underſtood for certain, he was; and, I muſt confeſs, deſirous to do ſomething without the company of the incomparable prince *Muſidorus*, becauſe in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his preſence, than to any thing in my ſelf, whatever before I had done. For of him indeed, as of any worldly cauſe, I muſt grant, as received, whatever there is or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and beſt by example, giving me in him ſo lively an image of virtue, as ignorance could not caſt ſuch a miſt over mine eyes, as not to ſee, and to love it; and all with ſuch dear friendſhip and care, as, O heaven, how can my life ever requite unto him? which made me indeed find in my ſelf ſuch a kind of depending upon him, as without him I found a weakneſs, and a miſtruſtfulneſs of my ſelf, as one ſtayed from his beſt ſtrength, when at any time I miſt him. Which humour perceiving to over-rule me, I ſtrove againſt it: not that I was unwilling to depend upon him in judgment, but by weakneſs I would not; which though it held me unto him, made me unworthy of him. Therefore I deſired his leave and obtained it, ſuch confidence he had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tenderneſs; and ſo privately went from him, he determining, as I after knew,

in

in ſecret manner, not to be far from the place, where we appointed to meet, to prevent any foul play that might be offered unto me. Full loath was *Erona* to let us depart from her, as it were, fore-feeling the harms which after fell to her. But I, rid fully from thoſe cumbers of kindneſs, and half a days journey in my way towards *Anaxius*, met an adventure, which, though in it ſelf of ſmall importance, I will tell you at large, becauſe by the occaſion thereof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly any might eſcape.

As I paſt through a land, each ſide whereof was ſo bordered both with high timber trees, and copſes of far more humble growth, that it might eaſily bring a ſolitary mind to look for no other companions, than the wild burgeſſes of the forreſt; I heard certain cries, which coming by pauſes to mine ears from within the wood of the right hand, made me well aſſured by the greatneſs of the cry, it was the voice of a man, though it were a very unmanlike voice, ſo to cry. But making my ears my guide; I left not many trees behind me, before I ſaw at the bottom of one of them a gentleman, bound with many garters hand and foot, ſo as well he might tumble and toſs, but neither run nor reſiſt he could. Upon him, like ſo many eagles upon an ox, were nine gentlewomen; truly ſuch, as one might well enough ſay, they were handſome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, having been before-hand unarmed of any defence from the waſte upward, but only of his ſhirt: ſo as the poor man wept and bled, cryed and prayed while they ſported themſelves in his pain, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victory.

I was moved to compaſſion, and ſo much the more that he ſtreight called to me for ſuccour, deſiring me at leaſt to kill him, to deliver him from

thoſe

thoſe tormentors. But before my ſelf could reſolve, much leſs any other tell what I would reſolve, there came in cholerick haſte towards me about ſeven or eight knights; the foremoſt of which, willed me to get away, and not to trouble the ladies, while they were taking there due revenge; but with ſo over-maſtring a manner of pride, as truly my heart could not brook it: and therefore, anſwering them, that how I would have defended him from the ladies I knew not, but from them I would, I began a combat firſt with him particularly, and after his death with the others, that had leſs good manners, jointly. But ſuch was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of ſome, and flight of others. In ſo much as the women, afraid, what angry victory would bring forth, ran all away, ſaving only one, who was ſo fleſht in malice that neither during, nor after the fight, ſhe gave any truce to her cruelty, but ſtill uſed the little inſtrument of her great ſpight, to the well witneſt pain of the impatient patient: and was now about to put out his eyes, which all this while were ſpared, becauſe they ſhould do him the diſcomfort of ſeeing who prevailed over him. When I came in, and after much ado brought her to ſome conference, for ſome time it was before ſhe would hearken, more before ſhe would ſpeak, and moſt before ſhe would in her ſpeech leave off the ſharp remembrance of her bodkin, but at length when I pull'd off my head-piece, and humbly intreated her pardon, or knowledge why ſhe was cruel, out of breath more with cholor, which increaſed in his own exerciſe, than with the pain ſhe took, much to this purpoſe ſhe gave her grief unto my knowledge. Gentleman, ſaid ſhe, much it is againſt my will to forbear any time the executing of my juſt revenge upon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiving women. But becauſe I ſee you are young, and like

enough

enough to have the power, if you would have the mind, to do much more miſchief than he, I am content upon this bad ſubject to read a lecture to your virtue.

This man called *Pamphilus*, in birth I muſt confeſs noble, but what is that to him, if it ſhall be a ſtain to his dead anceſtors to have left ſuch an off-ſpring, in ſhape as you ſee, not uncomly, indeed the fit maſk of his diſguiſed falſhood, in converſation witily pleaſant, and pleaſantly gameſome; his eyes full of merry ſimplicity, his words of hearty companableneſs: and ſuch an one, whoſe head one would not think ſo ſtayed as to think miſchievouſly: delighted in all ſuch things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the uſer thereof welcome; as, muſick, dancing, hunting, feaſting, riding, and ſuch like. And to conclude, ſuch an one, as who can keep him at arms-end, need never wiſh a better companion. But under theſe qualities lies ſuch a poiſonous adder, as I will tell you. For by thoſe gifts of nature and fortune, being in all places acceptable, he creeps, nay, to ſay, truly, he flies ſo into the favour of poor ſilly women, that I would be too much aſhamed to confeſs, if I had not revenge in my hand, as well as ſhame in my cheeks. For his heart being wholly delighted in deceiving us, we could never be warned, but rather one bird caught, ſerved for a ſtale to bring in more. For the more he got, the more ſtill he ſhewed, that he, as it were, gave way to his new miſtreſs, when he betrayed his promiſes to the former. The cunning of his flattery, the readineſs of his tears, the infiniteneſs of his vows, were but among the weakeſt threads of his net. But the ſtirring our own paſſions, and by the entrance of them, to make himſelf lord of our forces, there lay his maſters part of cunning, making us now jealous, now envious, now proud of what he had, deſirous of more;

more; now giving one the triumph, to ſee him that was prince of many, ſubject to her; now with an eſtranged look, making her fear the loſs of that mind, which indeed could never be had: never ceaſing humbleneſs and dilligence, till he had imbarked us in ſome ſuch diſadvantage, as we could not return dry-ſhod; and then ſuddenly a tyrant, but a crafty tyrant. For ſo would he uſe his imperiouſneſs, that we had a delightful fear, and an awe, which made us loath to loſe our hope. And, which is ſtrangeſt, when ſometimes with late repentance I think of it, I muſt confeſs, even in the greateſt tempeſt of my judgment was I never driven to think him excellent; and yet ſo could ſet my mind, both to get and keep him, as though therein had lain my felicity: like them I have ſeen play at the ball, grow extremely earneſt, who ſhould have the ball, and yet every one knew it was but a ball. But in the end the bitter ſauce of the ſport was, that we had either our hearts broken with ſorrow, or our eſtates ſpoiled with being at his direction, or our honours for ever loſt, partly by our own faults, but principally by his faulty uſing of our faults. For never was there man that could with more ſcornful eyes behold her, at whoſe feet he had lately lain, nor with a more unmanlike bravery uſe his tongue to her diſgrace, which lately had ſong ſonnets of her praiſes: being ſo naturally inconſtant, as I marvel his ſoul finds not ſome way to kill his body, whereto it had been ſo long united. For ſo hath he dealt with us, unhappy fools, as we could never tell, whether he made greater haſte after he once liked, to enjoy, or after he once enjoyed, to forſake. But making a glory of his own ſhame, it delighted him to be challenged of unkindneſs, it was triumph to him to have his mercy called for: and he thought the freſh colours of his beauty were painted in no-

thing ſo well, as in the ruins of his lovers: yet ſo far had we engaged our ſelves, unfortunate ſouls, that we liſted not complain, ſince our complaints, could not but carry the greateſt accuſation to our ſelves. But every one of us, each for her ſelf, laboured all means how to recover him, while he rather daily ſent us companions of our deceit, than ever returned in any ſound and faithful manner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himſelf to one, I muſt confeſs, worthy to be liked if any worthineſs might excuſe ſo unworthy a changeableneſs; leaving us nothing but remorſe for what was paſt, and deſpair of what might follow. Then indeed the common injury made us all join in fellowſhip, who till that time had imployed our endeavours one againſt the other, for we thought nothing was a more condemning of us, than the juſtifying of his love to her by marriage: then deſpair made fear valiant, and revenge gave ſhame countenance: whereupon, we, that you ſaw here, deviſed how to get him among us alone: which he, ſuſpecting no ſuch matter of them whom he had by often abuſes, he thought, made tame to be ſtill abuſed, eaſily gave us opportunity to do.

And a man may ſee, even in this, how ſoon rulers grow proud, and in their pride fooliſh: he came with ſuch an authority among us, as if the planets had done enough for us, that by us once he had been delighted. And when we began in courteous manner, one after the other, to lay his unkindneſs unto him, he ſeeing himſelf confronted by ſo many, like a reſolute orator, went not to denyal, but to juſtify his cruel falſhood, and all with ſuch jeſts, and diſdainful paſſages, that if the injury could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his anſwers, forſooth, I ſhall never forget, how he would prove it was no in-

con-

conſtancy to change from one love to another, but a great conſtancy; and contrary, that which we call conſtancy, to be moſt changeable. For, ſaid he, I ever loved my delight, and delighted always in what was lovely: and whatſoever, I found occaſion to obtain that, I conſtantly followed it. But theſe conſtant fools you ſpeak of, though their miſtreſs grow by ſickneſs foul, or by fortune miſerable, yet ſtill will love her, and ſo commit the abſurdeſt inconſtancy that may be, in changing their love from fairneſs to foulneſs, and from lovelineſs to his contrary; like one not content to leave a friend, but will ſtreight give over himſelf, to his mortal enemy: where I, whom you call inconſtant, am ever conſtant to beauty, in others, and delight in my ſelf. And ſo in this jolly ſcoffing bravery he went over us all, ſaying, he left one, becauſe ſhe was over-wayward: another, becauſe ſhe was too ſoon won: a third, becauſe ſhe was not merry enough: a forth, becauſe ſhe was overgameſome: the fifth, becauſe ſhe was grown with grief ſubject to ſickneſs: the ſixth, becauſe ſhe was ſo fooliſh, as to be jealous of him: the ſeventh, becauſe ſhe had refuſed to carry a letter for him to another that he loved: the eighth, becauſe ſhe was not ſecret: the ninth, becauſe ſhe was not liberal: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed have met with a falſe *Æneas*: to me I ſay, O the ungrateful villain, he could find no other fault to object, but that, perdy, he met with many fairer.

But when he had thus play'd the careleſs prince, we, having thoſe ſervants of ours in readineſs, whom you lately ſo manfully overcome, laid hold of him; beginning at firſt but that trifling revenge, in which you found us buſy; but meaning afterwards to have mangled him ſo, as ſhould have loſt his credit for ever abuſing more. But as you have made my fellows fly away, ſo

for my part the greatneſs of his wrong over-ſhadows, in my judgment, the greatneſs of any danger. For was it not enough for him to have deceived me, and through the deceit abuſed me, and after the abuſe forſaken me, but that he muſt now, of all the company, and before all the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? many fairer. I trow even in your judgment, ſir, if your eyes do not beguile me, not many fairer; and I know, whoſoever ſay's the contrary, there are not many fairer. And of whom I ſhould receive this reproach, but of him who hath beſt cauſe to know there are not many fairer? and therefore howſoever my fellows pardon his injuries, for my part I will ever remember, and remember to revenge his ſcorn of all ſcorns. With that ſhe to him afreſh; and ſurely would have put out his eyes, who lay mute for ſhame, if he did not ſometimes cry for fear, if I had not leapt from my horſe and mingling force with intreaty, ſtayed her fury.

But while I was perſuading her to meekneſs, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cried, that they ſhould kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and diſgraced him. But then I was fain to forſake the enſign, under which I had before ſerved, and to ſpend my uttermoſt force in the protecting of the lady: which ſo well prevailed for her, that in the end there was a faithful peace promiſed of all ſides. And ſo I leaving her in a place of ſecurity, as ſhe thought, went on my journey towards *Anaxius*, for whom I was forced to ſtay two days in the appointed place, he diſdaining to wait for me, till he were ſure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angry pleaſure, till about that ſpace of time he came, indeed, according to promiſe, alone: and, that I may not ſay too little, becauſe he is wont to ſay too much,

like

like a man, whoſe courage was apt to clime over any danger. And as ſoon as ever he came near me, in fit diſtance for his purpoſe, he with much fury, but with fury skilfully guided, ran upon me; which I, in the beſt ſort I could, reſiſted; having kept my ſelf ready for him, becauſe I had underſtood that he obſerved few complements in matter of arms, but ſuch as a proud anger did indite unto him. And ſo putting our horſes into a full career, we hit each other upon the head with our launces: I think he felt my blow; for my part, I muſt confeſs, I never received the like: but I think, though my ſenſes were aſtoniſhed, my mind forced them to quicken themſelves, becauſe I had learned of him, how little favour he is wont to ſhew in any matter of advantage. And indeed he was turned and coming upon me with his ſword drawn, both our ſtaves having been broken, at that encounter: but I was ſo ready to anſwer him, that truly I know not who gave the firſt blow. But whoſoever gave the firſt, was quickly ſeconded by the ſecond. And indeed, excellenteſt lady, I muſt ſay true, for a time it was well fought between us; he undoubtedly being of ſingular valour, I would to god, it were not abaſed by his too much loftineſs: but as, by the occaſion of the combat, winning and loſing ground, we changed places, his horſe, happened to come upon the point of the broken ſpear, which, fallen to the ground, chanced to ſtand upward, ſo as it lightning upon his heart the horſe died. He driven to diſmount, threatned, if I did not the like, to do as much for my horſe, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or becauſe I would not be beholden to fortune for any part of the victory, I deſcended. So began our foot-fight in ſuch ſort, that we were well entered to blood on both ſides, when there comes by that unconſtant *Pamphilus*, whom I had delivered, eaſy to

be known, for he was bare-faced, with a dozen armed men after him; but before him he had *Dido*, that lady, who had moſt ſharply puniſhed him, riding upon a palfery, he following her with moſt unmanlike cruelty; beating her with wands he had in his hand, ſhe crying for ſenſe of pain, or hope of ſuccour: which was ſo pitiful a ſight unto me, that it moved me to require *Anaxius* to defer our combat till another day, and now to perform the duties of knighthood in helping this diſtreſſed lady. But he that diſdains to obey any thing but his paſſion, which he calls his mind, bid me leave off that thought; but when he had killed me, he would then perhaps, go to her ſuccour. But I well finding the fight would be long between us, longing in my heart to deliver the poor *Dido*, giving him ſo great a blow, as ſomewhat ſtayed him, to term it a right, I flatly ran away from him toward my horſe, who trotting after the company, in mine armour I was put to ſome pain, but that uſe made me nimble unto it. But as I followed my horſe, *Anaxius* followed me; but this proud heart did ſo diſdain that exerciſe, that I quickly over-run him, and overtaken my horſe; being, I muſt confeſs, aſhamed to ſee a number of country folks, who happened to paſs thereby, who hallowed and howted after me, as at the arranteſt coward that ever ſhewed his ſhoulders to his enemy. But when I had leapt on my horſe, with ſuch ſpeedy agility, that they all cried; O ſee how fear gives him wings, I turned to *Anaxius*, and aloud promiſed him to return thither again, as ſoon as I had relieved the injured lady. But he railing at me, with all the baſe words angry contempt could indite; I ſaid no more but *Anaxius* aſſure thy ſelf, I neither fear thy force, nor thy opinion; and ſo uſing no weapon of a knight as at that time, but my ſpurs, I ran in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their

conceits

conceits from *Anaxius*, which as far as I could hear, I might well hear teſtified with ſuch laughters and games, that I was ſome few times moved to turn back again.

But the ladies miſery over-ballanced my reputation; ſo that after her I went, and with ſix hours hard riding, through ſo wild places, as it were rather the cunning of my horſe ſometimes, than of my ſelf, ſo rightly to hit the way, I overgat them a little before night, near to an old ill-favoured caſtle, the place where I perceived they meant to perform their unknightly errand. For there they began to ſtrip her of her cloaths, when I came in among them; and running through the firſt with a launce, the juſtneſs of the cauſe ſo enabled me againſt the reſt, falſe-hearted in their own wrong doing, that I had in as ſhort time almoſt as I had been fighting only with *Anaxius*, delivered her from thoſe injurous wretches, moſt of whom carried news to the other world, that *amongſt men ſecret wrongs are not alwas left unpuniſhed.* As for *Pamphilus*, he having once ſeen, and as it ſhould ſeem, remembred me, even from the beginning began to be in the rereward, and before they had left fighting, he was too far off to give them thanks for their pains. But when I had delivered to the lady a full liberty, both in effect and in opinion, for ſome time it was before ſhe could aſſure her ſelf ſhe was out of their hands, who had laid ſo vehement apprehenſion of death upon her, ſhe then told me, how as ſhe was returning towards her fathers, weakly accompanied, as too ſoon truſted to the falſhood of reconcilement, *Pamphilus* had ſet upon her, and killing thoſe that were with her, carried her ſelf by ſuch force, and with ſuch manner as I had ſeen, to this place, where he meant in cruel and ſhameful manner to kill her, in the ſight of her own father, to whom he had already ſent word of it; that out of his ca-

ſtle window, for this caſtle ſhe ſaid, was his, he might have the proſpect of his only childs deſtruction in my coming, whom, ſhe ſaid, he feared as ſoon as he knew me by the armour, had not warranted her from that near approaching cruelty. I was glad I had done ſo good a deed for a gentlewoman not unhandſome, whom before I had in like ſort helped. But the night beginning to perſuade ſome retiring place, the gentlewoman, even out of countenance before ſhe began her ſpeech, much after this manner invited me to lodge that night with her father.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, how much I owe you, can be but abaſed by words, ſince the life I have, I hold it now, the ſecond time, of you: and therefore need not offer ſervice unto you, but only to remember you, that I am your ſervant: and I would my being ſo, might any way yield any ſmall contentment unto you. Now only I can but deſire you to harbour yourſelf this night in this caſtle; becauſe the time requires it, and in truth this country is very dangerous for murthering thieves, to truſt a ſleeping life among them. And yet I muſt confeſs, that as the love I bear you, makes me thus invite you, ſo the ſame love makes me aſhamed to bring you to a place, where you ſhall be ſo, not ſpoken by ceremony, but by truth, miſerably entertained. With that ſhe told me, that though ſhe ſpake of her father, whom ſhe named *Chremes*, ſhe would hide no truth from me; which was in ſum, That as he was of all that region the man of greateſt poſſeſſions and riches, ſo was he either by nature, or an evil received opinion, given to ſparing, in ſo unmeaſureable ſort, that he did not only bar himſelf from the delightful, but almoſt from the neceſſary uſe thereof: ſcarcely allowing himſelf fit ſuſtenance of life, rather than he would ſpend thoſe goods for whoſe ſake only he ſeemed to joy in life. Which extream dealing, deſcending from himſelf upon her,

had

had driven her to put her ſelf with a great lady of that country, by which occaſion ſhe had ſtumbled upon ſuch miſchances, as were little for the honour either of her, or her family. But ſo wiſe had he ſhewed himſelf therein, as while he found his daughter maintained without his coſt, he was content to be deaf to any noiſe of infamy: which though it had wronged her much more than ſhe had deſerved, yet ſhe could not deny, but ſhe was driven thereby to receive more than decent favours. She concluded, that there at laſt I ſhould be free from injuries, and ſhould be aſſured to her-ward to abound as much in the true cauſes of welcome, as I ſhould find want of the effects thereof.

I, who had acquainted my ſelf to meaſure the delicacy of food and reſt, by hunger and wearineſs, at that time well ſtored of both, did not abide long intreaty, but went with her to the caſtle; which I found of good ſtrength, having a great mote round about it, the work of a noble gentleman, of whoſe unthrifty ſon he had bought it; the bridge drawn up, where we were fain to cry a good while before we could have anſwer, and to diſpute a good while before anſwer would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingneſs, rather than a joy to receive his daughter, whom he had ſo lately ſeen ſo near death, and an opinion brought into his head by courſe, becauſe he heard himſelf called a father, rather than any kindneſs that he found in his own heart, made him take us in; for my part by that time grown ſo weary of ſuch entertainment, that no regard of my ſelf, but only the importunity of his daughter, made me enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driveling old fellow, lean, ſhaking both of head and hands, already half earth, and yet then moſt greedy of earth: who ſcarcely would give me thanks for what I had done, for fear, I ſuppoſe, that thankfulneſs might have an introduction of reward; but with a hollow voice, giving

ving me a falſe welcome, I might perceive in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to ſay, whether the diſpleaſure of her company did not overweigh the pleaſure of her own coming. But on he brought me, into ſo bare a houſe, that it was the picture of miſerable happineſs, and rich beggary (ſerved only by a company of ruſtical villains, full of ſweat and duſt, not one of them other than a labourer) in ſum, as he counted it, profitable drudgery; and all preparations both for food and lodging ſuch, as would make one deteſt niggardneſs, it is ſo ſluttiſh a vice. His talk of nothing but of his poverty, for fear, belike, leaſt I ſhould have proved a young borrower. In ſum, ſuch a man, as any enemy could not wiſh him worſe than to be himſelf. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious gueſt to a loathſome hoſt; over-hearing him ſometimes bitterly warn his daughter of bringing ſuch coſtly mates under his roof; which ſhe grieving at, deſired much to know my name, I think partly of kindneſs, to remember who had done ſomething for her, and partly, becauſe ſhe aſſured her ſelf I was ſuch a one as would make even his miſer-mind contented with what he had done. And accordingly ſhe demanded my name, and eſtate, with ſuch earneſtneſs, that I, whom love had not as then ſo robbed me of my ſelf, as to be another than I am, told her directly my name and condition: whereof ſhe was no more glad than her father, as I might well perceive by ſome ill-favoured chearfulneſs, which then firſt began to wrinkle it ſelf in his face.

But the cauſes of their joys were far different; for as the ſhepherd and the butcher both may look upon one ſheep with pleaſing conceits, but the ſhepherd with mind to profit himſelf by preſerving, the butcher with killing him: ſo ſhe rejoyced to find that mine own benefits had made me to be her friend; who was a prince of ſuch greatneſs, and lovingly rejoyced: but his joy grew, as I to my danger

ger after perceived, by the occaſion of the queen *Artaxia*'s ſetting my head to ſale, for having ſlain her brother *Tiridates*; which being the ſum of an hundred thouſand crowns, to whoſoever brought me alive into her hands, that old wretch, who had over-lived all good nature, though he had lying idly by him much more than that; yet above all things loving money, for money's own ſake, determined to betray me, ſo well deſerving of him, for to have that which he was determined never to uſe. And ſo knowing that the next morning I was reſolved to go to the place where I had left *Anaxius*, he ſent in all ſpeed to a captain of a garriſon near by; which though it belonged to the king of *Iberia*, yet knowing the captain's humour to delight ſo in riotous ſpending, as he cared not how he came by the means to maintain it, doubted not that to be half with him in the gain, he would play his quarter part in the treaſon. And therefore that night agreeing of the fitteſt places where they might ſurpriſe me in the morning, the old caitiff was grown ſo ceremonious, as he would needs accompany me ſome miles in my way; a ſufficient token to me, if nature had made me apt to ſuſpect; ſince *a churls courteſie rarely comes, but either for gain, or falſhood.* But I ſuffered him to ſtumble into that point of good manners: to which purpoſe he came out with all his clowns, horſed upon ſuch cart-jades, and ſo furniſhed, as in good faith I thought with my ſelf, if that were thrift, I wiſh none of my friends or ſubjects ever to thrive. As for his daughter, the gentle *Dido*, ſhe would alſo, but in my conſcience with a far better mind, prolong the time of farewel, as long as he.

And ſo we went on together: he ſo old in wickedneſs, that he could look me in the face, and freely talk with me, whoſe life he had already contracted for: till coming into the falling of a way which lead us into a place, of each ſide whereof men might eaſily

ſily keep themſelves undiſcovered, I was encompaſſed ſuddenly by a great troop of enemies, both of horſe and foot, who willed me to yield my ſelf to the queen *Artaxia*. But they could not have uſed worſe eloquence to have perſuaded my yielding, than that; I knowing the little good-will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making neceſſity and juſtice my beſt ſword and ſhield, I uſed the other weapons as well as I could; I am ſure to the little eaſe of a good number, who truſting to their number more than to their valour, and valuing money higher than equity, felt, that guiltineſs is not always with eaſe oppreſſed. As for *Chremes*, he withdrew himſelf, yet ſo gilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gain, that he was content to be a beholder how ſhould be taken to make his prey.

But I was grown ſo weary, that I ſupported my ſelf more with anger than ſtrength, when the moſt excellent *Muſidorus* came to my ſuccour; who having followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*, came to the niggard's caſtle, where he found all burned and ſpoiled by the country people, who bare mortal hatred to that covetous man, and now took the time, when the caſtle was left almoſt without guard, to come in, and leave monuments of their malice therein: which *Muſidorus* not ſtaying either to farther, or impeach, came upon the ſpur after me, becauſe with one voice many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant unto me, and in this extremity found me. But when I ſaw that couſin of mine, methought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victory. For who can fear that hath *Muſidorus* by him? who, what he did there for me, how many he killed, not ſtranger for the number, than for the ſtrange blows wherewith he ſent them to a well deſerved death, might well delight me to ſpeak of, but I ſhould ſo hold you too long

long in every particular. But in truth, there if ever, and ever, if ever any man, did *Muſidorus* ſhew himſelf ſecond to none in able valour.

Yet what the unmeaſurable exceſs of their number would have done in the end, I know not, but the trial thereof was cut off by the chanceable coming thither of the king of *Iberia*, that ſame father of the worthy *Plangus*, whom it hath pleaſed you ſometimes to mention: who, not yielding over to old age his country delights, eſpecially of hawking, was at that time, following a merline, brought to ſee this injury offered unto us: and having great numbers of courtiers waiting upon him, was ſtraight known by the ſoldiers that aſſaulted us, to be their king, and ſo moſt of them withdrew themſelves.

He, by his authority, knowing of the captain's own conſtrained confeſſion, what was the motive of this miſchievous practice; miſliking much ſuch violence ſhould be offered in his country to men of our rank, but chiefly diſdaining it ſhould be done in reſpect of his niece, whom, I muſt confeſs wrongfully, he hated, becauſe he interpreted that her brother and ſhe had maintained his ſon *Plangus* againſt him, cauſed the captain's head preſently to be ſtricken off, and the old dad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truly for my part, I earneſtly laboured for his life, becauſe I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a concluſion of his miſerable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who, alas poor gentlewoman, was by chance ſlain among his clowns, while ſhe over-boldly for her weak ſex fought to hold them from me, nor yet his own ſhameful end was ſo much in his mouth, as he was led to execution, as the loſs of his goods, and burning of his houſe; which often, with more laughter than tears of the hearers, he made pitiful exclamations upon.

This juſtice thus done, and we delivered, the king indeed, in royal ſort invited us to his court,

not

not far thence: in all points entertaining us ſo, as truly I muſt ever acknowledge a beholdingneſs unto him; although the ſtream of it fell out not to be ſo ſweet as the ſpring. For after ſome days being there, curing our ſelves of ſuch wounds as we had received, while I, cauſing diligent ſearch to be made of *Anaxius*, could learn nothing, but that he was gone out of the country, boaſting in every place how he had made me run away, we were brought to receive the favour of acquaintance with this queen *Andromana*, whom the princeſs *Pamela* did in ſo lively colours deſcribe the laſt day, as ſtill methinks the figure thereof poſſeſſeth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my ſelf had.

And therefore I ſhall need the leſs to make you know what kind of woman ſhe was; but this only, that firſt with the reins of affection, and after with the very uſe of directing, ſhe had made her ſelf ſo abſolute a maſter of her husband's mind, that a while he would not, and after, he could not tell how to govern without being governed by her: but finding an eaſe in not underſtanding, let looſe his thoughts wholly to pleaſure, entruſting to her the entire conduct of all his royal affairs. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the bleſſing, to march with ſome heroical-minded lady. But in him it was neither guided by wiſdom, nor followed by fortune, but thereby was ſlipt inſenſibly into ſuch an eſtate, that he lived at her indiſcreet diſcretion: all his ſubjects having by ſome years learned, ſo to hope for good, and fear of harm, only from her, that it ſhould have needed a ſtronger virtue than his, to have unwound ſo deeply an entred vice. So that either not ſtriving, becauſe he was contented; or contented, becauſe he would not ſtrive; he ſcarcely knew what was done in his own chamber, but as it pleaſed her inſtruments to frame the relation.

Now we being brought known unto her, the time that we ſpent in curing ſome very dangerous

wounds.

wounds, after once we were acquainted, and acquainted we were ſooner than our ſelves expected, ſhe continually almoſt haunted us, till, and it was not long a doing, we diſcovered a moſt violent bent of affection: and that ſo ſtrangely, that we might well ſee, an evil-mind in authority, doth not only follow the ſway of the deſires already within it, but frames to it ſelf new deſires, not before thought of. For, with equal ardour ſhe affected us both; and ſo did her greatneſs diſdain ſhamefacedneſs, that ſhe was content to acknowledge it to both. For, having many times torn the vail of modeſty, it ſeemed, for a laſt delight, that ſhe delighted in infamy: which often ſhe had uſed to her husband's ſhame, filling all mens ears, but his, with his reproach; while he, hoodwinked with kindneſs, leaſt of all men knew who ſtrake him. But her firſt decree was, by ſetting forth her beauties, truly in nature not to be miſliked, but as much advanced to the eye, as abaſed to the judgment by art, thereby to bring us, as willingly caught fiſhes, to bite at her bait. And thereto had ſhe that ſcutchion of her deſires ſupported by certain badly diligent miniſters, who often cloyed our ears with her praiſes, and would needs teach us a way of felicity by ſeeking her favour. But when ſhe found, that we were as deaf to them, as dumb to her, then ſhe liſted no longer to ſtay in the ſuburbs of her fooliſh deſires, but directly entered upon them; making her ſelf an impudent ſuitor, authorizing her ſelf very much with making us ſee that all favour and power in that realm, ſo depended upon her, as now, being in her hands, we were either to keep, or loſe our liberty at her diſcretion; which yet a while ſhe ſo tempted, as that we might rather ſuſpect, than ſhe threaten. But when our wounds grew ſo, as that they gave us leave to travel, and that ſhe found we were purpoſed to uſe all means we could to depart thence, ſhe, with more and more importunateneſs, craved,

which

which in all good manners was either of us to be deſired, or not granted. Truly, moſt fair and every way excellent lady, you would have wondred to have ſeen, how before us ſhe would confeſs the contention in her own mind between that lovely, indeed moſt lovely, brownneſs of *Muſidorus*'s face, and this colour of mine, which ſhe, in the deceivable ſtyle of affection would entitle beautiful: how her eyes wandring like a glutton at a feaſt, from the one to the other; and how her words would begin half of the ſentence to *Muſidorus*, and end the other half to *Pyrocles*; not aſhamed, ſeeing the friendſhip between us, to deſire either of us to be a mediator to the other; as if we ſhould have played one requeſt at tennis between us: and often wiſhing that ſhe might be the angle, where the lines of our friendſhip might meet, and be the knot which might tie our hearts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely ſet before you, moſt dear lady, becauſe by the foil thereof, you may ſee the nobleneſs of my deſire to you, and the warrantableneſs of your favour to me.

At that *Philoclea* ſmiled with a little nod. But, ſaid *Pyrocles*, when ſhe perceived no hope by ſuit to prevail, then, perſuaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to do any thing, ſhe found means to have us accuſed to the king, as though we went about ſome practice to overthrow him in his own ſtate. Which, becauſe of the ſtrange ſucceſſes we had in the kingdoms of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, ſeemed not unlikely to him, who, but skiming any thing that came before him, was diſciplined to leave the trough-handling of all to his gentle wife, who forthwith cauſed us to be put in priſon, having, while we ſlept, deprived us of our arms: a priſon, indeed injurious, becauſe a priſon; but elſe well teſtifying affection, becauſe in all reſpects as commodious as a priſon might be: and indeed ſo placed, as ſhe might at all hours, not ſeen by many,

though

though ſhe cared not much how many had ſeen her, come unto us. Then fell ſhe to ſauce her deſires with threatnings, ſo that we were in a great perplexity, reſtrained to ſo unworthy a bondage, and yet reſtrained by love, which I cannot tell how; in noble minds, by a certain duty, claims an anſwering. And how much that love might move us, ſo much, and more that faultineſs of her mind removed us; her beauty being ballanced by her ſhameleſneſs. But that which did, as it were, tie us in a captivity, was, that to grant had been wickedly injurious to him that had ſaved our lives; and to accuſe a lady that loved us, of her love unto us, we eſteemed almoſt diſhonourable: and but by one of thoſe ways we ſaw no likelihood of going out of that place, where the words would be injurious to your ears, which would expreſs the manner of her ſuit: while yet many times earneſtly dyed her cheeks with the colour of ſhamefacedneſs, and wanton languiſhing borrowed of her eyes the down-caſt look of modeſty. But we in the mean time far from loving her, and often aſſuring her, that we would not ſo recompence her husband's ſaving of our lives; to ſuch a ridiculous degree of truſting her, ſhe had brought him, that ſhe cauſed him to ſend us word, that upon our lives, we ſhould do whatſoever ſhe commanded us: good man not knowing any other, but that all her pleaſures were directed to the preſervation of his eſtate. But when that made us rather pity than obey his folly, then fell ſhe to ſervile intreating us, as though force could have been the ſchool of love, or that an honeſt courage would not rather ſtrive againſt, than yield to injury. All which yet could not make us accuſe her, though it made us almoſt pine away for ſpight, to loſe any of our time in ſo troubleſome an idleneſs.

But while we were thus full of wearineſs of what was paſt, and doubt of what was to follow (love that I think in the courſe of my life hath a ſport

ſometimes to poiſon me with roſes, ſometimes to heal me with wormwood) brought forth a remedy unto us: which though it helped me out of that diſtreſs, alas, the concluſion was ſuch, as I muſt ever while I live, think it worſe than a wrack ſo to have been preſerved. This king by this queen, had a ſon of tender age, but of great expectation, brought up in the hope of themſelves, and already acceptation of the inconſtant people, as ſucceſſor of his father's crown: whereof he was as worthy, conſidering his parts, as unworthy in reſpect of the wrong was thereby done againſt the moſt noble *Plangus*: whoſe great deſerts now either forgotten, or ungratefully remembred; all men ſet their ſails with the favourable wind, which blew on the fortune of this young prince, perchance not in their hearts, but ſurely in their mouths, now giving *Plangus*, who ſome years before was their only champion, the poor comfort of calamity, pity. This youth therefore accounted prince of that region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection love a young lady, brought up in his father's court, called *Zelmane*, daughter to that miſchievouſly unhappy prince *Plexirtus*, of whom already I have, and ſometimes muſt make, but never honourable mention, left there by her father, becauſe of the intricate changeableneſs of his eſtate; he, by the mother's ſide, being half brother to this queen *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as love, alas, doth not always reflect it ſelf, ſo it fell out, that this *Zelmane*, though truly reaſon there was enough to love *Palladius*, yet could not ever perſuade her heart to yield thereunto: with that pain to *Palladius*, as they feel, that feel an unloved love. Yet loving indeed, and therefore conſtant, he uſed ſtill the interceſſion of diligence and faith, ever hoping, becauſe he would not put himſelf into that hell to be hopeleſs: until the time of our being come, and captived there, brought forth

forth this end, which truly deſerves of me a farther degree of ſorrow than tears.

Such was therein my ill deſtiny, that this young lady *Zelmane*, like ſome unwiſely liberal, that more delight to give preſents, than pay debts, ſhe choſe, alas for the pity, rather to beſtow her love, ſo much undeſerved, as not deſired, upon me, than to recompence him, whoſe love, beſides many other things, might ſeem, even in the court of honour, juſtly to claim it of her. But ſo it was; alas that ſo it was! whereby it came to paſs, that as nothing doth more naturally follow his cauſe than care to preſerve, and benefit doth follow unfained affection, ſhe felt with me, what I felt of my captivity, and ſtreight laboured to redreſs my pain, which was her pain; which ſhe could do by no better means, than by uſing the help therein of *Palladius*: who, true lover conſidering *what*, and not *why*, in all her commandments; and indeed ſhe concealing from him her affection, which ſhe intituled, compaſſion, immediately obeyed to employ his uttermoſt credit to relieve us: which though as great as a beloved ſon with a mother, faulty otherwiſe, but not hard-hearted toward him, yet it could not prevail to procure us liberty. Wherefore he ſought to have that by practice, which he could not by prayer. And ſo being allowed often to viſit us, for indeed our reſtraints were more or leſs, according as the ague of her paſſion was either in the fit or intermiſſion, he uſed the opportunity of a time thus to deliver us.

The time of the marrying that queen was, every year, by the extreme love of her husband, and the ſerviceable love of the courtiers, made notable by ſome publick honours, which did, as it were, proclaim to the world, how dear ſhe was to that people. Among other, none was either more grateful to the beholders, or more noble in it ſelf, than juſts, both with ſword and launce, maintained for a ſevennight together; wherein that nation doth ſo excel,

both for comelineſs and ableneſs, that from neighbour-countries they ordinarily come, ſome to ſtrive, ſome to learn, ſome to behold.

This day it happened, that divers famous knights came thither from the court of *Helen* queen of *Corinth*; a lady whom fame at that time was ſo deſirous to honour, that ſhe borrowed all mens mouths to join with the ſound of her trumpet. For as her beauty hath won the prize from all women that ſtand in degree of compariſon, for as for the two ſiſters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of compariſon, ſo hath her government been ſuch as hath been no leſs beautiful to mens judgments, than her beauty to the eye-ſight. For being brought, by right of birth, a woman, a young woman, a fair woman, to govern a people in nature mutinouſly proud, and always before ſo uſed to hard governours, as they knew not how to obey without the ſword were drawn: yet could ſhe for ſome years ſo carry her ſelf among them, that they found cauſe in the delicacy of her ſex, of admiration, not of contempt: and which was notable, even in the time that many countries about her were full of wars, which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought ſtill would conclude there, yet ſo handled ſhe the matter, that the threatneſs ever ſmarted in the threatners; ſhe uſing ſo ſtrange, and yet ſo well ſucceeding a temper, that ſhe made her people by peace warlike; her courtiers by ſports, learned; her ladies by love, chaſte. For by continual martial exerciſes without blood, ſhe made them perfect in that bloody art. Her ſports were ſuch as carried riches of knowledge upon the ſtream of delight: and ſuch the behaviour both of her ſelf and her ladies, as builded their chaſtity not upon waywardneſs, but choice of worthineſs: ſo as it ſeemed that court to have been the marriage-place of love and virtue, and that her ſelf was a *Diana* apparelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which fame only delivered unto me, for yet I have never

ſeen

ſeen her, I am the willinger to ſpeak of to you, who, I know, know her better, being your near neighbour, becauſe you may ſee by her example, in her ſelf wiſe, and of others beloved, that neither folly is the cauſe of vehement love, nor reproach the effect. For never, I think, was there any woman, that with more unremoveable determination gave her ſelf to the counſel of love, after ſhe had once ſet before her mind the worthineſs of your coûſin *Amphialus*; and yet is neither her wiſdom doubted of, nor honour blemiſhed. For, O god, what doth better become wiſdom, than to diſcern what is worthy the loving? what more agreeable to goodneſs, than to love it ſo diſcerned? and what to greatneſs of heart, than to be conſtant in it once loved? but as that time that love of hers was not ſo publickly known, as the death of *Philoxenus*, and her ſearch of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then ſeemed to have ſuch leiſure to ſend thither divers choice knights of her court, becauſe they might bring her, at leaſt the knowledge, perchance the honour of that triumph. Wherein they ſo behaved themſelves, as for three days they carried the prize; which being come from ſo far a place to diſgrace her ſervant, *Palladius*, who himſelf had never uſed arms, perſuaded the queen *Andromana* to be content, for the honour ſake of her court, to ſuffer us two to have our horſe and armour, that he with us might undertake the recovery of their loſt honour; which ſhe granted, taking our oath to go no farther than her ſon, nor ever to abandon him. Which ſhe did not more for ſaving him, than keeping us: and yet not ſatisfied with our oath, appointed a band of horſemen to have an eye that we ſhould not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratify the young prince, who, we ſaw, loved us. And ſo the fourth day of that exerciſe we came into the field: where, I remember, the manner was, that the forenoon they ſhould run a tilt, one after

the other; the afternoon in a broad field in manner of a battle, till either the ſtranger, or that country knights wan the field.

The firſt that ran was a brave knight, whoſe device was to come in all chained, with a nymph leading him: his *Impreſa* was

Againſt him came forth an *Iberian*, whoſe manner of entring was, with bagpipes inſtead of trumpets; a ſhepherd's boy before him for a page, and by him a dozen apparelled like ſhepherds for the faſhion, though rich in ſtuff, who carried his launces, which though ſtrong to give a launcely blow indeed, yet ſo were they coloured with hooks near the mourn, that they prettily repreſented ſheephooks. His own furniture was dreſt over with wool; ſo enriched with jewels artificially placed, that one would have thought it a marriage between the loweſt and the higheſt. His *Impreſa* was a ſheep marked with pitch, with theſe words, *Spotted to be known.* And becauſe I may tell you out his conceit, though that were not done, till the running of that time was ended, before the ladies departed from the windows, among whom there was one, they ſay, that was the *Star*, whereby his courſe was only directed, the ſhepherds attending upon *PHILISIDES* went among them, and ſang an Eclogue; one of them anſwering another, while the other ſhepherds pulling out recorders, which poſſeſſed the place of pipes, accorded their muſick to the other's voice. The eclogue had great praiſe: I only remember ſix verſes, while having queſtioned one with the other of their fellow-ſhepherd's ſudden growing a man of arms, and the cauſe of his ſo doing, they thus ſaid.

ME thought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs,
For where he moſt would hit, he ever yet did miſs.

One

One ſaid he brake a croſs; full well it ſo might be:
For never was there man more croſsly croſt than he.
But moſt cried, O well broke; O fool full gaily bleſt:
Where failing is a ſhame, and breaking is his beſt.

Thus have I digreſt, becauſe his manner liked me well: but when he began to run againſt *Lelius*, it had near grown, though great love had ever been betwixt them, to a quarrel. For *Philiſides* breaking his ſtaves with great commendation, *Lelius*, who was known to be ſecond to none in perfection of that art, ran ever over his head, ſo finely to the skilful eyes, that one might well ſee he ſhewed more knowledge in miſſing, than others did in hitting. For with ſo gallant a grace his ſtaff came ſwimming cloſe over the creſt of the helmet, as if he would repreſent the kiſs, and not the ſtroke of *Mars*. But *Philiſides* was much moved with it, while he thought *Lelius* would ſhew a contempt of his youth: till *Lelius*, who therefore would ſatisfy him, becauſe he was his friend, made him know, that to ſuch bondage he was for ſo many courſes tied by her, whoſe diſgraces to him were graced by her excellency, and whoſe injuries he could never otherwiſe return, than honours.

But ſo by *Lelius*'s willing miſſing was the odds of the *Iberian* ſide, and continued ſo in the next by the excellent running of a knight, though foſtered ſo by the *Muſes*, as many times the very ruſtick people left both their delights and profits to hearken to his ſongs, yet could he ſo well perform all armed ſports, as if he had never had any other pen than a launce in his hand. He came in like a wild man; but ſuch a wildneſs, as ſhewed his eye-ſight had tamed him; full of withered leaves, which though they fell not, ſtill threatned falling. His *Impreſa* was a miſſ-horſe ſtill bound to go one circle; with theſe words, *Data fata ſecutus*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights abſolutely prevailed, eſpecially a great nobleman of *Corinth*, whoſe device was to come without any de-

vice, all in white like a new knight, as indeed he was, but ſo new, as his newneſs ſhamed moſt of the other's long exerciſe. Then another, from whoſe tent I remember a bird was made flie, with ſuch art to carry a written embaſſage among the ladies, that one might ſay, If a live bird, how ſo taught? if a dead bird, how ſo made? then he, who hidden, man and horſe in a great figure lively repreſenting the *Phenix*: the fire took ſo artificially as it conſumed the bird, and left him to riſe as it were, out of the aſhes thereof. Againſt whom was the fine frozen knight, frozen in deſpair; but his armour ſo naturally repreſenting ice, and all his furniture ſo lively anſwering thereto, as yet did I never ſee any thing that pleaſed me better.

But the delight of thoſe pleaſing ſights, have carried me too far into an unneceſſary diſcourſe. Let it then ſuffice, moſt excellent lady! that you know, the *Corinthians* that morning in the exerciſe, as they had done the days before, had the better; *Palladius* neither ſuffering us, nor himſelf, to take in hand the party till the afternoon, when we were to fight in troops, not differing otherwiſe from earneſt, but that the ſharpneſs of the weapons was taken away. But in the trial, *Palladius*, eſpecially led by *Muſidorus*, and ſomewhat aided by me, himſelf truly behaving himſelf nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to reſt it ſelf that night on the *Iberian* ſide: and the next day, both morning and afternoon being kept by our party. He, that ſaw the fit time for the delivery he intended, called unto us to follow him; which we both bound by oath, and willing by good will, obeyed; and ſo the guard not daring to interrupt us, he commanded paſſage, we went after him upon the ſpur, to a little houſe in a forreſt near by; which he thought would be the fitteſt reſting place, till we might go farther from his brother's fury, whereat he was no leſs angry, and aſhamed, than deſirous to obey *Zelmane*.

But

But his mother, as I learned ſince, underſtanding by the guard her ſon's conveying us away, forgetting her greatneſs, and reſigning modeſty to more quiet thoughts, flew out from her place, and cried to be accompanied, for ſhe her ſelf would follow us. But what ſhe did, being rather with vehemency of paſſion, than conduct of reaſon, made her ſtumble while ſhe ran, and by her own confuſion hinder her own deſires. For ſo impatiently ſhe commanded, as a good while no body knew what ſhe commanded; ſo as we had gotten ſo far the ſtart, as to be already paſt the confines of her kingdom before ſhe overtook us: and overtake us ſhe did in the kingdom of *Bithinia*, not regarding ſhame, or danger of having entred into another's dominions, but, having with her about threeſcore horſe-men, ſtraight commanded to take us alive, and not to regard her ſon's threatning therein: which they attempting to do, firſt by ſpeech, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we eſteemed a few words in a juſt defence, able to reſiſt many unjuſt aſſaulters. And ſo *Muſidorus*'s incredible valour, beating down all lets, made both we, and *Palladius*, ſo good way, that we had little to do to overcome weak wrong.

And now had we the victory in effect without blood, when *Palladius*, heated with the fight, and angry with his mother's fault, ſo purſued our aſſailers, that one of them, who as I heard ſince, had before our coming been a ſpecial minion of *Andromana*'s, and hated us for having diſpoſſeſſed him of her heart, taking him to be one of us, with a traiterous blow flew his young prince; who falling down before our eyes, whom he eſpecially had delivered; judge, ſweeteſt lady, whether anger might not be called juſtice in ſuch a caſe: once, ſo it wrought in us, that many of his ſubjects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All

All this while diſdain, ſtrengthened by the fury of a furious love, made *Andromana* ſtay to the laſt of the combat; and when ſhe ſaw us light down, to ſee what help we might do to the helpleſs *Palladius*, ſhe came running madly unto us, then no leſs threatning, when ſhe had no more power to hurt. But when ſhe perceived it was her only ſon that lay hurt, and that his hurt was ſo deadly, as that already his life had loſt the uſe of the reaſonable, and almoſt ſenſible part; then only did misfortune lay his own uglineſs upon her fault, and make her ſee what ſhe had done, and to what ſhe was come; eſpecially finding in us rather deteſtation than pity, conſidering the loſs of that young prince, and reſolution preſently to depart, which ſtill ſhe laboured to ſtay. But deprived of all comfort, with eyes full of death, ſhe ran to her ſon's dagger, and before we were aware of it, who elſe would have ſtayed it, ſtrake her ſelf a mortal wound. But then her love, though not her perſon, awaked pity in us, and I went to her, while *Muſidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was paſt cure of a better ſurgeon than my ſelf, ſo as I could but receive ſome few of her dying words, which were curſings of her ill ſet affection, and wiſhing unto me many croſſes and miſchances in my love, whenſoever I ſhould love, wherein I fear, and not only fear that her prayer is from above granted. But the noiſe of this fight, and iſſue thereof being blazed by the country people to ſome noblemen thereabouts; they came thither, and finding the wrong offered us, let us go on our journey, we having recommended thoſe royal bodies unto them to be conveyed to the king of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, ſeeing the tears ſtand in his eyes with remembrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which thereupon grew, ſhe would needs drink a kiſs from thoſe eyes, and he ſuck another from her lips; whereat ſhe bluſhed, and yet kiſſed him again to hide her bluſhing, which had almoſt brought *Py-*

rocles

rocles into another diſcourſe, but that ſhe with ſo ſweet a rigour forbad him, that he durſt not rebel, though he found it great war to keep that peace, but was fain to go on in his ſtory; for ſo ſhe abſolutely bad him, and he durſt not know how to diſobey.

So, ſaid he, parting from that place before the ſun had much abaſed himſelf of his greateſt height, we ſaw ſitting upon the dry ſands, which yielded, at that time, a very hot reflection, a fair gentlewoman, whoſe geſture accuſed her of much ſorrow, and every way ſhewed ſhe cared not what pain ſhe put her body to, ſince the better part, her mind, was laid under ſo much agony: and ſo was ſhe dulled withal, that we could come ſo near, as to hear her ſpeeches, and yet ſhe not perceive the hearers of her lamentation. But well we might underſtand her at times ſay, Thou doeſt kill me with thy unkind falſhood: and it grieves me not to die, but it grieves me that thou art the murtherer: neither doth mine own pain ſo much vex me, as thy error. For god knows, it would not trouble me to be ſlain for thee, but much it torments me to be ſlain by thee; thou art untrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art untrue, woe is me therefore. How oft didſt thou ſwear unto me, that the ſun ſhould loſe his light, and the rocks run up and down like little kids, before thou wouldſt falſify thy faith to me? ſun therefore put out thy ſhining, and the rocks run mad for ſorrow; for *Pamphilus* is falſe. But alas, the ſun keeps his light, though thy faith be darkned; the rocks ſtand ſtill, though thou change like a weather-cock. O fool that I am, that thought I could graſp water, and bind the wind. I might well have known thee by others, but I would not; and rather wiſhed to learn poiſon by drinking it my ſelf, while my love helped thy words to deceive me. Well, yet I would thou hadſt made a better choice when thou didſt

forſake

forſake thy unfortuate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter, *Baccha*, thy new miſtreſs, will revenge my wrongs. But do not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* live happy, though I die.

And much more to ſuch like phraſe ſhe ſpake, but that I, who had occaſion to know ſomething of that *Pamphilus*, ſtept to comfort her: and though I could not do that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the ſame *Leucippe*, to whom the unconſtant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himſelf, which had moved the other ladies to ſuch indignations as I told you: neither her worthineſs, which in truth was great, nor his own ſuffering for her, which is wont to endear affection, could fetter his fickleneſs, but that before his marriage day appointed, he had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whom ſhe complained; one that in divers places I had heard before blazed, as the moſt impudent unchaſte woman of all *Aſia*, and withal of ſuch an imperiouſneſs therein, that ſhe would not ſtick to employ them whom ſhe made unhappy with her favour, to draw more companions of their folly: in the multitude of whom ſhe did no leſs glory, than a captain would do of being followed by brave ſoldiers: way-wardly proud; and therefore bold, becauſe extremely faulty: and yet having no good thing to redeem both theſe, and other unlovely parts, but a little beauty, diſgraced with wandering eyes, and unweighed ſpeeches, yet had *Pamphilus*, for her, left *Leucippe*, and withal, left his faith; *Leucippe*, of whom one look, in a clear judgment, would have been more acceptable, than all her kindneſs ſo prodigally beſtowed. For my ſelf, the remembrance of his cruel handling *Dido*, joined to this, ſtirred me to ſeek ſome revenge upon him, but that I thought it ſhould be again to him to loſe his life, being ſo matched: and therefore, leaving him to be puniſhed by his own election, we conveyed *Leucippe* to a houſe there-

by, dedicated to *Veſtal* nuns, were ſhe reſolved to ſpend all her years, which her youth promiſed ſhould be many, in bewailing the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong-doer.

But the next morning, we, have ſtriven with the ſun's earlineſs, were ſcarcely beyond the proſpect of the high turrets of that building, when there overtook us a young gentleman, for ſo he ſeemed to us: but indeed, ſweet lady, it was the fair *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus*'s daughter; whom unconſulting affection, unfortunately born to me-wards, had made borrow ſo much of her natural modeſty, as to leave her more deſcent raiments, and taking occaſion of *Andromana*'s tumultous purſuing us, had apparelled her ſelf like a page, with a pitiful cruelty cutting off her golden hair, leaving nothing, but the ſhort curls, to cover that noble head, but that ſhe ware upon it a fair headpiece, a ſhield at her back, and a launce in her hand, elſe diſarmed. Her apparel of white, wrought upon with brokon knots, her horſe, fair and luſty; which ſhe rid ſo, as might ſhew a fearful boldneſs, daring to do that, which ſhe knew that ſhe knew not how to do: and the ſweetneſs of her countenance did give ſuch a grace to what ſhe did, that it did make handſome the unhandſomneſs, and make the eye force the mind to believe, that there was a praiſe in that unskilfulneſs. But ſhe ſtreight approached me, and with few words, which borrowed the help of her countenance to make themſelves underſtood, ſhe deſired me to accept her into my ſervice: telling me ſhe was a noble man's ſon of *Iberia*, her name *Diaphantus*, who having ſeen what I had done in that court, had ſtolen from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particulars of the manner of *Andromana*'s following me, which by her I underſtood, ſhe hiding nothing but her ſex from me. And ſtill methought I had ſeen that face, but the great al-

alteration of her fortune, made her far diſtant from my memory: but liking very well the young gentleman, ſuch I took her to be, admitted this *Diaphantus* about me, who well ſhewed *there is no ſervice like his, that ſerves becauſe he loves.* For though born of princes blood, brought up with tendereſt education, unapt to ſervice, becauſe a woman, and full of thoughts, becauſe in a ſtrange eſtate, yet love enjoined ſuch diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondſlave could ever be by fear more ready at all commandments, than that young princeſs was. How often, alas, did her eyes ſay unto me, that they loved? and yet, I not looking for ſuch a matter, had not my conceit open to underſtand them: how often would ſhe come creeping to me, between gladneſs to be near me, and fear to offend me? truly I remember, that then I marvelled to ſee her receive my commandments with ſighs, and yet do them with chearfulneſs: ſometimes anſwering me in ſuch riddles, as then I thought a childiſh inexperience: but ſince returning to my remembrance they have come more clear unto my knowledge: and pardon me, only dear lady, that I uſe many words: for her affection to me, deſerves of me an affectionate ſpeech.

But in ſuch ſort did ſhe ſerve me in that kingdom of *Bithynia*, for two months ſpace: in which time we brought to good end a cruel war long maintained between the king of *Bithynia* and his brother. For my excellent couſin, and I, dividing our ſelves to either ſide, found means, after ſome trial we had made of our ſelves, to get ſuch credit with them, as we brought them to as great peace between themſelves, as love toward us, for having made the peace. Which done, we intended to return through the kingdom of *Galatia*, called *Thrace*, to eaſe the care of our father and mother, who, we were ſure, firſt with the ſhipwrack, and then with the other dangers we daily paſt, ſhould have little reſt in their thoughts

till

till they ſaw us. But we were not entered into that kingdom, when by the noiſe of a great fight we were guided to a pleaſant valley, which like one of thoſe circuſſes, which in great cities ſomewhere do give a pleaſant ſpectacle of running horſes; ſo of either ſide, ſtretching it ſelf in a narrow length, was it hem'd in by woody hills, as if indeed nature had meant therein, to make a place for beholders. And there we beheld one of the cruelleſt fights between two knights, that ever hath adorned the moſt martial ſtory. So as I muſt confeſs, a while we ſtood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare beauty thereof; till ſeeing ſuch ſtreams of blood, as threatned a drowning life, we galloped toward them to part them. But we were prevented by a dozen armed knights, or rather villains, who uſing this time of their extreme feebleneſs, altogether ſet upon them. But common danger brake off particular diſcord, ſo that, though with a dying weakneſs, with a lively courage they reſiſted, and by our help drove away, or ſlew thoſe murdering attemptors: among whom we hapt to take alive the principal. But going to diſarm thoſe two excellent knights, we found, with no leſs wonder to us, than aſtoniſhment to themſelves, that they were the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whoſe adventure, as afterward we made that ungraciouſs wretch confeſs, had thus fallen out.

After the noble prince *Leonatas* had by his father's death, ſucceeded in the kingdom of *Galatia*, he, forgetting all former injuries, had received that naughty *Plexirtus* into a ſtray degree of favour, his goodneſs being as apt to be deceived, as the others craft was to deceive; till by plain proof, finding that the ungrateful man went about to poiſon him, yet would not he ſuffer his kindneſs to be overcome, not by juſtice it ſelf; but calling him to him, uſed words to this purpoſe; *Plexirtus*,

tus, ſaid, he, this wickedneſs is found by thee; no good deeds of mine have been able to keep it down in thee: all men counſel me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as dangerous as wicked effects; but I cannot find it in my heart, remembring what fathers ſon thou art: but ſince it is the violence of ambition, which perchance pulls thee from thine own judgment, I will ſee, whether the ſatisfying that, may quiet the ill-working of thy ſpirits. Not far hence is the great city of *Trebiſond*; which, the territory about it, antiently pertained unto this crown; now unjuſtly poſſeſſed, and is unjuſtly abuſed by thoſe, who have neither title to hold it, nor virtue to rule it. To the conqueſt of that for thy ſelf I will lend thee force, and give thee my right: go therefore, and, with leſs unnaturalneſs glut thy ambition there; and that done, if it be poſſible, learn virtue.

Plexirtus, mingling forſworn excuſes with falſe-meant promiſes, gladly embraced the offer: and haſtily ſending back for thoſe two brothers, who at that time were with us ſuccouring that gracious queen *Erona*, by their virtue chiefly, if not only, obtained the conqueſt of that goodly dominion. Which indeed done by them, gave them ſuch an authority, that though he reigned, they in effect ruled, moſt men honoured them, becauſe they only deſerved honour; and many thinking therein to pleaſe *Plexirtus*, conſidering how much he was bound unto them: while they likewiſe, with a certain ſincere boldneſs of ſelf-warranting friendſhip, accepted all openly and plainly, thinking nothing ſhould ever by *Plexirtus* be thought too much in them, ſince all they were was his.

But he, who by the rules of his own mind, could conſtrue no other end of mens doings, but ſelf-ſeeking, ſuddenly feared what they could do, and ſo ſuddenly ſuſpected what they would do, and as ſud-

denly

denly hated them, as having both might and mind to do. But dreading their power, ſtanding ſo ſtrongly in their own valour, and others affection, he durſt not take open way againſt them, and as hard it was to take a ſecret, they being ſo continually followed by the beſt, and every way ableſt of that region: and therefore uſed this deviliſh ſleight, which I will tell you, not doubting, moſt wicked man, to turn their own friendſhip toward him to their own deſtruction. He, knowing that they well knew there was no friendſhip between him and the new king of *Pontus*, never ſince he ſuccoured *Leonatus*, and us, to his overthrow, gave them to underſtand, that of late there had paſſed ſecret defiance between them, to meet privately at a place appointed. Which though not ſo fit a thing for men of their greatneſs, yet was his honour ſo engaged, as he could not go back. Yet faining to find himſelf weak, by ſome counterfeit infirmity, the day drawing near, he requeſted each of them to go in his ſtead; making either of them ſwear to keep the matter ſecret, even each from other, from delivering the ſelf-ſame particularities to both; but that he told *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armor; and *Telenor* that it was a black armour: and with wicked ſubtilty, as if it had been ſo appointed, cauſed *Tydeus* to take a black armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them ways how to go, ſo as he knew they ſhould not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each promiſed to keep ſilence, leſt the king ſhould diſcover it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in a wait had he laid theſe murtherers, that who overlived the other, ſhould by them be diſpatched: he not daring truſt no more than thoſe with that enterprize, and yet thinking them too few till themſelves, by themſelves, were weakened.

This we learned chiefly, by the chief of thoſe way-beaters, after the death of thoſe two worthy brothers, whoſe love was no leſs than their valour: but well we might find much thereof by their pitiful lamentation, when they knew their miſmeeting, and ſaw each other, in deſpight of the ſurgery we could do unto them, ſtriving who ſhould run faſteſt to the goal of death: each bewailing the other, and more dying in the other, than in himſelf: curſing their own hands for doing, and their breaſts for not ſooner ſuffering: deteſting their unfortunately-ſpent time in having ſerved ſo ungrateful a tyrant, and accuſing their folly in having believed he could faithfully love, who did not love faithfulneſs: wiſhing us to take heed, how we placed our goodwill upon any other ground, than proof of virtue: ſince length of acquaintance, mutual ſecrecies, nor heat of benefits could bind a ſavage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himſelf. Then, while any hope was, beſeeching us to leave the care of him that beſought, and only look to the other. But when they found by themſelves, and us, no poſſibility, they deſired to be joined; and ſo embracing and craving that pardon each of other, which they denied to themſelves, they gave us a moſt ſorrowful ſpectacle of their death; leaving few in the world behind them, their matches in any thing, if they had ſoon enough known the ground and limits of friendſhip. But with woful hearts we cauſed thoſe bodies to be conveyed to the next town of *Bithynia*, where we learning thus much, as I have told you, cauſed the wicked hiſtorian to conclude his ſtory with his own well-deſerved death.

But then, I muſt tell you, I found ſuch woful countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not much marvel, finding them continue beyond the firſt aſſault of pity, how the caſe of ſtrangers, for farther

further did I not conceive, could ſo deeply pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the ſhame and ſorrow ſhe took of her father's faultineſs, partly with the fear, that the hate I conceived againſt him, would utterly diſgrace her in my opinion, whenſoever I ſhould know her, ſo vehemently perplexed her, that her fair colour decayed, and daily and haſtily grew into the very extreme working of ſorrowfulneſs: which oft I ſought to learn, and help. But ſhe as fearful as loving, ſtill concealed it: and ſo decaying ſtill more and more in the excellency of her fairneſs, but that whatſoever weakneſs took away, pity ſeemed to add: yet ſtill ſhe forced her ſelf to wait on me, with ſuch care and diligence, as might well ſhew had been taught in no other ſchool but love.

While we, returning again to embark our ſelves for *Greece*, underſtood that the mighty *Otanes*, brother to *Barzanes*, ſlain by *Muſidorus*, in the battle of ſix princes, had entered upon the kingdom of *Pontus*, partly upon the pretences he had to the crown, but principally, becauſe he would revenge upon him, whom he knew we loved, the loſs of his brother, thinking, as indeed he had cauſe, that whereſoever we were, hearing of his extremity, we would come to relieve him; in ſpite whereof he doubted not to prevail, not only upon the confidence of his own virtue and power, but eſpecially becauſe he had in his company two mighty giants, ſons to a couple whom we ſlew in the ſame realm; they having been abſent at their fathers death, and now returned: willingly entred into his ſervice, hating more than he, both us and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all ſpeed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whenſoevor I remember without ſorrow, I muſt forget withal, all humanity.

Poor *Daiphantus* fell extreme ſick, yet would needs conquer the delicacy of her conſtitution, and force her ſelf to wait on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great haſte went to ſeek *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whoſe death as yet was not known unto the meſſenger; who, being their ſervant, and knowing how dearly they loved *Plexirtus*, brought them word, how ſince their departing, *Plexirtus* was in preſent danger of a cruel death, if by the valiantneſs of one of the beſt knights of the world, he were not reſcued: we enquiring no farther of the matter, being glad he ſhould now to his loſs find what an unprofitable treaſon it had been unto him, to diſmember himſelf of two ſuch friends, and ſo let the meſſenger part, not ſticking to make him know his maſters deſtruction by the falſhood of *Plexirtus*.

But the grief of that, finding a body already brought to the laſt degree of weakneſs, ſo overwhelmed the little remnant of the ſpirits left in *Daiphantus*, that ſhe fell ſuddenly into deadly ſwoonings; never coming to her ſelf, but that withal ſhe returned to make moſt pitiful lamentations; moſt ſtrange unto us, becauſe we were far from gueſſing the ground thereof. But finding her ſickneſs ſuch as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haſte poſſible to convey her to the next town: but before we could lay her on a bed, both we, and ſhe might find in her ſelf, that the harbingers of over-haſty death had prepared his lodging in that dainty body, which ſhe undoubtedly feeling, with a weak chearfulneſs ſhewed comfort therein, and then deſiring us both, to come near her, and that no body elſe might be preſent; with pale, and yet, even in paleneſs, lovely lips; now or never, and never indeed but now, it is time for me, ſaid ſhe, to ſpeak: and I thank death which gives me leave to diſcover that, the ſuppreſſing whereof perchance hath been the ſharpeſt ſpur,

that

that hath haſted my race to this end. Know then my lords, and eſpecially you my lord and maſter *Pyrocles*, that your page *Daiphantus* is the unfortunate *Zelmane*, who for your ſake cauſed my, as unfortunate, lover and couſin *Palladius*, to leave his fathers court, and conſequently, both him and my aunt, his mother, to loſe their lives. For your ſake my ſelf have become, of a princeſs, a page; and for your ſake have put off the apparel of a woman, and, if you judge not more mercifully, the modeſty. We were amazed at her ſpeech, and then had, as it were, new eyes given us to perceive that, which before had been a preſent ſtranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmane*, whom before we had known in the court of *Iberia*. And ſorrow and pity laying her pain upon me, I comforted her the beſt I could by the tenderneſs of good-will, pretending indeed better hope than I had of her recovery.

But ſhe that had inward embaſſadors from the tyrant that ſhortly would oppreſs her: no, my dear maſter, ſaid ſhe, I neither hope nor deſire to live. I know you would never have loved me, and with that word ſhe wept, nor, alas, had it been reaſon you ſhould, conſidering many ways my unworthineſs. It ſufficeth me that the ſtrange courſe I have taken, ſhall to your remembrance witneſs my love; and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would diſcover my pain, will make you, I hope, think that I was not altogether unmodeſt. Think of me ſo, dear maſter, and that thought ſhall be my life; and with that languiſhing looking upon me; and I pray you, ſaid ſhe, even by theſe dying eyes of mine, which are only ſorry to die, becauſe they ſhall loſe your ſight, and by theſe polled locks of mine, which while they were long, were the ornament of my ſex, now in their ſhort curls, the teſtimony of my ſervi-

tude, and by the ſervice I have done you, which god knows hath been full of love, think of me after my death with kindneſs, though you cannot with love. And whenſoever ye ſhall make any other lady happy with your well-placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you ſpeak of it, not with ſcorn, but with pity. I aſſure you, (dear princeſs, of my life, for how could it be otherwiſe) her words and her manner, with the lively conſideration of her love, ſo pierced me, that though I had divers griefs before, yet me thought, I never felt, till then how much ſorrow infeebleth all reſolution: for I could not chuſe but yield to the weakneſs of abundant weeping; in truth with ſuch grief, that I could willingly at that time have changed lives with her.

But when ſhe ſaw my tears, O god, ſaid ſhe, how largely am I recompenced for my loſſes? when then, ſaid ſhe, I may take boldneſs to make ſome requeſts unto you. I beſought her to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She ſhewed great joy, The firſt, ſaid ſhe, is this, that you will pardon my father the diſpleaſure you have juſtly conceived againſt him, and for this once ſuccour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, whenſoever you remember him to be the faulty *Plexirtus*, remember withal that he is *Zelmane*'s father. The ſecond is, when you come once into *Greece*, you will take unto your ſelf this name, though unlucky, of *Daiphantus*, and vouchſafe to be called by it: for ſo ſhall I be ſure, you ſhall have cauſe to remember me, and let it pleaſe your noble couſin to be called *Palladius*, that I may do that right to that poor prince, that his name yet may live upon the earth in ſo excellent a perſon: and ſo between you, I truſt ſome times your unlucky page ſhall be, perhaps with a ſigh, mentioned; laſtly, let me buried here obſcurely, not

ſuf-

ſuffering my friends to know my fortune, (till, when you are ſafely returned to your own country) you cauſe my bones to be conveyed thither, and, laid I beſeech you, in ſome place where your ſelf vouchſafe ſometimes to reſort. Alas, ſmall petitions for ſuch a ſuitor; which yet ſhe ſo earneſtly craved, that I was fain to ſwear the accompliſhment. And then kiſſing me, and often deſiring me not to condemn her of her lightneſs, in mine arms ſhe delivered her pure ſoul to the pureſt place: leaving me as full of agony, as kindneſs, pity, and ſorrow could make an honeſt heart. For I muſt confeſs for true, that if my ſtars had not only reſerved me for you, there elſe perhaps I might have loved, and, which had been moſt ſtrange, begun my love after death: whereof let it be the leſs marvel, becauſe ſomewhat ſhe did reſemble you, though as far ſhort of your perfection, as her ſelf-dying, was of her ſelf flouriſhing: yet ſomething there was, which, when I ſaw a picture of yours, brought again her figure into my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receive the wound, as the power of your beauty with unreſiſtable force to pierce.

But we in woful, and yet private, manner burying her, performed her commandment: and then enquiring of her father's eſtate, certainly learned that he was preſently to be ſuccoured, or by death to paſs the need of ſuccour. Therefore we determined to divide our ſelves; I, according to my vow, to help him, and *Muſidorus* toward the king of *Pontus*, who ſtood in no leſs need than immediate ſuccour: and even ready to depart one from the other, there came a meſſenger from him, who after ſome enquiry found us, giving us to underſtand, that he truſting upon us two, had appointed the combat between him and us, againſt *Otanes* and the two giants. Now the day was ſo accorded, that it was impoſſible for me both to

ſuccour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not only ſo far engaged, but, by the ſtrange working of unjuſt fortune, I was to leave the ſtanding by *Muſidorus*, whom better then my ſelf I loved, to go ſave him, whom for juſt cauſes, I hated. But my promiſe given, and given to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, prevailed more with me, than my friendſhip to *Muſidorus*: though certainly I may affirm, nothing had ſo great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promiſe carried me the eaſier, becauſe *Muſidorus* himſelf would not ſuffer me to break it. And ſo with heavy minds, more careful each of others ſucceſs, than of our own, we parted; I toward the place, where I underſtood *Plexirtus* was priſoner to an ancient lord, abſolutely governing a goodly caſtle, with a large territory about it, whereof he acknowledged no other ſovereign but himſelf; whoſe hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinſman of his, whom he maliciouſly had murthered, becauſe in the time that he reigned in *Galatia*, he found him apt to practice for the reſtoring of his virtuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight ſtill thurſting for revenge, uſed as the way to it, a policy, which this occaſion, I will tell you, prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had married *Zelmane*'s mother, who dying of that only childbirth, he a widower and not yet a king, haunted the court of *Armenia*; where, as he was cunning to win favour, he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*; which he purſued: till, being called home by his father, he falſly got his father's kingdom: and then neglected his former love: till thrown out of that, by our means, before he was deeply rooted in it, and by and by again placed in *Trebiſond*, underſtanding that *Artaxia* by her brother's death was become queen of *Armenia*, he was hotter than ever in that purſuit, which being underſtood by this old knight, he forged ſuch a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, intreating his preſent, but very private, repair thither, giving him faithful promiſe of pre-

ſent marriage: a thing far from her thought, having faithfully and publickly proteſted, that ſhe would never marry any, but ſome ſuch prince who would give ſure proof, that by his means we were deſtroyed. But he no more witty to frame, than blind to judge hopes, bit haſtily at the bait, and in private manner poſted toward her, but by the way he was met by this knight, far better accompanied, who quickly laid hold of him, and condemned him to a death, cruel enough, if any thing may be both cruel and juſt. For he cauſed him to be kept in a miſerable priſon, till a day appointed, at which time he would deliver him to be devoured by a monſtrous beaſt of moſt ugly ſhape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as ſtrong as an elephant, as fierce as a lion, as nimble as a leopard, and as cruel as a tygre; whom he having kept in a ſtrong place, from the firſt youth of it, now thought no fitter match, than ſuch a beaſtly monſter with a monſtrous tyrant; proclaiming yet withal, that if any ſo well loved him, as to venture their lives againſt this beaſt for him, if they overcame, he ſhould be ſaved: not caring how many there were, ſuch confidence he had in that monſtrous ſtrength, but eſpecially hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whom he no leſs hated, becauſe they had been principal inſtruments of the other's power.

I dare ſay, if *Zelmane* had known what danger I ſhould have paſſed, ſhe would rather have let her father to periſh, than me to have bidden that adventure. But my word was paſt; and truly the hardneſs of the enterpriſe was not ſo much a bit as a ſpur unto me, knowing well, that *the journey of high honour lies not in plain ways*. Therefore going thither, and taking ſufficient ſecurity that *Plexirtus* ſhould be delivered, if I were victorious, I undertook the combat: and to make ſhort, excellent lady, and not to trouble your ears with recounting a terrible matter, ſo was my weakneſs bleſſed from above; that, with-

without dangerous wounds, I ſlew that monſter, which hundreds durſt not attempt; to ſo great admiration of many, who from a ſafe place might look on, that there was order given, to have the fight both by ſculpture and picture, celebrated in moſt parts of *Aſia*. And the old nobleman ſo well liked me, that he loved me; only bewailing my virtue had been employed to ſave a worſe monſter than I killed: whom yet, according to faith given, he delivered, and accompanied me to the kingdom of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all ſpeed go, to ſee whether it were poſſible for me, if perchance the day had been delayed, to come to the combate: but that, before I came, had been thus finiſhed.

The virtuous *Leonatus* underſtanding two ſo great friends of his were to be in that danger, would perforce be one himſelf; where he did valiantly, and ſo did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being ſore hurt, the incomparable *Muſidorus* finiſhed the combat by the death of both the giants, and the taking of *Otanes* priſoner. To whom as he gave his life, ſo he got a noble friend, for ſo he gave his word to be, and he is well known to think himſelf greater in being ſubject to that, than in the greatneſs of his principality.

But thither, underſtanding of our being there, flocked great multitudes of many great perſons, and even of princes; eſpecially thoſe, whom we had made beholding unto us: as, the kings of *Phrygia*, *Bithynia*, with thoſe two hurt of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the priſoner, by *Muſidorus* ſet free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebiſond*, and *Antiphilus* then king of *Lycia*; with as many more great princes, drawn either by our reputation, or by willingneſs to acknowledge themſelves obliged unto us, for what we had done for the others. So as in thoſe parts of the world, I think, in many hundreds of years there was not ſeen ſo royal an aſſembly, where nothing was let paſs to do us the higheſt honours; which

ſuch

ſuch perſons, who might command both purſes and inventions, could perform: all from all ſides bringing unto us right royal preſents, which we, to avoid both unkindneſs and importunity, liberally received; and not content therewith, would needs accept as from us their crowns, and acknowledge to hold them of us: with many other exceſſive honours, which would not ſuffer the meaſure of this ſhort leiſure to deſcribe unto you.

But we quickly aweary thereof, haſted to *Greeceward*, led thither partly with the deſire of our parents, but haſtened principally, becauſe I underſtood that *Anaxius* with open mouth of deſamation had gone thither to ſeek me, and was now come to *Peloponneſus*, where from court to court he made enquiry of me, doing yet himſelf ſo noble deeds, as might hap to authorize an ill opinion of me. We therefore ſuffered but ſhort delays, deſiring to take this country in our way, ſo renowned over the world, that no prince could pretend height, nor beggar lowneſs, to bar him from the ſound thereof: renowned indeed, not ſo much for the antient praiſes attributed thereunto, as for the having in it *Argalus* and *Amphialus*, two knights of ſuch rare proweſs, as we deſired eſpecially to know, and yet by far, not ſo much for that, as without ſuffering of compariſon for the beauty of you and your ſiſter, which makes all indifferent judges to ſpeak thereof, account this country as a temple of deities. But theſe cauſes indeed moving us to come by this land, we embarqued our ſelves in the next port, whither all thoſe princes, (ſaving *Antiphilus*, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tarry longer from *Erona*) conveyed us. And there found we a ſhip moſt royally furniſhed by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things ſo proper, as well for our defence, as eaſe, that all the other princes greatly commended him for it: who ſeeming a quite altered man, had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendſhip in his geſture, and

virtue

virtue in his mouth: ſo that we, who had promiſed the ſweet *Zelmane* to pardon him, now not only forgave, but began to favour, perſuading our ſelves with a youthful credulity, that perchance things were not ſo evil as we took them; and as it were, deſiring our own memory that it might be ſo. But ſo were we licenced from thoſe princes, truly not without tears, eſpecially of the virtuous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would have came with us, but that we, in reſpect of the one's young wife, and both their new ſettled kingdoms, would not ſuffer it. Then would they have ſent whole fleets to guard us; but we that deſired to paſs ſecretly into *Greece*, made them leave that motion, when they found that more ſhips than one would be diſpleaſing unto us. But ſo committing our ſelves unto the uncertain diſcretion of the wind, we (then determining as ſoon as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our own promiſes to *Zelmane*, as becauſe we deſired to come unknown into *Greece*) left the *Aſian* ſhoar full of princely perſons, who even upon their knees recommended our ſafeties to the devotion of their chief deſires: among whom none had been ſo officious, though I dare affirm, all quite contrary to his unfaithfulneſs, as *Plexirtus*.

And ſo having ſailed almoſt two days, looking for nothing, but when we might look upon the land, a grave man, whom we had ſeen of great truſt with *Plexirtus*, and was ſent as our principal guide, came unto us, and with a certain kind manner mixed with ſhame, and repentance, began to tell us, that he had taken ſuch a love unto us, conſidering our youth and ſame, that though he were a ſervant, and a ſervant of ſuch truſt about *Plexirtus*, as that he had committed unto him even thoſe ſecrets of his heart, which abhorred all other knowledge; yet he rather choſe to reveal at this time a moſt pernicious counſel, than by concealing it bring to ruine thoſe whom he could

not

not chuſe but honour. So went he on, and told us, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to have *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdom of *Armenia*, to his wife) had given him order, when we were near *Greece*, to find ſome opportunity to murder us, bidding him to take us aſleep, becauſe he had ſeen what we could do waking. Now, Sirs, ſaid he, I would rather a thouſand times loſe my life than have my remembrance, while I live, poiſoned with ſuch a miſchief: and therefore if it were only I, that knew herein the king's order, then ſhould my diſobedience be a warrant of your ſafety. But to one more, ſaid he, namely the captain of the ſhip, *Plexirtus* hath opened ſo much touching the effect of murdering you, though I think laying the cauſe rather upon an old grudge, than his hope of *Artaxia*. And my ſelf, before the conſideration of your excellencies had drawn love and pity into my mind, imparted it to ſuch, as I thought fitteſt for ſuch a miſchief: therefore I wiſh you to ſtand upon your guard, aſſuring you that what I can do for your ſafety, you ſhall ſee, if it come to the puſh, by me performed. We thanked him, as the matter indeed deſerved, and from that time would no more diſarm our ſelves, nor the one ſleep without his friend's eyes waked for him; ſo that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterpriſe, while they thought it rather chance, than providence, which made us ſo behave our ſelves.

But when we came within half a day's ſailing of the ſhore, ſo that they ſaw it was ſpeedily, or not at all to be done; then, and I remember it was about the firſt watch in the night, came the captain and whiſpered the counſellor in the ear: but he, as it ſhould ſeem, diſſwading him from it: the captain, who had been a pyrate from his youth, and often blooded in it, with a loud voice ſwore, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not ſtick to kill god himſelf. And therewith called his mates, and in the king's name willed them

them to take us alive or dead, encouraging them with the ſpoil of us, which he ſaid, and indeed was true, would yield many exceeding rich jewels. But the counſellor, according to his promiſe, commanded them they ſhould not commit ſuch a villainy, proteſting that he would ſtand between them and the king's anger therein. Wherewith the captain enraged: Nay, ſaid he, then we muſt begin with this traytor himſelf; and therewith gave him a ſore blow upon the head, who honeſtly did the beſt he could to revenge himſelf.

But then we knew it time rather to encounter, than wait for miſchief. And ſo againſt the captain we went, who ſtreight was environed with moſt part of the ſoldiers and mariners. And yet the truth is, there were ſome, whom either the authority of the counſellor, doubt of the king's mind, or liking of us, made draw their ſwords of our ſide; ſo that quickly it grew a moſt confuſed fight. For the narrowneſs of the place, the darkneſs of time, and the uncertainty in ſuch a tumult how to know friends from foes, made the rage of the ſwords rather guide than be guided by their maſters. For my couſin and me, truly I think we never performed leſs in any place, doing no other hurt than the defence of our ſelves, and ſuccouring them who came, for it, drove us to: for not diſcerning perfectly, who were for, or againſt us; we thought it *leſs evil to ſpare a foe, than ſpoil a friend.* But from the higheſt to the loweſt part of the ſhip there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered perſons. The captain I hapt a while to fight withal, but was driven to part with him, by hearing the cry of the counſellor, who received a mortal wound, miſtaken of one of his own ſide.

Some of the wiſer would call to parley, and wiſh peace: but while the words of peace were in their mouths, ſome of their evil auditors gave them death for their hire. So that no man almoſt could conceive hope

hope of living, but by being laſt alive; and therefore every one was willing to make himſelf room, by diſpatching almoſt any other: ſo that the great number in the ſhip were reduced to exceeding few, when of thoſe few the moſt part weary, weary of thoſe troubles, leapt into the boat, which was faſt to the ſhip; but while they that were firſt, were cutting off the rope that tyed it, others came leaping in ſo diſorderly, that they drowned both the boat and themſelves.

But while even in that little remnant, like the children of *Cadmus*, we continued ſtill to ſlay one another, a fire, which, whether by the deſperate malice of ſome, or intention to ſeparate, or accidentally, while all things were caſt up and down, it ſhould ſeem had taken a good while before, but never heeded of us; who only thought to preſerve or revenge, now violently burſt out in many places, and began to maſter the principal parts of the ſhip. Then neceſſity made us ſee, *that a common enemy ſets one at a civil war*: for that little all we are, as if we had been waged by ſome man to quench a fire, ſtreight went to reſiſt that furious enemy by all art and labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and devour from the ſtern to the waſte of the ſhip: ſo as labouring in vain, we were driven to get up to the prow of the ſhip, by the work of nature ſeeking to preſerve life as long as we could; while truly it was a ſtrange and ugly ſight, to ſee ſo huge a fire, as it quickly grew to be in the ſea; and in the night, as if it had come to light us to death. And by and by it had burned off the maſt, which all this while had proudly born the ſail, the wind, as might ſeem, delighted to carry fire and blood in his mouth, but now it fell over-board, and the fire growing nearer us, it was not only terrible in reſpect of what we were to attend, but inſupportable through the heat of it.

So

So that we were conſtrained to abide it no longer, but diſarming and ſtripping our ſelves, and laying our ſelves upon ſuch things, as we thought might help our ſwimming over to the land, too far for our ſtrength to bear us, my couſin and I threw our ſelves into the ſea. But I had ſwam a very little way when, I felt, by reaſon of a wound I had, that I ſhould not be able to abide the travel: and therefore ſeeing the maſt, whoſe tackling had been burnt off, flote clear from the ſhip; I ſwam unto it, and getting on it, I found mine own ſword, which by chance, when I threw it away, caught by a piece of canvas, had hung to the maſt. I was glad becauſe I loved it well, but gladder, when I ſaw at the other end the captain of the ſhip, and of all this miſchief; who having a long pike, belike had born himſelf up with that, till he had ſet himſelf upon the maſt. But when I perceived him, Villain, ſaid I, doſt thou think to over-live ſo many honeſt men, whom thy falſhood hath brought to deſtruction? with that beſtriding the maſt, I gat by little and little towards him after ſuch a manner as boys are wont, if ever you ſaw that ſport, when they ride the wild mare. And he perceiving my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage than honeſty, ſet himſelf to reſiſt: but I had in a ſhort ſpace gotten within him, and, giving him a ſound blow, ſent him to feed fiſhes. But there my ſelf remained, until by pyrates I was taken up, and among them again taken priſoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what, ſaid *Philoclea*, became of your couſin *Muſidorus*? Loſt, ſaid *Pyrocles*. Ah, my *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Philoclea*, I am glad I have taken you. I perceive you lovers do not always ſay truly: as though I knew not your couſin *Dorus* the ſhepherd? life of my deſires, ſaid *Pyrocles*, what is mine, even to my ſoul is yours; but the ſecret of my friend is not mine. But if you know ſo much, then I may truly ſay, he is loſt, ſince he is no more his own. But I perceive

your noble ſiſter and you are great friends, and well doth it become you ſo to be. But go forward, dear *Pyrocles*, I long to hear out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the beſt part of your ſtory. Ah ſweet *Philoclea*, ſaid *Pyrocles*, do you think I can think ſo precious leiſure as this well ſpent in talking? are your eyes a fit book, think you, to read a tale upon? is my love quiet enough to be an hiſtorian? dear princeſs, be gracious unto me. And then he fain would have remembred to have forgot himſelf. But ſhe with a ſweetly diſobeying grace, deſired him that her deſire, once for ever, might ſerve, that no ſpot might diſgrace that love, which ſhortly ſhe hoped ſhould be to the world warrantable. Fain he would not have heard, till ſhe threatned anger; and then the poor lover durſt not, becauſe he durſt not. Nay, I pray thee, dear *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhe, let me have my ſtory. Sweet princeſs, ſaid he, give my thoughts a little reſpite: and if it pleaſe you, ſince this time muſt be ſo ſpoiled, yet it ſhall ſuffer the leſs harm, if you vouchſafe to beſtow your voice, and let me know, how the good queen *Erona* was betrayed into ſuch danger, and why *Plangus* ſought me. For indeed I ſhould pity greatly any miſchance fallen to that princeſs. I will, ſaid *Philoclea*, ſmiling, ſo you give me your word, your hands ſhall be quiet auditors. They ſhall, ſaid he, becauſe ſubject. Then began ſhe to ſpeak, but with ſo pretty and delightful a majeſty, when ſhe ſet her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuſe but rebel ſo far as to kiſs her. She would have pulled her head away, and ſpake, but while ſhe ſpake, he kiſſed, and it ſeemed he fed upon her words; but ſhe gat away. How will you have your diſcourſe, ſaid ſhe, without you let my lips alone? he yielded, and took her hand. On this ſaid he, will I revenge my wrong; and ſo began to make much of that hand, when her tale, and his delight was interrupted by *Miſo*: who taking

king her time, while *Baſilius*'s back was turned, came into them; and told *Philoclea*, ſhe deſerved ſhe knew what, for leaving her mother, being evil at eaſe, to keep company with ſtrangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that ſhe was there by her father's commandment, ſhe went away muttering, that though her back and her ſhoulders and her neck were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it ſhould do her errand to her mother; and ſo went up to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miſerably vexed with this manner of dream. It ſeemed unto her to be in a place full of thorns, which ſo moleſted her, as ſhe could neither abide ſtanding ſtill, nor tread ſafely going forward. In this caſe ſhe thought *Zelmane*'s being upon a fair hill, delightful to the eye, and eaſy in appearance, called her thither, whither with ſuch anguiſh being come, *Zelmane* was vaniſhed, and ſhe found nothing but a dead body like unto her husband, which ſeeming at the firſt with a ſtrange ſmell to infect her, as ſhe was ready likewiſe within a while to dye; the dead body ſhe thought took her in his arms, and ſaid, *Gynecia*, leave all, for here is thy only reſt.

With that ſhe awaked, crying very loud, *Zelmane, Zelmane.* But remembring her ſelf, and ſeeing *Baſilius* by, (her guilty conſcience more ſuſpecting than being ſuſpected) ſhe turned her call, and called for *Philoclea. Miſo* forthwith like a valiant ſhrew, looking at *Baſilius*, as though ſhe would ſpeak though ſhe died for it, told *Gynecia* that her daughter had been an whole hour together in ſecret talk with *Zelmane*; And ſays ſhe, for my part I could not be heard, your daughters are brought up in ſuch awe, though I told her of your pleaſure ſufficiently. *Gynecia* as if ſhe had heard her laſt doom pronounced againſt her, with a ſide look and changed countenance, O my lord, ſaid ſhe, what mean you to ſuffer theſe young folks together? *Baſilius*, that aimed nothing at the mark of her ſuſpicion, ſmiling, took

her

her in his arms; Sweet wife, ſaid he, I thank you for your care of your child; but they muſt be youths of other metal than *Zelmane*, that can endanger her, O but ----, cried *Gynecia*, and therewith ſhe ſtaid: for then indeed ſhe did ſuffer a right conflict betwixt the force of love, and rage of jealouſy. Many times was ſhe about to ſatisfy the ſpite of her mind, and tell *Baſilius*, how ſhe knew *Zelmane* to be far otherwiſe than the outward appearance. But thoſe many times were all put back by the manifold objections of her vehement love. Fain ſhe would have barred her daughter's hap, but loth ſhe was to cut off her own hope. But now, as if her life had been ſet upon a wager of quick riſing, as weak as ſhe was, ſhe gat up; though *Baſilius* (with a kindneſs flowing only from the fountain of unkindneſs, being indeed deſirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loath to ſuffer it, ſwearing he ſaw ſickneſs in her face, and therefore was loath ſhe ſhould adventure the air.

But the great and wretched lady *Gynecia*, poſſeſſed with thoſe devils of love and jealouſy, did rid her ſelf from her tedious husband: and taking no body with her, going toward them; O jealouſy, ſaid ſhe, the phrenſy of wiſe folks, the well-wiſhing ſpite, and unkind carefulneſs, the ſelf-puniſhment for others faults, and ſelf-miſery in others happineſs, the couſin of envy, daughter of love, and mother of hate, how couldſt thou ſo quietly get thee a ſeat in the unquiet heart of *Gynecia*! *Gynecia*, ſaid ſhe ſighing, though wiſe, and once virtuous! alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agony of affection, that works the chilling acceſs of thy fever, in ſuch ſort, that nature gives place; the growing of my daughter ſeems the decay of my ſelf; the bleſſings of a mother turn to the curſes of a competitor; the fair face of *Philoclea* appears more horrible in my ſight than the image of death. Then remembered ſhe this ſong, which

ſhe thought took a right meaſure of her preſent mind.

With two ſtrange fires of equal heat poſſeſt,
The one of love, the other of jealouſy,
Both ſtill do work, in neither find I reſt:
For both, alas, their ſtrength together tie:
The one aloft doth hold, the other high.
Love wakes the jealous eye, leaſt thence it moves:
The jealous eye, the more it looks it loves.

Theſe fires increaſe: in theſe I daily burn,
They feed on me, and with my wings do flie:
My lovely joys to doleful aſhes turn:
Their flames mount up, my powers proſtrate lie;
They live in force; I quite conſumed die.
One wonder yet far paſſes my conceit,
The fewel ſmall; how be the fires ſo great.

But her unleaſured thoughts ran not over the ten firſt words; but going with a pace not ſo much too faſt for her body, as ſlow for her mind, ſhe found them together, who after *Miſo*'s departure had left their tale, and determined what to ſay to *Baſilius*. But full abaſhed was poor *Philoclea*, whoſe conſcience now began to know cauſe of bluſhing, for firſt ſalutation, receiving an eye from her mother, full of the ſame diſdainful ſcorn, which *Pallas* ſhewed to poor *Arachne*, that durſt contend with her for the price of well weaving: yet did, the force of love ſo much rule her, that though for *Zelmane*'s ſake ſhe did deteſt her, yet for *Zelmane*'s ſake ſhe uſed no harder words to her, than to bid her go home, and accompany her ſolitary father.

Then began ſhe to diſplay to *Zelmane* the ſtorehouſe of her deadly deſires, when ſuddenly the confuſed rumour of a mutinous multitude gave juſt occaſion to *Zelmane* to break off any ſuch conference, for well ſhe found, they were not friendly voices the

they heard, and to retire with as much diligence as conveniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could win the lodge by twenty paces, they were overtaken by an unruly ſort of clowns, and other rebels, which like a violent flood, were carried, they themſelves knew not whither. But as ſoon as they came within perfect diſcerning theſe ladies, like enraged beaſts, without reſpect of their eſtates, or pity of their ſex, they began to run againſt them, as right villains thinking ability to do hurt, to be a great advancement; yet ſo many as they were, ſo many almoſt were their minds, all knit together only in madneſs. Some cried, Take; ſome, Kill; ſome, Save. But even they that cried *ſave*, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Every one commanded, none obeyed; he only ſeemed chief captain, that was moſt rageful.

Zelmane, whoſe virtuous courage was ever awake, drew out her ſword, which upon thoſe ill-armed churls giving as many wounds as blows, and as many deaths almoſt as wounds, lightning courage, and thundring ſmart upon them, kept them at a bay, while the two ladies got themſelves into the lodge: out of the which *Baſilius*, having put on an armour long untried, came to prove his authority among his ſubjects, or at leaſt, to adventure his life with his dear miſtreſs, to whom he brought a ſhield, while the ladies trembling attended by the iſſue of this dangerous adventure. But *Zelmane* made them perceive the odds between an eagle and a kite, with ſuch nimble ſtayedneſs, and ſuch an aſſured nimbleneſs, that while one was running back for fear, his fellow had her ſword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and help well increaſed by the coming of *Dorus*, who having been making of hurdles for his maſter's ſheep, heard the horrible cries of this mad multitude, and having ſtreight repreſented before the eyes of his careful love, the peril wherein the ſoul of his ſoul might

be, he went to *Pamela*'s lodge, but found her in a cave hard by, with *Mopſa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not have opened the entry to his father. And therefore leaving them there, as in a place ſafe, both for being ſtrong and unknown, he ran as the noiſe guided him. But when he ſaw his friend in ſuch danger among them, anger and contempt, asking no counſel but of courage, made him run among them, with no other weapon but his ſheephook, and with that overthrowing one of the villains, took away a two hand ſword from him, and withal helped him for ever being aſhamed of loſing it. Then lifting up his brave head, and flaſhing terror into their faces, he made arms and legs go complain to the earth, how evil their maſters had kept them. Yet the multitude ſtill growing, and they, very killing wearying them, fearing, leaſt in long fight they ſhould be conquered with conquering, they drew back towards the lodge; but drew back in ſuch ſort, that ſtill their terror went forward like a valiant maſtiff, whom, when his maſter pulls back by the tail from the bear, with whom he had already interchanged a hateful embracement, though his pace be backward, his geſture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatning more in the retiring, than they did in the advancing: ſo guided they themſelves homeward, never ſtepping ſtep backward, but that they proved themſelves maſters of the ground where they ſtept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a taylor by occupation, who fetching his courage only from their going back, began to bow his knees, and very fencer-like to draw near to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her diſtance, turning his ſword very nicely about his crown, *Baſilius*, with a ſide blow, ſtruck off his noſe, he (being ſuiter to a ſeamſter's daughter, and therefore not a little grieved for ſuch a diſgrace) he ſtooped down, becauſe he had heard, that if it were freſh put to, it would cleave

on

on again. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his noſe to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow ſent his head to his noſe. That ſaw a butcher, a butcherly chuff indeed, who that day was ſworn brother to him in a cup of wine, and lifted up a great leaver, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But ſhe letting ſlip the blow of the leaver, hit him ſo ſurely upon the ſide of his face, that ſhe left nothing but the nether jaw, where the tongue ſtill wagged, as willing to ſay more, if his maſter's remembrance had ſerved. O, ſaid a miller that was half drunk, ſee the luck of a good-fellow, and with that word run with a pitchfork at *Dorus*: but the nimbleneſs of the wine carried his head ſo faſt, that it made it over-run his feet, ſo that he fell withal, juſt between the legs of *Dorus*, who ſetting his foot on his neck, though he offered two milch kine, and four fat hogs for his life, thruſt his ſword quite through, from one ear to the other; which took it very unkindly, to feel ſuch news before they heard of them, inſtead of hearing, to be put to ſuch feeling. But *Dorus*, leaving the miller to vomit his ſoul out in wine and blood, with his two-hand ſword ſtruck off another quite by the waſt, who the night before had dreamed he was grown a couple, and, interpreting it that he ſhould be married, had bragged of his dream that morning among his neighbours. But that blow aſtoniſhed quite a poor painter, who ſtood by with a pike in his hands. This painter was to counterfeit the skirmiſh between the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, and had been very deſirous to ſee ſome notable wounds, to be able the more lively to expreſs them; and this morning, being carried by the ſtream of this company, the fooliſh fellow was even delighted to ſee the effect of blows. But this laſt, happening near him, ſo amazed him, that he ſtood ſtock ſtill, while *Dorus*, with a turn of his ſword, ſtruck off both his hands. And ſo the painter

ter returned, well skilled in wounds, but with never a hand to perform his skill.

In this manner they recovered the lodge, and gave the rebels a face of wood of the outſide. But they then, though no more furious, yet more couragious when they ſaw no reſiſter; went about with pickax to the wall, and fire to the gate, to get themſelves entrance. Then did the two ladies mix fear with love, eſpecially *Philoclea*, who ever caught hold of *Zelmane*, ſo, by the folly of love, hindering the ſuccour which ſhe deſired. But *Zelmane* ſeeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate, (the number of thoſe villains ſtill increaſing, and their madneſs ſtill increaſing with their number) thought it the only means, to go beyond their expectation with an unuſed boldneſs, and with danger to avoid danger, and therefore opening again the gate; and *Dorus* and *Baſilius* ſtanding ready for her defence, ſhe iſſued again among them. The blows ſhe had dealt before, though all in general were haſty, made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them ſuddenly over-near her, ſo that ſhe had time to get up to the judgment-ſeat of the prince, which according to the gueſs of that country, was before the court gate. There ſhe paufed a while, making ſign with her hand unto them, withal, ſpeaking aloud, that ſhe had ſomething to ſay unto them, that would pleaſe them. But ſhe was anſwered a while with nothing but ſhouts and cries; and ſome beginning to throw ſtones at her, not daring to approach her. But at length, a young farmer, who might do moſt among the country ſort, and was caught in a little affection towards *Zelmane*, hoping by his kindneſs to have ſome good of her, deſired them, if they were honeſt men, to hear the woman ſpeak. Fie fellows, fie, ſaid he, what will all the maids in our town ſay, if ſo many tall men ſhall be afraid to hear a fair wench? I ſwear unto you by no little ones, I had rather give my teem of oxen,

than

than we ſhould ſhew our ſelves ſo uncivil wights. Beſides, I tell you true, I have heard it of old men counted wiſdom, to hear much, and ſay little. His ſententious ſpeech ſo prevailed, that the moſt part began to liſten. Then ſhe, with ſuch efficacy of gracefulneſs, and ſuch a quiet magnanimity repreſented in her face in this uttermoſt peril, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks upon her, in this ſort began unto them.

It is no ſmall comfort unto me, ſaid ſhe, having to ſpeak ſomething unto you for your own behoofs, to find that I have to deal with ſuch a people, who ſhew indeed in themſelves the right nature of valor: which as it leaves no violence un-attempted, while the choler is nouriſhed with reſiſtance; ſo when the ſubject of their wrath doth of it ſelf unlooked for offer it ſelf into their hands, it makes them at leaſt take a pauſe before they determine cruelties. Now then firſt, before I come to the principal matter, have I to ſay unto you; that your prince *Baſilius* himſelf in perſon is within this lodge, and was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withal: and (this ſhe ſaid, not doubting but they knew it well enough, but becauſe ſhe would have them confeſs it, that the prince might think that they did not know it) by him am I ſent unto you; as from a prince to his well approved ſubjects, nay as from a father to beloved children, to know what it is that hath bred juſt quarrel among you, or who they be that have any way wronged you; what it is with which you are diſpleaſed, or of which you are deſirous? This he requires and indeed, for he knows your faithfulneſs, he commands you preſently to ſet down and chuſe among your ſelves, ſome one, who may relate your griefs or demands unto him.

This, being more than they hoped for from their prince, aſſwaged well their fury, and many of them conſented, eſpecially the young farmer helping on, how

who meant to make one of the demands that he might have *Zelmane* for his wife, but when they began to talk of their griefs, never bees made ſuch a confuſed humming: the town dwellers demanding putting down of impoſts, the country fellows laying out of commons: ſome would have the prince keep his court in one place, ſome in another: all cried out to have new counſellors; but when they ſhould think of any new, they liked them as well as any other that they could remember, eſpecially they would have the treaſure ſo looked unto, as that he ſhould never need to take any more ſubſidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the artiſans they would have corn and wine ſet at a lower price, and bound to be kept ſo ſtill: the plow-men, vine-laborers, and the farmers would none of that. The countrymen demanded that every man might be free in the chief towns; that could not the burgeſſes like of. The peaſants would have all the gentlemen deſtroyed, the citizens, eſpecially ſuch as cooks, barbers, and thoſe other that lived moſt on gentlemen, would but have them reformed. And of each ſide were like diviſions, one neighbourhood beginning to find fault with another; but no confuſion was greater than of particular mens likings and diſlikings: one diſpraiſing ſuch a one, whom another praiſed, and demanding ſuch a one to be puniſhed, whom the other would have exalted. No leſs ado was there about chuſing him, who ſhould be their ſpokeſman. The finer ſort of burgeſſes, as merchants, prentiſes, and cloth-workers, becauſe of the riches, diſdaining the baſer occupations: and they becauſe of their number, as much diſdaining them; all they ſcorning the countrymens ignorance, and the countrymen ſuſpecting as much their cunning: ſo that *Zelmane* (finding that their united rage was now grown, not only to dividing, but to a croſſing of one another, and that the miſlike grown among themſelves did well allay the heat againſt her) made

made tokens again unto them, as though ſhe took great care of their well-doing, and were afraid of their falling out, that ſhe would ſpeak unto them. They now grow jealous one of another, the ſtay having ingendred diviſion, and diviſion having manifeſted their weakneſs, were willing enough to hear, the moſt part ſtriving to ſhew themſelves willinger than their fellows: which *Zelmane*, by the acquaintance ſhe had had with ſuch kind of humours ſoon perceiving, with an angerleſs bravery, and an unabaſhed mildneſs, in this manner ſpake unto them.

An unuſed thing it is, and I think not heretofore ſeen, O *Arcadians*, that a woman ſhould give publick councel to men, a ſtranger to the country people, and that laſtly in ſuch a preſence by a private perſon, the regal throne ſhould be poſſeſſed. But the ſtrangeneſs of your action makes that uſed for virtue, which your violent neceſſity impoſeth. For certainly, a woman may well ſpeak to ſuch men, who have forgotten all man-like government: a ſtranger may with reaſon inſtruct ſuch ſubjects, that neglect due points of ſubjection; and is it marvail this place is entred into by another, ſince your own prince, after thirty years government, dare not ſhew his face unto his faithful people? hear therefore, O [illegible]*ans*, and be aſhamed; againſt whom hath this zealous rage been ſtirred? whither have been bent theſe manful weapons of yours? in this quiet harmleſs lodge there be harboured no *Argians*, your ancient enemies; nor *Laconians*, your now feared neighbours. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting uſerers. Here lodge none, but ſuch, as either you have great cauſe to love, or no cauſe to hate: here being none, beſides your prince, princeſs, and their children, but my ſelf. Is it I then, O *Arcadians*, againſt whom your anger is armed? am I the mark of your vehement quarrel? if it be ſo, that innocency ſhall not be ſtop for fury; if it be ſo, that the law of hoſpitality, ſo long and holily ob-

obſerved among you, may not defend a ſtranger fled to your arms for ſuccour: if in fine, it be ſo, that ſo many valiant mens courages can be inflamed to the miſchief of one ſilly woman; I refuſe not to make my life a ſacrifice to your wrath. Exerciſe in me your indignation, ſo it go no farther; I am content to pay the great favours I have received among you, with my life not ill-deſerving: I preſent here unto you, O *Arcadians*, if that may ſatisfy you; rather than you, called over the world the wiſe and quiet *Arcadians*, ſhould be ſo vain, as to attempt that alone, which all the reſt of your country will abhor; than you ſhould ſhew your ſelves ſo ungrateful, as to forget the fruit of ſo many years peaceable government; or ſo unnatural, as not to have with the holy name of your natural prince, any fury overmaſtered. For ſuch a helliſh madneſs, I know, did never enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing againſt his perſon; which no ſucceſſor, though never ſo hateful, will ever leave, for his own ſake, unrevenged. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to ſuch a baſeneſs, as inſtead of a prince, delivered unto you by ſo many royal anceſtors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow ſubject, in whom the innate meanes will bring forth ravenous covetouſneſs, and the newneſs of his eſtate ſuſpectful cruelty. Imagine, what could your enemies more wiſh unto you, than to ſee your own eſtate with your own hands undermined? O what would your forefathers ſay, if they lived at this time, and ſaw their offſpring defacing ſuch an excellent principality, which they with much labour and blood ſo wiſely have eſtabliſhed? do you think them fools, that ſaw you ſhould not enjoy your vines, your cattle, no not your wives and children, without government? and that there could be no government without a magiſtrate, and no magiſtrate, without obedience, and no obedience where every one upon his own private paſſion, may interpret the doings of the rulers? let your wits

make

make your preſent example a leſſon to you. What ſweetneſs, in good faith, find you in your preſent condition; what choice of choice find you, if you had loſt *Baſilius*? under whoſe enſign would you go, if your enemies ſhould invade you? if you cannot agree upon one to ſpeak for you, how will you agree upon one to fight for you? but with this fear of I cannot tell what one is troubled, and with that paſſed wrong another is grieved. And I pray you did the ſun ever bring you a fruitful harveſt, but that it was more hot than pleaſant? have any of your children, that be not ſometimes cumberſome? have any of you fathers, that be not ſometimes weariſh? what ſhall we curſe the ſun, hate our children, or diſobey our fathers? but what need I uſe theſe words, ſince I ſee in your countenances, now virtuouſly ſettled, nothing elſe but love and duty to him, by whom for your only ſakes, the government is embraced. For all what is done, he doth not only pardon you, but thank you; judging the action by the minds, and not the minds by the action. Your griefs, and deſires whatſoever, and whenſoever you liſt, he will conſider of, and to his conſideration it is reaſon you ſhould refer them. So then, to conclude; the uncertainty of his eſtate made you take arms; now you ſee him well; with the ſame love lay them down. If now you end, as I know you will, he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I muſt confeſs, over vehement affection, the only continuance might prove a wickedneſs. But it is not ſo, I ſee very well, you began with zeal, and will end with reverence.

The action *Zelmane* uſed, being beautified by nature and apparelled with skill, her geſtures being ſuch, that, as her words did paint out her mind, ſo they ſerved as a ſhadow to make the picture more lively and ſenſible, with the ſweet clearneſs of her voice, riſing and falling kindly as the nature

ture of the word and efficacy of the matter required, altogether in ſuch an admirable perſon, whoſe incomparable valour they had well felt, whoſe beauty did pierce through the thick dulneſs of their ſenſes, gave ſuch a way unto her ſpeech through the rugged wilderneſs of their imaginations, who, beſides they were ſtricken in admiration of her, as of more than a humane creature, where cool'd with taking breath, and had learned doubts out of leiſure, that inſtead of roaring cries, there was now heard, nothing but a confuſed mut'ring, whether her ſaying were to be followed: betwixt fear to purſue, and loathneſs to leave, moſt of them could have been content, it had never been begun, but how to end it, each afraid of his companion, they knew not, finding it far eaſier to tie, than to looſe knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no evil way in ſuch mutinies, to give the mutinous ſome occaſion of ſuch ſervice, as they might think, in their own judgment, would countervail their treſpaſs, withal to take the more aſſured poſſeſſion of their minds, which ſhe feared might begin to waver, loyal *Arcadians*, ſaid ſhe, now do I offer unto you the manifeſting of your duties: all thoſe that have taken arms for the prince's ſafety, let them turn there backs to the gate, with their weapons bent again ſuch as would hurt his ſacred perſon. O weak truſt of the many-headed multitude, whom inconſtancy only did guide to well-doing, who can ſet confidence there, where company takes away ſhame, and each may lay the fault on his fellow? ſo ſaid a crafty fellow among them, named, *Clinias*, to himſelf, when he ſaw the word no ſooner out of *Zelmane*'s mouth, but that there were ſome ſhouts of joy, with, god ſave *Baſilius*, and divers of them with much jollity grown to be his guard: that but little before meant to be his murtherers.

This

This *Clinias* in his youth, had been a ſcholar ſo far, as to learn rather words than manners, and of words rather plenty than order; and often had uſed to be an actor in tragedies, where he had learned, beſides a ſlidingneſs of language, acquaintance with many paſſions, and to frame his face to bear the figure of them: long uſed to the eyes and ears of men, and to reckon no fault, but ſhamefac'dneſs in nature; a moſt notable coward, and yet more ſtrangely than rarely venturous in privy practices.

This fellow was become of near truſt to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, ſo that he was privy to all the miſchievous devices, wherewith ſhe went about to ruin *Baſilius* and his children, for the advancing of her ſon, and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his love to be doing, taught him in any evil to be ſecret, and had by his miſtreſs been uſed, ever ſince the ſtrange retiring of *Baſilius*, to whiſper rumours in the peoples ears: and this time, finding great aptneſs in the multitude, was one of the chief that ſet them in the uproar, though quite without the conſent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the kingdoms of the world ſo have adventured the life of *Philoclea*. But now perceiving the flood of their fury begun to ebb, he thought it policy to take the firſt of the tide, ſo that no man cried louder than he upon *Baſilius*. And ſome of the luſtieſt rebels not yet agreeing to the reſt, he cauſed two or three of his mates that were at his commandment to lift him up, and then as if he had a prologue to utter, he began with nice gravity to demand audience. But few attending what he ſaid, with vehement geſture, as if he would tear the ſtars from the skies he fell to crying out ſo loud, that not only *Zelmane*, but *Baſilius* might hear him. O unhappy men, more mad than the giants that would have pluck'd *Jupiter* out of heaven,

ven, how long ſhall this rage continue? why do you not all throw down your weapons, and ſubmit your ſelves to our good prince, or good *Baſilius*, the *Pelops* of wiſdom, and *Minos* of all good government? when will you begin to believe me, and other honeſt and faithful ſubjects, that have done all we could to ſtop your fury.

The farmer that loved *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the firſt he was willing to ſpeak of conditions, hoping to have gotten great ſovereignties, and among the reſt *Zelmane*? ſo now perceiving, that the people, once any thing down the hill from their fury, would never ſtay till they came to the bottom of abſolute yielding, and ſo that he ſhould be nearer fears of puniſhment than hopes of ſuch advancement, he was one of them that ſtood moſt againſt the agreement: and to begin withal, diſdaining this fellow ſhould play the preacher, who had been one of the chiefeſt make-bates, ſtroke him a great wound upon the face with his ſword. The cowardly wretch fell down, crying for ſuccour, and ſcrambling through the legs of them that were about him, got to the thorne, where *Zelmane* took him, and comforted him, bleeding for that was paſt, and trembling for fear of more.

But as ſoon as the blow was given, as if *Æolus* had broke open the door to let all his winds out, no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for fear he ſhould do as much to him. For being divided in minds, and not divided in companies, they that would yield to *Baſilius* were intermingled with them that would not yield. Theſe men thinking their ruin ſtood upon it; thoſe men to get favour of their prince, converted their ungracious motion into their own bowels, and by a true judgment grew their own puniſhers. None were ſooner killed than thoſe that had been leaders in the diſobedience: who by being

ing ſo, had taught them, that they did lead diſobedience to the ſame leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their own faction, anger whetting, and doubt haſtening their fingers. But then came down *Zelmane*; and *Baſilius* with *Dorus* iſſued, and ſometimes ſeeking to draw together thoſe of their party, ſometimes laying indifferently among them, made ſuch havock, among the reſt *Zelmane* ſtriking the farmer to the heart with her ſword, as before ſhe had done with her eyes, that in a while all they of the contrary ſide were put to flight, and fled to certain woods upon the frontiers; where feeding wildly, and drinking only water, they were diſciplined for their drunken riots: many of them being ſlain in the chaſe, about a ſcore only eſcaping. But when theſe late rebels, now ſoldiers, were returned from the chaſe, *Baſilius* calling them together, partly for policy ſake, but principally becauſe *Zelmane* before had ſpoken it, which was to him more than a divine ordinance, he pronounced their general pardon, willing them to return to their houſes, and hereafter be more circumſpect in their proceedings: which they did moſt of them with ſharp marks of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chief that had bred this good alteration, he gave him particular thanks, and withal willed him to make him know how this frenzy had entered into the people.

Clinias purpoſing indeed to tell him the truth of all; ſaving what did touch himſelf, or *Cecropia*, firſt dipping his hand in the blood of his wound; now by this blood, ſaid he, which is more dear to me than all the reſt that is in my body, ſince it is ſpent for your ſafety: this tongue, perchance unfortunate, but never falſe, ſhall not now begin to lie unto my prince, of me moſt beloved. Then ſtretching out his hand, and making vehement countenances the uſhers to his ſpeeeches, in ſuch

manner of terms recounted this accident. Yesterday, said he, being your birth-day, in the goodly green two miles hence before the city of *Enispus*, to do honour to the day, where four or five thousand people, of all conditions, as I think, gathered together, spending all the day in dancing and other exercises, and when night came under tents and bows making great chear, and meaning to observe a wassalling watch all that night for your sake. *Bacchus*, the learned say, was begot with thunder: I think, that made him ever since so full of stir and debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which sounded the first trumpet to this rude alarm. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honour, and with activity in beastliness to shew abundance of love, made most of them seek to shew the depth of their affection, in the depth of their draught. But being once well chafed with wine, having spent all the night, and some piece of the morning in such revelling, and emboldned by your absented manner of living, there was no matter their ears had ever heard of, that grew not to be a subject of their winey conference. I speak it by proof: for I take witness of the gods, who never leave perjuries unpunished, that I often [illegible]ed out against their impudency, and when that would not serve, stopt mine ears, because I would not be partaker of their blasphemies, till with buffets they forced me to have mine ears and eyes defiled. Publick affairs were mingled with private grudges: neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretend some cause of millike. Railing was counted the fruit of freedom, and saying nothing had his uttermost praise in ignorance. At the length, your sacred person, alas, why did I live to hear it? alas, how do I breath to utter it? But your commandment doth not only enjoin obedience, but give me force; your sacred person

ſon, I ſay, fell to be their table-talk: a proud word ſwelling in their ſtomachs, and diſdainful reproaches againſt ſo great a greatneſs, having put on the ſhew of greatneſs in their little minds: till at length the very unbridled uſe of words having encreaſed fire in their minds, which god-what thought their knowledge notable, becauſe they had at all no knowledge to condemn their own want of knowledge, they deſcended, O never to be forgotten preſumption, to a direct diſlike of your living from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to remember their far-fetched conſtructions. But the ſum was, you diſdained them: and what were the pomps of your eſtate, if their arms maintained you not? who would call you a prince, if you had not a people, when certain of them of wretched eſtates, and worſe minds, whoſe fortunes change could not impair, began to ſay, that your government was to be looked into; how the great treaſures, you had levied among them, had been ſpent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counſel, that the commons, forſooth, were too plain-headed to ſay their opinions: but yet their blood and ſweat muſt maintain all. Who could tell whether you were not [illegible] in this place, where you lived? nay whether you did live or no? therefore that it was time to come and ſee; and if you were here, to know if *Arcadia* were grown loathſome in your ſight, why you did not rid your ſelf of the trouble? there would not want thoſe that would take ſo fair a cumber in good part. Since the country was theirs, and the government an adherent to the country, why ſhould they not conſider of the one as well as inhabit the other? nay rather, ſaid they, let us begin that, which all *Arcadia* will follow. Let us deliver our prince from danger of practices, and our ſelves from want of a prince. Let us do that which all the reſt think.

Let it be ſaid that we only are not aſtoniſhed with vain titles, which have there force but in our force. Laſtly, to have ſaid and heard ſo much, was as dangerous, as to have attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of liberty with them. Theſe words being ſpoken, like a furious ſtorm, preſently carried away their well inclined brains. What I, and ſome other of the honeſter ſort could do, was no more than if with a puff of breath, one ſhould go about to make a ſail go againſt a mighty wind: or, with one hand, ſtay the ruin of a mighty wall. So general grew this madneſs among them, there needed no drum, where each man cried, each ſpeak to other that ſpake as faſt to him, and the diſagreeing ſound of ſo many voices was the chief token of their unmeet agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battle, their winey mirths to bloody rages, and the happy prayers for your life to monſtrous threatning of your eſtate; the ſolemnizing your birth-day, tended to have been the cauſe of your funeral. But as a drunken rage hath, beſides his wickedneſs, that folly, that the more it ſeeks to hurt, the leſs it conſiders how to be able to hurt: they never weighed how to arm themſelves, but took up every thing for a weapon, that fury offered to their hands. Many ſwords, pikes, and bills there were: others took pitch-fork and rakes, converting husbandry to ſoldiery: ſome caught hold of ſpits, things ſerviceable for life, to be the inſtruments of death. And there was ſome ſuch one, who held the ſame pot wherein he drank your health, to uſe it, as he could, to your miſchief. Thus armed, thus governed, forcing the unwilling, and heartning the willing, adding fury to fury, and increaſing rage with running, they came headlong towards this lodge: no man, I dare ſay, reſolved in his own heart, what was the uttermoſt he would do when he came thither. But as miſchief is of ſuch nature

ture, that it cannot ſtand but with ſtrengthning one evil by another, and ſo multiply in it ſelf, till it come to the higheſt, and then fall with his own weight: ſo to their minds one paſſed the bounds of obedience, more and more wickedneſs opened it ſelf, ſo that they, who firſt pretend to preſerve you, then to reform you, I ſpeak it in my conſcience, and with a bleeding heart, now thought no ſafety for them, without murthering you. So as if the gods, who preſerve you for the preſervation of *Arcadia*, had not ſhewed their miraculous power; and that they had not uſed for inſtruments, both your own valour, not fit to be ſpoken of by ſo mean a mouth as mine, and ſome, I muſt confeſs, honeſt minds, whom alas, why ſhould I mention, ſince what we did, reach'd not to the hundredth part of our duty? our hands, I tremble to think of it, had deſtroyed all that, for which we have cauſe to rejoice that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out tears, ſo, as *Baſilius*, that was not the ſharpeſt piercer into masked minds, took a good liking to him; and ſo much the more as he had tickled him with praiſe in the hearing of his miſtreſs. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, and look well unto it, and make the beſt ſearch he could, to know if there were any farther depth in this matter, for which he ſhould be well rewarded. But before he went away, certain of the ſhepherds being come, for that day was appointed for their paſtorals, he ſent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principal noblemen, and cities thereabouts, to make thorough enquiry of this uproar, and withal to place ſuch garriſons in all the towns and villages near unto him, that he might thereafter keep his ſolitary lodge in more ſecurity, upon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, having them in readineſs for him.

This *Clinias*, having his ear one way when his eye was any other, had perceived, and therefore haſted away with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that ſhe was to take ſome ſpeedy reſolution, or elſe it were danger thoſe examinations would both diſcover, and ruin her: and ſo went his way, leaving that little company with embracements, and praiſing of *Zelmane*'s excellent proceeding, to ſhew, that no decking ſets forth any thing ſo much as affection. For as, while ſhe ſtood at the diſcretion of thoſe undiſcreet rebels, every angry countenance any of them made, ſeemed a knife laid upon their own throats; ſo unſpeakable was now their joy that they ſaw, beſides her ſafety and their own, the ſame wrought, and ſafety wrought by her means, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could ever alledge of wit and fortitude, where ſet in rank of triſles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midſt of thoſe unfeigned ceremonies, a cittern ill-play'd on, accompanied with a hoarſe voice, who ſeemed to ſing maugher the muſes, and to be merry in ſpight of fortune, made them look the way of the ill-noiſed ſong. The ſong was this.

A Hateful cure with hate to heal;
A bloody help with blood to ſave;
A foliſh thing with fools to deal.
Let him be bob'd, that bobs will have,
But who by means of wiſdom high
Hath ſav'd his charge? it is even I.

Let others deck their pride with ſcars,
And of their wounds make brave ſame ſhows;
Firſt let them die, then paſs the ſtars,
When rotten fame will tell their blows:
But eye from blade, and ear from eye;
Who hath ſav'd all? it is even I.

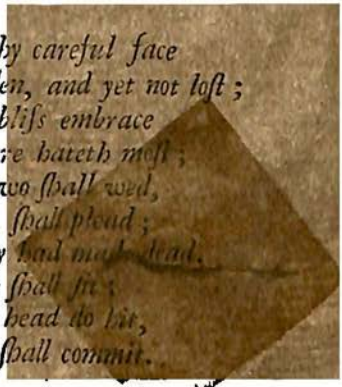
They

They had ſoon found it was *Dametas*, who came with no leſs liſted up countenance, than if he had paſſed over the bellies of all his enemies: ſo wiſe a point he thought he had performed in uſing the natural ſtrength of the cave. But never was it his doing to come ſo ſoon thence, till the coaſt were more aſſuredly clear: for it was a rule with him, That after a great ſtorm there ever fell a few drops before it be fully finiſhed. But *Pamela*, who had now experienced how much care doth ſollicite a lover's heart, uſed this occaſion of going to her parents and ſiſter, indeed as well for that cauſe, as being unquiet, till her eye might be aſſured how her ſhepherd had gone through the danger.

But *Baſilius* with the ſight of *Pamela*, of whom almoſt his head, otherwiſe occupied, had left the wonted remembrance, was ſuddenly ſtricken into a devout kind of admiration, remembring the oracle, which according to the fauning humour of falſe hope, he interpreted now his own to his own beſt, and with the willing blindneſs of affection, becauſe his mind ran wholly upon *Zelmane*, he thought the gods in their oracles did principally mind her.

But as he was deeply thinking of the matter, one of the ſhepherds told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horſe in his company. For having by chance rid not far off the little deſert, he had heard of this uproar, and ſo was come upon the ſpur, gathering a company of gentlemen as faſt he could, to the ſuccour of his maſter: *Baſilius* was glad of it; but not willing to have him, nor any other of the noblemen, ſee his miſtreſs, he himſelf went out of the lodge: and ſo giving order unto him of placing garriſons, and examining theſe matters; and *Philanax* with humble earneſtneſs beginning to intreat him to leave off this ſolitary courſe, which already had been ſo dangerous unto him, well, ſaid *Baſilius*, it may

be ere long I will condeſcend unto your deſire. In the mean time, take you the beſt order you can to keep me ſafe in my ſolitarineſs. But, ſaid he, do you remember, how earneſtly you wrote unto me, that I ſhould not be moved by that oracle's authority, which brought me to this reſolution? full well, ſir, anſwered *Philanax*, for though it pleaſed you not as then to let me know, what the oracles words were, yet all oracles hold in, in my conceit, one degree of reputation, it ſufficed me to know it was but an oracle, which led you from your own courſe. Well, ſaid *Baſilius*, I will now tell you the words; which before I thought not good to do, becauſe when all the events fall out, as ſome already have done, I may charge you with your incredulity. So he repeated them in this ſort.



THy elder care ſhall from thy careful face
By princely mean be ſtolen, and yet not loſt;
Thy younger ſhall with nature's bliſs embrace
An uncouth love, which nature hateth moſt;
Both they themſelves unto ſuch two ſhall wed,
Who at thy bear, as at a bar, ſhall plead;
Why thee, a living man, they had made dead.
In thine own ſeat a foreign ſtate ſhall ſit;
And ere that all theſe blows thy head do hit,
Thou, with thy wife, adultery ſhall commit.

For you, forſooth, ſaid he, when I told you, that ſome ſupernatural cauſe ſent me ſtrange viſions, which being confirmed with preſagious chances, I had gone to *Delphos*, and there received this anſwer, you replied unto me, that the only ſupernatural cauſes were the humours of my body, which bred ſuch melancholly dreams; and that both they framed a mind full of conceits, apt to make preſages of things, which in themſelves were merely chanceable: and withal, as I ſay, you remember what

what you wrote unto me, touching the authority of the oracle; but now I have ſome notable trial of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely communicate unto you. Only now know, that the thing I moſt feared is already performed; I mean that a foreign ſtate ſhould poſſeſs my throne. For that hath been done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruin, but to my preſervation. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to make the clock of his praiſes run on in ſuch ſort, that, *Philanax* found, was more exquiſite than the only admiration of virtue breedeth: which his faithful heart inwardly repining at, made him ſhrink away as ſoon as he could, to go about the other matters of importance, which *Baſilius* had enjoined unto him.

Baſilius returned into the lodge, thus by himſelf conſtruing the oracle; that in that he ſaid, his elder care ſhould by princely mean be ſtolen away from him, and yet not loſt, it was now performed, ſince *Zelmane* had as it were rob'd from him the care of his firſt begotten child; yet was it not loſt, ſince in his heart the ground of it remained. That his younger ſhould with natures bliſs embrace the love of *Zelmane*, becauſe he had ſo commanded her for his ſake to do; yet ſhould it be with as much hate of nature, for being ſo hateful an oppoſite to the jealouſy he thought her mother had of him. The fitting in his ſeat he deemed by her already performed: but that which moſt comforted him was his interpretation of the adultery, which he thought he ſhould commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwards he ſhould have to his wife, the point of his daughter's marriage, becauſe it threatned his death withal, he determined to prevent with keeping them, while he lived, unmarried. But having as he thought, gotten thus much underſtanding of the oracle, he determined for three

three days after to perform certain rites to *Apollo*: and even then began with his wife and daughters to ſing this hymn by them yearly uſed.

APollo *great, whoſe beams the greater world do light*
And in our little world do clear our inward ſight
Which ever ſhine, though hid from earth by earthy ſhade,
Whoſe lights do ever live, but in our darkneſs fade;
Thou god, whoſe youth was deck't with ſpoil of Python's *skin*
(So humble knowledge: can throw down the ſnakiſh ſin)
Latona's *ſon, whoſe birth in pain and travel long*
Doth teach, to learn the good what travels do belong:
In travel of our life, a ſhort but tedious ſpace,
While brittle hour glaſs runs, guide thou our panting pace:
Give us foreſightful minds give us minds to obey
What foreſight tells; our thoughts upon the knowledge ſtay.
Let ſo our fruit grow up that nature be maintain'd:
But ſo our hearts keep down, with vice they be not ſtain'd,
Let this aſſured hold, our judgments overtake,
That nothing wins the heaven, but what doth earth for-ſake.

As ſoon as he had ended his devotion (for the priviledged ſhepherds being now come) knowing well enough he might lay all his care upon *Philanax*, he was willing to ſweeten the taſte of this paſſed tumult, with ſome rural paſtimes. For which, while the ſhepherds prepared themſelves in the beſt manner, *Baſilius* took his daughter *Philoclea* aſide, and with ſuch haſte, as if his ears hunted for words, deſired to know how ſhe had found *Zelmane*. She humbly anſwered him, according to the agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her ſake *Zelmane* was content to deſcend from her former reſolution, as to hear him, whenſoever he would ſpeak; and farther than that, ſhe ſaid, as *Zelmane* had not granted

granted, ſo ſhe neither did, nor ever would deſire. *Baſilius* kiſt her with more than fatherly thanks, and ſtreight, like a hard-kept ward new come to his lands, would fain have uſed the benefit of that grant, in laying his ſickneſs before his only phyſician. But *Zelmane*, that had not yet fully determined with her ſelf, how to bear her ſelf toward him, made him in few words underſtand, that the time, in reſpect of the company, was unfit for ſuch a parly; and therefore to keep his brains the buſier, letting him underſtand what ſhe had learned of his daughters, touching *Erona*'s diſtreſs, whom in her travel ſhe had known and been greatly beholding to, ſhe deſired him to finiſh the reſt, for ſo far as *Plangus* had told him; becauſe ſhe ſaid, and ſhe ſaid truly, ſhe was full of care for that lady, whoſe deſert, only except an over-baſe choice, was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Baſilius* glad that ſhe would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excuſing the unfitneſs of that time, ſhe argued an intention to grant a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam, ſaid he, it is very true, that ſince years enabled me to judge what is, or is not to be pitied, I never ſaw any thing that more moved me to juſtify a vehement compaſſion in my ſelf, than the eſtate of that prince, whom ſtrong againſt all his own afflictions, which yet were great as I perceive you have heard, yet true and noble love had ſo pulled down, as to lie under ſorrow for another. Inſomuch as I could not temper my long idle pen in that ſubject, which I perceive you have ſeen. But then to leave that unrepeated, which I find my daughters have told you; it may pleaſe you to underſtand, ſince it pleaſeth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and ſo left by the famous princes *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, lead thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in theſe provinces of *Greece*, making a diſhonourable enqui-

ry

ry after that excellent prince already *Pyrocles* periſhed, *Antiphilus* I ſay, being crowned and delivered from the preſence of thoſe two, whoſe virtues, while they were preſent, like good ſchoolmaſters, ſuppreſſed his vanities, he had not ſtrength of mind enough in him to make long delay of diſcovering what manner of man he was. But ſtreight like one carried up to ſo high a place, that he loſeth the diſcerning of the ground over which he is; ſo was his mind lifted ſo far beyond the level of his own diſcourſe, that remembring only that himſelf was in the high ſeat of a king, he could not perceive that he is a king of reaſonable creatures, who would quickly ſcorn follies, and repine at injuries. But imagining no ſo true proſperity of ſovereignty, as to do what he liſted, and to liſt whatſoever pleaſed his fancy, he quickly made his kingdom a tennis-court, where his ſubjects ſhould be the balls not in truth cruelly, but licentiouſly abuſing them, preſuming ſo far upon himſelf, that what he did was liked of every body: nay, that his diſgraces were favours, and all becauſe he was a king. For in nature not able to conceive the bounds of great matters, ſuddenly born into an unknown ocean of abſolute power, he was ſwayed withal, he knew not how, as every wind of paſſion puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, than that poiſonous ſugar of flattery: which ſome uſed, out of the innate baſeneſs of their heart, ſtreight like dogs fawning upon the greateſt: others ſecretly hating him, and diſdaining his great riſing ſo ſuddenly, ſo undeſervedly, finding his humour, bent their exalting him only to his overthrow; like the bird that carries the ſhel-fiſh high, to break him the eaſier with his fall. But his mind, being an apt matter to receive what form their amplifying ſpeeches would lay upon it, danced ſo pretty a meaſure to their falſe muſick, that he thought himſelf the

wiſeſt

wiſeſt and worthieſt and beſt beloved, that ever gave honour to a royal title. And being but obſcurely born, he had found out unbluſhing pedigrees, that made him not only of the blood royal, but true heir, though unjuſtly diſpoſſeſt by *Erona*'s anceſtors. And like the fooliſh bird, that when it ſo hides the head that it ſees not it ſelf, thinks no body elſe ſees it: ſo did he imagine that no body knew his baſeneſs, while he himſelf turned his eyes from it.

Then vainneſs, a meager friend to gratefulneſs, brought him ſo to deſpiſe *Erona*, as of whom he had received no benefit, that within half a year's marriage he began to pretend barrenneſs: and making firſt an unlawful law of having more wives than one, he ſtill keeping *Erona* under-hand, by meſſages ſought *Artaxia*; who no leſs hating him, than loving, as unlucky a choice, the naughty king *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to paſs what ſhe purpoſed, was content to train him into falſe hopes, till already his imagination had crowned him king of *Armenia*, and had made that but the foundation of more and more monarchies, as if fortune had only gotten eyes to cherriſh him. In which time a great aſſembly of moſt part of all the princes of *Aſia*, being to do honour to the never ſufficiently praiſed *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, he would be one; not to acknowledge his obligation, which was as great as any of the others, but looking to have been young-maſtered among thoſe great eſtates, as he was among his abuſing underlings. But ſo many valorous princes, indeed far nearer to diſdain him than otherwiſe, he was quickly, as ſtanding upon no true ground, inwardly out of countenance with himſelf, till his ſeldom comfortleſs flatterers, perſuading him, it was envy and fear of his expected greatneſs, made him haſte away from that company, and without farther delay, appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; ſo incredibly blinded with the over-bright ſhining of his royalty, that he could think ſuch a queen would be con-

content to be joined-patent with another to have ſuch an husband. Poor *Erona* to all this obeyed, either vehemency of affection making her ſtoop to ſo over-baſe a ſervitude, or aſtoniſhed with an unlooked for fortune, dull to any behoveful reſolution, or, as many times it falls out even in great hearts when they can accuſe none but themſelves, deſperately bent to maintain it. For ſo went ſhe on in that way of her love, that, poor lady, to be beyond all other examples of ill-ſet affection, ſhe was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that ſhe was content, for the publick good, to be a ſecond wife, and yield the firſt place to her; nay to extol him, and even wooe *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia*, mortally hating them both for her brother's ſake, was content to hide her hate, till ſhe had time to ſhew it: and pretending that all her grudge was againſt the two paragons of virtue, *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, even met them half way in excuſing her brother's murther, as not being principal actors; and of the other ſide driven to what they did by the ever-pardonable neceſſity: and ſo well handled the matter, as though ſhe promiſed nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promiſed himſelf all that ſhe would have him think. And ſo a ſolemn interview was appointed; but, as the poets ſay, *Venus* had not there his ſaffron-coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men ſecretly, and eaſily they might be ſecret, ſince *Antiphilus* thought ſhe over-ran him in love, when he came even ready to embrace her, ſhewing rather a countenance of accepting than offering, they came forth, and, having much advantage both in number, valour, and fore-preparation, put all his company to the ſword, but ſuch as could fly away. As for *Antiphilus*, ſhe cauſed him and *Erona* both to be put in irons, haſting back towards her brother's tomb, upon which ſhe meant to ſacrifice them; making the love of her brother ſtand between her and

all

all other motions of grace, from which by nature ſhe was alienated.

But great diverſity in them two quickly diſcovered it ſelf for the bearing of that affliction for *Antiphilus* that had no greatneſs but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faſter than calamity could thruſt him; with fruitleſs begging of life, where reaſon might well aſſure him his death was reſolved, and weak bemoaning his fortune, to give his enemies a moſt pleaſing muſick, with many promiſes and proteſtations, to as little purpoſe as from a little mind. But *Erona*, ſad indeed, yet like one rather uſed, than new fallen to ſadneſs; as who had the joys of her heart already broken, ſeemed rather to welcome than to ſhun that end of miſery; ſpeaking little, but what ſhe ſpake was for *Antiphilus*, remembring his guiltineſs, being at that time priſoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant princes ſlew him: to the diſgrace of men, ſhewing that there are women both more wiſe to judge what is to be expected, and more conſtant to bear it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, and her ſadneſs by her beauty, made this noble prince *Plangus*, who, never almoſt from his couſin *Artaxia*, was now preſent at *Erona's* taking, to perceive the ſhape of lovelineſs more perfectly in woe, than in joyfulneſs, as in a picture which receives greater life by the darkneſs of ſhadows, than by more glittering colours, and ſeeing to like, and liking to love, and loving ſtreight to feel the moſt incident effects of love, to ſerve and preſerve. So born by the haſty tide of ſhort leiſure, he did haſtily deliver together his affection, and affectionate care. But ſhe, as if he had ſpoken of a ſmall matter, when he mentioned her life, to which ſhe had not leiſure to attend, deſired him if he loved her, to ſhew it, in finding ſome way to ſave *Antiphilus*. For her, ſhe found the world but a wearieſome ſtage unto her, where ſhe played a part againſt

againſt her will: and therefore beſought him, not to caſt his love in ſo unfruitful a place, as could not love it ſelf: but for a teſtimony of conſtancy, and a ſuitableneſs to his word, to do ſo much comfort to her mind, as that for her ſake *Antiphilus* were ſaved. He told me how much he argued againſt her tendring him, who had ſo ungratefully betrayed her, and fooliſhly caſt away himſelf. But perceiving ſhe did not only bend her very good wits to ſpeak for him againſt her ſelf, but when ſuch a cauſe could be allied to no reaſon, yet love would needs make it ſelf a cauſe, and bar her rather from hearing, than yield that ſhe ſhould yield to ſuch arguments: he likewiſe, in whom the power of love, as they ſay of ſpirits, was ſubject to the love in her, with grief conſented, and though backwardly, was diligent to labor the help of *Antiphilus*; a man whom he not only hated, as a traitor to *Erona*, but envied as a poſſeſſor of *Erona*. Yet love ſware his heart, in ſpight of his heart, ſhould make him become a ſervant to his rival. And ſo did he, ſeeking all the means of perſuading *Artaxia*, which the authority of ſo near, and ſo virtuous a kinſman could give unto him. But ſhe, to whom the eloquence of hatred had given revenge the face of delight, rejected all ſuch motions: but rather the more cloſely impriſoning them in her chief city, where ſhe kept them, with intention at the birth-day of *Tiridates*, which was very near, to execute *Antiphilus*; and at the day of his death, which was about half a year after, to uſe the ſame rigor towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much griev'd, becauſe much loving, attempted the humours of the *Lycians*, to ſee, whether they would come in with forces to ſuccour their princeſs. But there the next inheritor to the crown, with the true play that is uſed in the game of kingdoms, had no ſooner his miſtreſs in captivity, but he had uſurped her place, and making her odious to her people, becauſe of the unfit election ſhe had made, had ſo left no hope there

there: but which is worſe, had ſent to *Artaxia*, perſuading the juſticeing her, becauſe that unjuſtice might give his title the name of juſtice. Wanting that way, *Plangus* practiſed with ſome dear friends of his, to ſave *Antiphilus* out of priſon, whoſe day becauſe it was much nearer then *Erona*'s, and that he well found, ſhe had twiſted her life upon the ſame thread with his, he determined firſt to get him out of priſon; and to that end having prepared all matters as well as in ſuch caſe he could, where *Artaxia* had ſet many of *Tiridates*'s old ſervants to have well-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as, by the authority he had, he found means to do, and agreed with him of the time and manner, how he ſhould, by the death of ſome of his jaylors, eſcape. But all being well ordered, and *Plangus* willingly putting himſelf into the greateſt danger, *Antiphilus*, who, like a bladder, ſwelled ready to break, while it was full of the wind of proſperity; that being out, was ſo abjected, as apt to be trod on by every body, when it came to the point, that with ſome hazzard, he might be in apparent likelihood to avoid the uttermoſt harm, his heart fainted, and, weak fool, neither hoping, nor fearing as he ſhould, got a conceit, that with bewraying this practice, he might obtain pardon: and therefore even a little before *Plangus* ſhould have come unto him, opened the whole practice to him that had the charge, with unpitied tears idly proteſting, he had rather dye by *Artaxia*'s commandment, than againſt her will eſcape; yet begging life upon any the hardeſt, and wretchedeſt conditions that ſhe would lay upon him. His keeper provided accordingly, ſo that when *Plangus* came, he was like himſelf to have been entrapped; but that finding, with a lucky inſight, that it was diſcovered, he retired; and, calling his friends about him, ſtood upon his guard, as he had good cauſe. For, *Artaxia*, accounting him moſt ungrateful, conſidering that her brother and ſhe had

not only preſerved him againſt the malice of his father, but ever uſed him much liker his birth, than his fortune, ſent forces to apprehend him. But he among the martial men had gotten ſo great love, that he could not only keep himſelf from her malice, but work in their minds a compaſſion of *Erona*'s adverſity.

But for the ſuccour of *Antiphilus* he could get no body to join with him, the contempt of him having not been able to qualify the hatred; ſo that *Artaxia* might eaſily upon him perform her will, which was (at the humble ſuit of all the women of that city) to deliver him to their cenſure, who mortally hated him for having made a law of *Polygamy*, after many tortures, forced him to throw himſelf from a high pyramid, which was built over *Tiridates*'s tomb, and ſo to end his falſe hearted life, which had planted no ſtrong thought in him, but that he could be unkind.

But *Plangus* well perceiving that *Artaxia* ſtaid only for the appointed day, that the fair *Erona*'s body, conſumed to aſhes, ſhould make a notorious teſtimony, how deeply her brother's death was engraven in her breaſt, he aſſembled good numbers of friends, whom his virtue, though a ſtranger, had tied unto him, by force to give her liberty. Contrariwiſe, *Artaxia*, to whom anger gave more courage than her ſex did fear, uſed her regal authority, the moſt ſhe could, to ſuppreſs that ſedition, and have her will: which, ſhe thought, is the moſt princely thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed, as all men witneſs, is one of the beſt captains, both for policy and valor, that are trained in the ſchool of *Mars*, in a conflict overthrew *Artaxia*'s power, though of a far greater number; and there took priſoner a baſe ſon of her brothers, whom ſhe dearly affected, and then ſent her word, that he ſhould run the ſame race of fortune, whatſoever it was, that *Erona* did; and happy was that threatning for her, for elſe *Artaxia*

had

had haſtened the day of her death, in reſpect of thoſe tumults.

But now, ſome principal noble-men of that country interpoſing themſelves, it was agreed, that all perſons elſe fully pardoned, and all priſoners, except *Erona*, delivered, ſhe ſhould be put into the hands of a principal nobleman, who had a caſtle of great ſtrength, by oath, if by the day two year from *Tiridates*'s death, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* did not in perſon combate, and overcome two knights, whom ſhe appointed to maintain her quarrel againſt *Erona* and them, of having by reaſon deſtroyed her brother, that then *Erona* ſhould be that ſame day burned to aſhes: but if they came, and had the victory, ſhe ſhould be delivered; but upon no occaſion neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both ſides, all took ſolemn oath, and ſo the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus*'s party forcing him to agree, though he himſelf the ſooner condeſcended, knowing the courteſy of thoſe two excellent princes, not to refuſe ſo noble a quarrel, and their power ſuch, as two more, like the other two, were not able to reſiſt. But *Artaxia* was more, and upon better ground, pleaſed with this action; for ſhe had even newly received news from *Plexirtus*, that upon the ſea he had cauſed them both to periſh, and therefore ſhe held her ſelf ſure of the match.

But poor *Plangus* knew not ſo much, and therefore ſeeing his party, as moſt times it falls out in like caſe, hungry of any conditions of peace, accepted them: and then obtained leave of the lord, that indifferently kept her, to viſit *Erona*, whom he found full of deſperate ſorrow, not ſuffering neither his unworthineſs, nor his wrongs, nor his death, which is the natural concluſion of all wordly acts, either to cover with forgetfulneſs, or diminiſh with conſideration, the affection ſhe had born him: but even glorying in affliction, and ſhunning all comfort, ſhe

ſeemed to have no delight, but in making her ſelf the picture of miſery. So that when *Plangus* came to her, ſhe fell in deadly trances, as if in him ſhe had ſeen the death of *Antiphilus*, becauſe he had not ſuccoured him: and yet, her virtue ſtriving, ſhe did at one time acknowledge her ſelf bound, and profeſs her ſelf injured; inſtead of allowing the concluſion they had made, or writing to the princes, as he wiſhed her to do, craving nothing but ſome ſpeedy death, to follow her, in ſpight of juſt hate, beloved *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* having nothing but a raviſhed kiſs from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*; whitherward he underſtood the princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*; wherein ſhe ſignified her accepting him to her husband, whom ſhe had ever favoured; ſo much the rather, as he had performed the conditions of her marriage, in bringing to their deſerved end her greateſt enemies: withal thanking the ſea, in ſuch terms, as he might well perceive it was by ſome treaſon wrought in *Plexirtus*'s ſhip. Whereupon to make more diligent ſearch, he took ſhip himſelf, and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquiry finding, and ſuch a ſhip was indeed with fight and fire periſhed, none, almoſt, eſcaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, it was aſſuredly determined that they were caſt away: for the name of ſuch princes, eſpecially in *Greece*, would quickly elſe have been a large witneſs to the contrary. Full of grief with that, for the loſs of ſuch, who left the world poor of perfection: but more ſorry for *Erona*'s ſake, who now by them could not be relieved; a new advertiſement from *Armenia* overtook him, which multiplied the force of his anguiſh. It was a meſſage from the nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giving him to underſtand, that ſince his departure, *Artaxia* uſing the benefit of time, had beſieged him in

his

his caſtle, demanding preſent delivery of her, whom yet for his faith given, he would not, before the day appointed, if poſſibly he could reſiſt; which he foreſaw, long he ſhould not do for want of victual, which he had not ſo wiſely provided, becauſe he truſted upon the general oath taken for two years ſpace: and therefore willed him to make haſte to his ſuccor, and come with no ſmall forces; for all they that were of his ſide in *Armenia* were conſumed, and *Artaxia* had increaſed her might by marriage of *Plexirtus*, who, now crowned king there, ſticked not to glory in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, as having juſt cauſe thereto, in reſpect of the deaths of his ſiſter *Andromana*, her ſon, his nephew, and his own daughter *Zelmane*: all whoſe loſs he unjuſtly charged them withal, and now openly ſticked not to confeſs, what a revenge his wit had brought forth, *Plangus* much aſtoniſhed herewith, bethought himſelf what to do; for to return to *Armenia* was vain, ſince his friends there were utterly overthrown. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had already, even ſince the death of his ſtep-mother and brother, attempted the recovering of his favour, and all in vain. For they that had before joined with *Andromana* to do him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned; and therefore kept him ſtill, with new forged ſuſpicions, odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reſerving that for a work of longer time, than the ſaving of *Erona* could bear, determined to go to the mighty and good king *Euarchus*; who lately having, to his eternal fame, fully, not only conquered his enemies, but eſtabliſhed good government in their countries, he hoped he might have preſent ſuccor of him, both for the juſtneſs of the cauſe, and revenge of his childrens death, by ſo heinous a treaſon murdered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (paſſing through my country) it was my hap to find him, the moſt overthrown man with grief, that ever

I hope to ſee again, For ſtill it ſeemed he had *Erona* at a ſtrake before his eyes, ſuch an apprehenſion he had taken of her danger; which in deſpight of all the comfort I could give him, he poured out in ſuch lamentations, that I was moved not to let him paſs till he had made full declaration, which by pieces my daughters and I have delivered unto you. Fain he would have had ſuccour of my ſelf; but the courſe of my life being otherwiſe bent, I only accompanied him with ſome that might ſafely guide him to the great *Euarchus*: for my part having had ſome of his ſpeeches ſo feelingly in my memory, that at an idle time, as I told you, I ſet them down dialogue-wiſe, in ſuch manner as you have ſeen. And thus, excellent lady, I have obeyed you in this ſtory; wherein if it will pleaſe you to conſider what is the ſtrange power of love, and what is due to his authority, you ſhall exerciſe therein the true nobleneſs of your judgment, and do the more right to the unfortunate hiſtorian. *Zelmane*, ſighing for *Erona*'s ſake, yet inwardly comforted in that ſhe aſſured her ſelf *Euarchus* would not ſpare to take in hand the juſt delivering of her, joined with the juſt revenge of his childrens loſs, having now what ſhe deſired of *Baſilius*, to avoid his farther diſcourſes of affection, encouraged the ſhepherds to begin, whom ſhe ſaw already ready for them.

ECLOGUES.

THE rude tumult of the *Euiſpians* gave occaſion to the honeſt ſhepherds to begin their paſtorals this day with a dance, which they called the skirmiſh betwixt reaſon and paſſion. For ſeven ſhepherds, which were named the reaſonable ſhepherds, joined themſelves, four of them making a ſquare, and the other two going a little wide of ei-

ther ſide, like wings for the main battle, and the ſeventh man formoſt, like the forlorn hope, to begin the skirmiſh. In like order came out the ſeven appaſſionated ſhepherds, all keeping the pace of their foot by their voice, and ſundry conſorted inſtruments they held in their arms. And firſt, the formoſt of the reaſonable ſide began to ſing:

REASON. Thou rebel vile, come, to thy maſter yield.
And the other that met with him anſwered;
PASSION. No, tyrant, no; mine, mine ſhall be the field.
R. Can *Reaſon* then a tyrant counted be?
P. If *Reaſon's* will that *Paſſion's* be not free.
R. But *Reaſon* will, that *Reaſon* govern moſt.
P. And *Paſſion* will, that *Paſſion* rule the roaſt.
R. Your will, is will, but *Reaſon*, reaſon is.
P. Will hath his will, when *Reaſon's* will doth miſs
R. Whom *Paſſion* leads unto his death is bent.
P. And let him dye ſo that he dye content.
R. By nature you to *Reaſon* faith have ſworn,
P. Not ſo but fellow like together born.
R. Who *Paſſion* doth enſue, lives in annoy.
P. Who *Paſſion* doth forſake lives void of joy.
R. *Paſſion* is blind, and treads an unknown trace.
P. *Reaſon* hath eyes to ſee his own ill caſe.

Then as they approached nearer, the two of reaſon's ſide; as if they ſhot at the other, thus ſang:

R. Dare *Paſſions* then abide in *Reaſon's* light?
P. And is not *Reaſon* dim with *Paſſion's* might?
R. O fooliſh thing which glory doth deſtroy.
P. O glorious title of a fooliſh toy.
R. Weakneſs you are, dare you with our ſtrength fight.
P. Becauſe our weakneſs weakeneth all your might.
R. O ſacred *Reaſon*, help our virtuous toils.
P. O *Paſſion*, paſs on ſeeble *Reaſon's* ſpoils.

R. We with our ſelves abide a daily ſtrife.
P. We gladly uſe the ſweetneſs of our life.
R. But yet our ſtrife ſure peace in end doth breed.
P. We now have peace, your peace we do not need.

Then did the two ſquare battles meet, and inſtead of fighting, embrace one another, ſinging thus:

R. We are too ſtrong: But *Reaſon* ſeeks no blood.
P. Who be too weak, do fain they be too good.
R. Though we cannot o'ercome, our cauſe is juſt.
P. Let us o'ercome, and let us be unjuſt.
R. Yet *Paſſion*'s yield at length to *Reaſon*'s ſtroke.
P. What ſhall we win by taking *Reaſon*'s yoak?
R. The joys you have ſhall be made permanent.
P. But ſo we ſhall with grief learn to repent.
R. Repent indeed, but that ſhall be your bliſs.
P. How know we that, ſince preſent joys we miſs,
R. You know it not; of *Reaſon* therefore know it.
P. No *Reaſon* yet had ever skill to ſhew it,
R. Then let us both to heavenly rules give place.
P. Which *Paſſions* kill, and *Reaſon* do deface.

Then embraced they one another, and came to the king who framed his praiſes of them according to *Zelmane*'s liking; whoſe unreſtrained parts, the mind and eye, had their free courſe to the delicate *Philoclea*, whoſe look was not ſhort in well requiting it, although ſhe knew it was a hateful ſight to her jealous mother. But *Dicus*, that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus* for the good parts he found above his age in him, had a delight to taſte the fruits of his wit, though in a ſubject which he himſelf moſt of all other deſpiſed; and ſo entred to ſpeech with him in the manner of this following eclogue.

DICUS.

DICUS and *DORUS.*

DICUS.

Dorus, tell me, where is thy wonted motion,
To make theſe woods reſound thy lamentation;
Thy ſaint is dead, or dead is thy devotion,
For who doth hold his love in eſtimation,
To witneſs that he thinks his thoughts delicious,
Thinks to make each thing badge of his ſweet paſſion.

DORUS.

But what doth make thee *Dicus*, ſo ſuſpicious
Of my due faith, which needs muſt be immutable,
Who others virtue doubt, themſelves are vicious,
Not ſo; although my mettles were moſt mutable,
Her beams have wrought therein moſt fair impreſſion,
To ſuch a force ſome change were nothing ſuitable.

DICUS.

The heart well ſet doth never ſhun confeſſion;
If noble be thy bands, make them notorious;
Silence doth ſeem the maſk of baſe oppreſſion.
Who glories in his love, doth make love glorious:
But who doth fear, or bideth mute wilfully,
Shews, guilty heart doth deem his ſtate opprobious,
Thou then, that fram'ſt both words and voice moſt skilfully,
Yield to our ears a ſweet and ſound relation,
If love took thee by force, or caught thee guilfully.

DORUS.

If ſunny beams ſhame heavenly habitation,
If three-leav'd graſs ſeem to the ſheep unſavory;
Then baſe and four is love's moſt high vocation.
Or if ſheeps cries can help the ſun's own bravery,

Then

Then may I hope, my pipe may have ability,
To help her praiſe, who decks me in my ſlavery:
No, no; no words ennoble ſelf-nobility,
As for your doubts, her voice was it deceived me,
Her eye the force beyond all poſſibility.

DICUS.

Thy words well voic'd, well grac'd, had almoſt heaved me,
Quite from my ſelf, to love love's contemplation;
Till of theſe thoughts thy ſudden end bereaved me,
Go on therefore, and tell us by what faſhion,
In thy own proof he gets ſo ſtrange poſſeſſion,
And how poſſeſt he ſtrengthens his invaſion.

DORUS.

Sight is his root, in thought is his progreſſion,
His childhood wonder, prentiſhip attention,
His youth delight, his age the ſoul's oppreſſion,
Doubt is his ſleep, he waketh in invention,
Fancy his food, his cloathing is of carefulneſs;
Beauty his book, his play lover's diſſention:
His eyes are curious, ſearch but vail'd with warefulneſs:
His wings deſire oft clipt with deſperation.
Largeſs his hands could never skill of ſparefulneſs:
But how he doth by might, or by perſuaſion
To conquer, and his conqueſt how to ratify,
Experience doubt, and ſchools hold diſputation.

DICUS.

But ſo thy ſheep may thy good wiſhes ſatisfy,
With large increaſe, and wool of fine perfection,
So ſhe thy love, her eyes thy eyes may gratify,
As thou wilt give our ſouls a dear refection,
By telling how ſhe was, how now ſhe framed is
To help, or hurt in thee her own infection,

DORUS.

DORUS.

Bleſs be the name wherewith my miſtreſs named is:
Whoſe wounds are ſalves, whoſe yokes pleaſe more than pleaſure doth
Her ſtains are beams: virtue the fault ſhe blamed is,
The heart, eye, ear, here only find his treaſure doth.
All numbring arts her endleſs graces number not:
Time, place, life, wit, ſcarcely her rare gifts meaſure doth,
Is ſhe in rage? ſo is the ſun in ſummer hot,
Yet harveſt brings: doth ſhe, (alas!) abſent her ſelf?
The ſun is hid; his kindly ſhadows cumber not
But when to give ſome grace ſhe doth content her ſelf,
O then it ſhines, then are the heavens diſtributed,
And *Venus* ſeems to make up her, ſhe ſpent her ſelf.
Thus then, I ſay my miſchiefs have contributed
A greater good by her divine reflection,
My harms to me, my bliſs to her attributed.
Thus ſhe is framed: her eyes are my direction.
Her love my life, her anger my deſtruction:
Laſtly, what ſo ſhe is, that's my protection.

DICUS.

Thy ſafety ſure is wrapt in deſtruction,
For that conſtruction thine own words do bear.
A man to fear a womans moody eye.
Makes reaſon lye a ſlave to ſervile ſenſe,
A weak defence where weakneſs is thy force:
So is remorſe in folly dearly bought.

DORUS.

If I had thought to hear blaſphemous words,
My breaſt to ſwords, my ſoul to hell have ſold
I rather would, than thus mine ear defile
With words ſo vile, which viler breath do breed.
O heards take heed: for I a wolf have found,
Who hunting round the ſtrongeſt for to kill,

His

His breaſt doth fill with earth of others woe:
And loaden ſo pulls down, pull'd down deſtroys.
O ſhepherds boys, eſchew theſe tongues of venom,
Which do envenom both the ſoul and ſenſes.
Our beſt defences are to fly theſe adders,
O tongues like ladders made to climb diſhonours,
Who judge that honour which hath ſcope to ſlander!

DICUS.

Dorus you wander far in great reproaches,
So love encroaches on your charmed reaſon,
But it is ſeaſon for to end our ſinging,
Such anger bringing: as for me, my fancy
In ſick-mans frenzy rather takes compaſſion,
Than rage for rage: rather my wiſh I ſend to thee,
Thou ſoon may have ſome help or change of paſſion:
She oft her looks, the ſtars her favour bend to thee,
Fortune ſtore, nature health, love grant perſuaſion.
A quiet mind none but thy ſelf can lend to thee,
Thus I commend to thee all our former love.

DORUS.

Well do I prove, error lies oft in zeal,
Yet it is zeal, though error of true heart,
Nought could impart ſuch heats to friendly mind,
But for to find the words did her diſgrace,
Whoſe only face the little-heaven is:
Which who doth miſs, his eyes are but deluſions,
Bar'd from their chiefeſt object of delightfulneſs,
Thrown on this earth, the chaos of confuſions;
As for thy wiſh, to my enraged ſpightfulneſs,
The lovely blow which rare reward, my prayer is
Thou mayſt love her that I may ſee thy ſightfulneſs.
The quiet mind (whereof my ſelf impairer is,
As thou doſt think) ſhould moſt of all diſquiet me.

With-

Without her love, than any mind who fairer is,
Her only cure from ſurfeit woes can diet me.
She holds the balance of my contentation:
Her cleared eyes, nought elſe in ſtorms can quiet me.
Nay rather than my eaſe diſcontentation
Should breed to her, let me for aye dejected be
From any joy which might her grief occaſion.
With ſo ſweet plagues my happy arms infected be:
Pain wills me die, yet of death I mortify:
For though life irks, in life my loves protected be,
Thus for each change my changeleſs heart I fortify.

When they had ended to the good pleaſing of the aſſiſtants, eſpecially of *Zelmane*, who never forgat to give due commendations to her friend *Dorus*, *Baſilius*, called for *Lamon* to end his diſcourſe of *Strephon* and *Klaius*, wherewith the other day he marked *Zelmane* to have been exceedingly delighted. But him ſickneſs had ſtaid from that aſſembly: which gave occaſion to *Hiſtor* and *Damon*, two young ſhepherds, taking upon them the two friendly rival's names, to preſent *Baſilius* with ſome other of their complaints eclogue-wiſe, and firſt with this double ſeſtine.

STREPHON and KLAIUS.

STREPHON.

Ye goat-heard gods, that love the graſſy mountains,
Ye nymphs that haunt the ſprings in pleaſant valleys,
Ye ſatyrs joy'd with free and quiet forreſts,
Vouchſafe your ſilent ears to plaining muſick,
Which to my woes give ſtill an early morning,
And draws the dolor on till weary evening.

KLA-

KLAIUS.

O *Mercury*, foregoer to the evening,
O heavenly huntreſs of the ſavage mountains,
O lovely ſtar entitled of the morning,
While that my voice doth fill theſe woful valleys.
Vouchſafe your ſilent ears to plaining muſick,
Which oft hath echo tyr'd in ſecret forrests.

STREPHON.

I that was once free burgeſs of the forreſts,
Where ſhade from ſun, and ſports I ſought at evening
I that was once eſteem'd for pleaſant muſick,
Am baniſh'd now among the monſtrous mountains
Of huge deſpair, and foul affliction valleys,
Am grown a skriech-owl to my ſelf each morning,

KLAIUS.

I that was once delighted every morning,
Hunting the wild inhabiters of forreſts:
I that was once the muſick of theſe valleys,
So darkned am, that all my day is evening,
Heart broken ſo, that mole-hils ſeem high mountains,
And fill the vales with cries inſtead of muſick.

STREPHON.

Long ſince alas, my deadly ſwanniſh muſick
Hath made it ſelf a crier of the morning:
And hath with wailing ſtrength clim'd higheſt mountains:
Long ſince my thoughts more deſert be than forreſts:
Long ſince I ſee my joys come to their evening,
And ſtate thrown down to over-troden valleys,

KLAIUS.

Long ſince the happy dwellers of theſe valleys,
Have pray'd me leave my ſtrange exclaming muſick,

Which

Which troubles their days work, and joys of evening:
Long ſince I hate the night, more hate the morning;
Long ſince my thoughts chaſe me like beaſts in for-
reſts,
And make me wiſh my ſelf laid under mountains.

STREPHON

Me ſeems I ſee the high and ſtately mountains,
Transform themſelves to low dejected valleys:
Me ſeems I hear in theſe ill changed forreſts,
The *Nightingales* do learn of *Owls* their muſick:
Me ſeems I feel the comfort of the morning,
Turn'd to the mortal ſerene of an evening.

KLAIUS.

Me ſeems I ſee a filthy cloudy evening,
As ſoon as ſun begins to climb the mountains:
Me ſeems I feel a noiſome ſcent, the morning
When I do ſmell the flowers of theſe valleys:
Me ſeems I hear, when I do hear ſweet muſick,
The dreadful cries of murdered men in forreſts.

STREPHON.

I wiſh to fire the trees of all thoſe forreſts,
I give thee the ſun a laſt farewel each evening,
I curſe the fidling finders out of muſick:
With envy I do hate the lofty mountains;
And with deſpite deſpiſe the humble valleys:
I do deteſt night evening day and morning.

KLAIUS.

Curſe to my ſelf my prayer is, the morning;
My fire is more than can be made with forreſts;
My ſtate more baſe, than are the baſeſt valleys:
I wiſh no evenings more to ſee, each evening;
Shamed I hate my ſelf in ſight of mountains,
And ſtop my ears leaſt I grow mad with muſick.

STRE-

STREPHON.

For ſhe whoſe parts maintain'd a perfect muſick,
Whoſe beauty ſhin'd more than the bluſhing morning,
Who much did paſs in ſtate the ſtately mountains,
In ſtreightneſs paſt the cedars of the forreſts,
Hath caſt me wretch into eternal evening,
By taking her two ſons from theſe dark valleys.

KLAIUS.

For ſhe, to whom compar'd, the alps are valleys,
She, whoſe leaſt word brings from the ſphears their muſick
At whoſe approach the ſun roſe in the evening,
Who where ſhe went bare in her forehead morning,
Is gone, is gone, from theſe our ſpoiled forreſts,
Turning to deſerts our beſt paſtor'd mountains.

STREPHON.

Theſe mountains witneſs ſhall, ſo ſhall theſe valleys,
Theſe forreſts eke, made wretched by our muſick,

KLAIUS.

Our morning hymn is this, and ſong at evening,

But, as though all this had been but the taking of a taſt of their wailings, *Strephon* again began this Dizain, which was anſwered unto him in that kind of verſe which is called the crown.

STREPHON and KLAIUS.

STREPHON.

I joy in grief, and do deteſt all joys:
Deſpiſe delight, am tyr'd with thought of eaſe:
I turn my minds to all forms of annoyes,
And with the change of them my fancy pleaſe,
I ſtudy that which may me moſt diſpleaſe,

And

And in diſpight of that diſpleaſure's might,
Embrace that moſt, that moſt my ſoul deſtroys;
Blinded with beams, fell darkneſs is my ſight:
Dwell in my ruins, feed with ſucking ſmart
Think from me, not from my woes to part.

KLAIUS.

Think from me not from my woes to part,
And loath this time, call'd life, nay think, that life
Nature to me for torment did impart;
Think, my hard haps have blunted death's ſharp knife,
Not ſparing me, in whom his works be rife:
And thinking this think nature, life and death
Place ſorrow's triumph on my conquered heart,
Whereto I yeild, and ſeek none other breath,
But from the ſcent of ſome infectious grave:
Nor of my fortune ought, but miſchief crave.

STREPHON.

Nor of my fortune ought but miſchief crave,
And ſeek to nouriſh that, which now contains
All what I am: if I my ſelf will ſave,
Then muſt I ſave, what in me chiefly reigns,
Which is the hateful web of ſorrow's pains.
Sorrow then cheriſh me, for I am ſorrow:
No being now, but ſorrow I can have:
Then deck me as thine own; thy help I borrow,
Since thou my riches art, and that thou haſt
Enough to make a fertile mind lye waſte:

KLAIUS.

Enough to make a fertile mind lie waſte,
Is that huge ſtorm, which poures it ſelf on me:
Hailſtones of tears, of ſighs a monſtrous blaſt,
Thunders of cries; lightnings my wild looks be
The darkned heav'n my ſoul, which nought can ſee,

The flying ſprites which trees by root up rear,
Be thoſe deſpairs which have my hopes quite waſt.
The difference is; all folks thoſe ſtorms forbear,
But I cannot; who then my ſelf ſhould fly.
So cloſe unto my ſelf my wracks do lie,

STREPHON.

So cloſe unto my ſelf my wracks do lie,
But cauſe, effect, beginning, and the end
Are all in me: what help then can I try?
My ſhip, my ſelf, whoſe courſe to love doth bend,
Sore beaten doth her maſt of comfort ſpend:
Her cable, reaſon breaks from anchor'd hope:
Fancy her tackling, torn away doth fly:
Ruin, the wind, hath blown her from her ſcope:
Bruiſed with waves of cares, but broken is,
On rock deſpair, the burial of my bliſs.

KLAIUS.

On rock'd deſpair, the burial of my bliſs.
I long do plow with plough of deep deſire:
The ſeed faſt meaning is, no truth to miſs:
I harrow it with thoughts which all conſpire,
Favour to make my chief and only hire.
But woe is me, the year is gone about.
And now I fain would reap; I reap but this
Hatefully grown, abſence new ſprung out.
So that I ſee, although my ſight empair,
Vain is their pain, who labour in deſpair.

STREPHON:

Vain is their pain, who labour in deſpair.
For ſo did I, when with my angle will
I ſought to catch the fiſh Torpedo fair.
Ev'n then deſpair did hope already kill:
Yet fancy would perforce employ his skill,
And this hath got; the catcher now is caught.
Lam'd with the angle, which it ſelf did bear,
And unto death, quite drown'd in dolors, brought

To

To death, as then diſguis'd in her fair face;
Thus, thus, alas, I had my loſs, in chace.

KLAIUS.

Thus, thus, alas, I had my loſs in chace.
When firſt that crowned Baſilisk I knew;
Whoſe footſteps I with kiſſes oft did trace,
Till by ſuch hap, as I muſt ever rue,
Mine eyes did light upon her ſhining hue,
And hers on me aſtoniſh'd with that ſight.
Since then my heart did loſe his wonted place,
Infected ſo with her ſweet poyſons might,
That, leaving me for dead, to her it went:
But ha! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent.

STREPHON.

But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent,
Her flight, from me, from me, though dead to me,
Yet living ſtill in her, while her beams lent
Such vital ſpark, that her mine eyes might ſee.
But now thoſe living lights abſented be,
Full dead before, I now to duſt ſhould fall,
But that eternal pains my ſoul have bent,
And keep it ſtill within this body thrall,
That thus I muſt while in this death I dwell
In earthly fetters feel a laſting hell.

KLAIUS.

In earthly fetters feel a laſting hell,
Alas I do; from which to find releaſe,
I would the earth, I would the heavens fell:
But vain it is to think theſe pains ſhould ceaſe,
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.
O fair, O only fair, from thee alas,
Theſe foul, moſt foul diſaſters to me fell;
Since thou from, O me! O ſun didſt paſs.
Therefore eſteeming all good bleſſings toyes,
I joy in grief, and do deteſt all joys.

STREPHON.

I joy in grief, and do deteſt all joys,
But now an end, O *Klaius*, now an end:
For even the herbs our hateful muſick ſtroyes,
And from our burning breath the trees do bend.

So well were theſe wailful complaints accorded to the paſſions of all the princely hearers, while every one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they ſtood a long while ſtricken in ſad and ſilent conſideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking than condemning in them, deſirous to ſet forth what counſels the wiſdom of age had laid up in ſtore againſt ſuch fancies, as he thought, follies of youth, yet ſo as it might not appear that his words reſpected them, bending himſelf to a young ſhepherd, named *Philiſides*, who neither had danced nor ſung with them, and had all this time lain upon the ground at the foot of a *Cypreſs* tree, leaning upon his elbow with ſo deep a melancholly, that his ſenſes carried to his mind no delight from any of their objects, he ſtrake him upon the ſhoulder with a right old man's grace, that will ſeem livelier than his age will afford him. And thus began unto him this eclogue.

GERON and PHILISIDES.

GERON.

Up, up, *Philiſides*, let ſorrows go,
Who yields to woe, doth but encreaſe his ſmart,
Do not thy heart to plaintful cuſtom bring:
But let us ſing; ſweet tunes do paſſions eaſe,
An old man hear, who would thy fancies raiſe.

PHI-

PHILISIDES.

Who minds to pleaſe the mind drown'd in annoyes
With outward joyes, which inlie cannot ſink,
Well may think with oyl to cool the fire:
Or with deſire to make ſuch foe a friend,
Who doth his ſoul to endleſs malice bend.

GERON.

Yet ſure an end to each thing time doth give.
Though woes now live, at length thy woes muſt die,
Then virtue try, if ſhe can work in thee
That which we ſee in many time hath wrought,
And weakeſt hearts to conſtant temper brought.

PHILISIDES.

Who ever taught a skilleſs man to teach,
Or ſtop a breach that never cannon ſaw?
Sweet virtue's law bars not a cauſeful moan.
Time ſhall in one my life and ſorrows end,
And me perchance your conſtant temper lend.

GERON.

What can amend where phyſick is refus'd?
The wit's abus'd which will no counſel take.
Yet for my ſake diſcover us thy grief.
Oft comes relief when moſt we ſeem in trap.
The ſtars thy ſtate, fortune may change thy hap.

PHILISIDES.

If fortune's lap became my dwelling place,
And all the ſtars conſpired to my good,
Still were I one, this ſtill ſhould be my caſe,
Ruin's relique, care's web, and ſorrow's food:
Since ſhe fair fierce to ſuch a ſtate me calls,
whoſe wit the ſtars, whoſe fortune, fortune thralls,

GERON.

Alas what falls are fal'n unto thy mind?
That there where thou confeſt thy miſchief ſi[illegible]
Thy wit doſt uſe ſtill ſtill more harms to find.
Whom wit makes vain, or blinded with his eyes;
What counſel can prevail, or light give light?
Since all his force againſt himſelf he trie's.
Then each conceit that enters in his ſight,
Is made, forſooth, a jurate of his woes,
Earth, ſea, air, fire, heaven, hell, and gaſtly ſpright.
Then crie's to ſenſleſs things, which neither know's
What aileth thee, and if they knew thy mind,
Would ſcorn in man, their king, ſuch feeble ſhows.
Rebel, rebel, in golden fetters bind
This tyrant love; or rather do ſuppreſs
Thoſe rebel-thoughts, which are thy ſlaves by kind.
Let not a glittering name thy fancy dreſs
In painted cloaths becauſe they call it love.
There is no hate that can thee more oppreſs.
Begin, and half the work is done, to prove
By riſing up, upon thy ſelf to ſtand,
And think ſhe is a ſhe, that doth thee move.
He water plows, and ſoweth in the ſand,
And hopes the flickring wind with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes laid upon woman's hand.
What man is he that hath his freedom ſold?
Is he a manlike man, doth not know, man
Hath power that ſex with bridle to withhold?
A fickle ſex, and true in truſt to no man,
A ſervant ſex ſoon proud if they be coy'd:
And to conclude thy miſtreſs is a woman.

PHILISIDES.

O gods, how long this old fool hath annoy'd
My wearied ears! O gods, yet grant me this,
That ſoon the world of his falſe tongue be void.
O noble age who place their only bliſs,
In being heard until the hearer die,

Heare

Uttering a ſerpent's mind with ſerpent's hiſs.
Then who will bear a well-authoriſed lye,
(And patience hath) let him go learn of him
What ſwarms of virtues did in his youth fly
Such hearts of braſs, wiſe heads, and garments trim
Were in his days: which heard, one nothing hears,
If from his words the falſhood he do skim.
And herein moſt their folly vain appears,
That ſince they ſtill alledge, *When they were young*:
It ſhews they fetch their wit from youthful years,
Like beaſt for ſacrifice, where ſave the tongue
And belly nought is left, ſuch ſure is he,
This life dead man in this old dungeon flung.
Old houſes are thrown down for new we ſee:
The oldeſt rams are culled from the flock:
No man doth wiſh his horſe ſhould aged be.
The antient oak well makes a fired block:
Old men themſelves, do love young wives to chuſe:
Only fond youth admires a rotten flock.
Who once a white long beard, well handle does,
(As his beard him, not he his beard did bear)
Though cradle-witted, muſt not honour loſe,
O when will men leave off to judge by hair;
And think them old that have the oldeſt mind,
With virtue fraught and full of holy fear!

GERON.

If that thy face were hid, or I were blind,
I yet ſhould know a young man ſpeaketh now,
Such wandring reaſons in that ſpeech I find,
He is a beaſt, that beaſts uſe will allow.
For proof of man, who ſprung of heav'nly fire
Hath ſtrongeſt ſoul, when moſt his rains do bow.
But fondlings fond, know not your own deſire
Loth to dye young, and then you muſt be old,
Fondly blame that to which your ſelves aſpire.

But this light choler that doth make you bold,
Rather to wrong than unto juſt defence,
Is paſt with me, my blood is waxed cold,
Thy words, though full of malapart offence,
I weigh them not, but ſtill will thee adviſe
How thou from fooliſh love mayeſt purge thy ſelf.
Firſt think they err, that think them gaily wiſe,
Who well can ſet a paſſion out to ſhew:
Such ſight have they that ſee with goggling eyes.
Paſſion bears high when puffing wit doth blow,
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cauſe of evils; and cauſe of cauſleſs woe,
If once thou mayeſt that fancy gloſs deſtroy
Within thy ſelf, thou ſoon wilt be aſhamed,
To be a player of thine own annoy.
Then let thy mind with better books be tamed.
Seek to eſpy her faults as well as praiſe,
And let thine eyes to other ſports be framed.
In hunting fearful beaſts, do ſpend ſome days,
Or catch the birds with pit-falls or with lime,
Or train the fox that trains ſo crafty lays.
Lye but to ſleep, and in the early prime
Seek skill of herbs in hills, haunt brooks near night,
And try with bait how fiſh will bite ſometime.
Go graft again and ſeek to graft them right,
Thoſe pleaſant plants, thoſe ſweet and fruitful trees,
Which both the palate and the eyes delight.
Cheriſh the hives of wiſely painful bees,
Let ſpecial care upon thy flock be ſtaid,
Such active mind but ſeldom paſſion ſees.

PHILISIDES.

Hath any man heard what this old man ſaid?
Truly not I, who did my thoughts engage,
Where all my pains one look of her hath paid.

Geron was even out of countenance, finding the words he thought were ſo wiſe, win ſo little reputation

tation at this young man's hands; and therefore ſometimes looking upon an old acquaintance of his called *Maſtix*, one of the repiningſt fellows in the world, and that beheld no body but with a mind of miſlike, ſaying ſtill the world was amiſs, but how it ſhould be amended he knew not, ſometimes caſting his eyes to the ground, even aſhamed to ſee his gray hairs deſpiſed, at laſt he ſpied his two dogs, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the younger *Lelaps*, (indeed the jewels he ever had with him) one brawling with another; which occaſion he took to reſtore himſelf to his countenance, and rating *Melampus*, he began to ſpeak to his dogs, as if in them a man ſhould find more obedience, than in unbridled young men.

GERON, and *MASTIX*.

GERON.

DOwn down *Melampus*, what? your fellow bite?
I ſet you o're the flock I dearly love,
Them to defend, not with your ſelves to fight.
Do you not think this will the wolves remove
From former fear, they had of your good minds,
When they ſhall ſuch divided weakneſs prove?
What if *Lelaps* a better morſel find
Than you earſt knew? rather take part with him
Than jarl: lo lo even theſe how envy blind,
And then *Lelaps* let not pride make thee brim;
Becauſe thou haſt thy fellow overgon,
But thank the cauſe, thou ſee'ſt where he is dim.
Here *Lelaps*, here indeed againſt the foen
Of my good ſheep, thou never truce time took:
Be as thou art, but be with mine at one,
For though *Melampus* like a wolfe do look,
(For age doth make him of a woolviſh hew)
Yet have I ſeen, when well a woolf he ſhook,
Fool that I am, that with my dogs ſpeak grew,
Come near good *Maſtix*, 'tis now full twa ſcore

Of

Of years, alas, ſince I good *Maſtix* knew.
Thou heard'ſt even now a young man ſmeb me ſore,
Becauſe I read him, as I would my ſon.
Youth will have will; age muſt to age therefor

MASTIX.

What marvel if in youth ſuch fault be done,
Since that we ſee our ſaddeſt ſhepherds out,
Who have their leſſon ſo long time begun?
Quickly ſecure, and eaſily in doubt,
Either aſleep be all if nought aſſail,
Or all abroad if but a cub ſtart out.
We ſhepherds are like them that under ſail
Do ſpeak high words, when all the coaſt is clear,
Yet to a paſſenger will bonnet vail.
I con thee thank to whom thy dogs be dear,
But commonly like curs we them intreat,
Save when great need of them perforce appear.
Then him we kiſs, whom late before we beat
With ſuch intemperance, that each way grows
Hate of the firſt contempt of latter feat,
And ſuch diſcord twixt greateſt ſhepherds flows,
That ſport it is to ſee with how great art,
By juſtice work they their own faults diſcloſe:
Like buſie boys to win their tutor's heart.
One ſaith, he mocks; the other ſaith he plays,
The third his leſſon miſt, till all do ſmart.
As for the reſt how ſhepherds ſpend their days,
At blow-point, hot-cockles, or elſe at keels,
While, Let us paſs our time each ſhepherd ſays.
So ſmall account of time the ſhepherd feels,
And doth not feel, that life is nought but time,
And when that time is paſt death holds his heels,
To age thus do they draw their youthful prime,
Knowing no more, than what poor tryal ſhews,
As fiſh ſure tryal hath of muddy ſlime.
This pattern good, unto our children goes,
For what they ſee their parents love or hate,
Their firſt caught ſenſe prefers to teachers blows.

Theſe

Theſe cocklings cocker'd we bewail too late,
When that we ſee our off-ſpring gaily bent,
When men man-wood, and men effeminate.

GERON.

Fy man, fy man: what words hath thy tongue lent?
Yet thou art mickle warſe, than e're was I,
Thy too much zeal, I fear thy brain hath ſpent,
We oft are angrier with the feeble fly
For buſineſs, where it pertains him not,
Than with the poiſonous toads that quiet lie.
I pray thee what hath ere the *Parrot* got?
And yet they ſay he talks in great mens bowers.
A cage, gilded perchance, is all his lot,
Who of his tongue the liquor gladly pours,
A good fool call'd with pain perhaps may be:
But even for that ſhall ſuffer mighty lowers;
Let ſwans example ſiker ſerve for thee,
Who once all birds, in ſweetly ſinging paſt,
But now to ſilence turn'd his minſtrelſie,
For he would ſing, but others were defac'd,
The Peacock's pride, the Pyes pil'd flattery,
Cormorants glut, Kites ſpoil, King-fiſhers waſte,
The Faulcon's fierceneſs, Sparrow's letchery,
The Cookoo's ſhame, the Gooſe's good intent,
Even Turtle touch'd he with hypocriſie,
And worſe of other more, till by aſſent
Of all the birds, but namely thoſe were grieved,
Of fowls there call'd was a Parliament
There was the Swan of dignity deprived,
And ſtatute made he never ſhould have voice:
Since when, I think, he hath in ſilence lived.
I warn thee therefore (ſince thou mayſt have choice)
Let not thy tongue become a fiery match,
No ſword ſo bites, as that evil tool annoyes
Let our unpartial eyes a little watch
Our own demean, and ſoon we wonder ſhall,
That hunting faults, our ſelves we did not catch.

Into

Into our minds let us a little fall,
And we ſhall find more ſpots than Leopards skins.
Then who makes us, ſuch Judges over all?
But farewel now, thy fault is no great ſin,
Come, come my curs, 'tis late I will go in.

And away with his dogs ſtraight he went, as if he would be ſure to have the laſt word, all the aſſembly laughing at the luſtineſs of the old fellow who departed muttering to himſelf, he had ſeen more in his days than twenty of them. But *Baſilius*, who never before had heard *Philiſides*, though having ſeldom failed to be at theſe meetings, deſired him he would begin ſome eclogue with ſome other of the ſhepherds, according to the accuſtomed guiſe. *Philiſides*, though very unwilling, at the king's commandment offered to ſing with *Tiyrſis*. But he directly refuſed him, ſeeing he ſhould within few days be married to the fair *Kala*, and ſince he had gotten his deſire he would ſing no more. Then the king willed *Philiſides* to declare the diſcourſe of his own fortunes unknown to them, as being a ſtranger in that country; but he prayed the king to pardon him, the time being far too joyful to ſuffer the rehearſal of his miſeries. But to ſatisfy *Baſilius* ſome way, he began an eclogue betwixt himſelf and the *Eccho*, framing his voice ſo in thoſe deſart places, as what words he would have the eccho reply unto, thoſe he would ſing higher than the reſt; and ſo kindly framed a diſputation betwixt himſelf and it, which with theſe hexamiters in the following order he uttered.

PHILISIDES, and ECCHO.

FAir rocks, goodly rivers, ſweet woods, when ſhall I ſee peace? Peace.
Peace? what bars me my tongue? who is that comes me ſo nigh? I.
Oh! I do know what gueſt I have met, it is eccho.
'Tis Eccho.

Well

Well met Eccho, approach: then tell me thy will too. I will too.

Eccho, what do I get yielding my ſpirit to my griefs? Griefs.

What medicine may I find for a grief that draws me to death? Death.

O poiſonous medicine what worſe to me can be than it? It.

In what ſtate was I then, when I took this deadly diſeaſe? Eaſe.

And what manner a mind which had to that humour a vain? Vain.

Hath not reaſon enough vehemence the deſire to reprove? Prove.

Oft prove I: but what ſalve when reaſon ſeeks to be gone? One.

Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a ſalve to my love? Love.

What do lovers ſeek for, long ſeeking for to enjoy? Joy.

What be the joys, which for to enjoy they went to the pains? Pains.

Then to an earneſt love what doth beſt victory lend? End.

End? but I can never end, love will not give me leave? Leave.

How be the minds diſpos'd that cannot taſte thy phyſick? Sick.

Yet ſay again thy advice for th' evils that I told thee? I told thee.

Doth th' infected wretch of his harm th' extremity know? No.

But if he know not his harms, what guides, hath he whilſt he be blind? Blind.

What blind guides can he have that learns to a fancie? A fancy.

Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that ſleepeth aloft? Oft.

What

What cauſe firſt, made theſe torments on me to light? Light.
Can then a cauſe be ſo light that forceth a man to go dye? Yea.
Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to dye? Eye.
Eye-ſight made me to yield, but what firſt pierc'd to my eyes? Eyes.
Eyes hurters, eyes hurt; but what from them from me falls? Falls.
But when I firſt did fall, what brought moſt fall to my heart? Art.
Art? what can that art be that thou doſt mean by thy ſpeech? Speech.
What be the fruits of ſpeaking art? what grows by the words? Words.
O much more than words: thoſe words ſerv'd more me to bleſs? Leſs.
Oh when ſhall I be known, where moſt to be known I do long? Long.
Long be thy woes for ſuch news, but how recks ſhe my thoughts? Oughts.
Then then what I do gain, ſince under her will I do winde? Winde.
Wind, tempeſts, and ſtorms, yet in end what gives ſhe deſire? Ire.
Silly reward! yet among women hath ſhe of virtue the moſt. Moſt.
What great name may I give to ſo heav'nly a woman? A Woman.
Wo, but ſeems to me joy, that agrees to my thought ſo. I thought ſo.
Think ſo, for of my deſire bliſs it is only the courſe. Curſe.
Curs'd be thy ſelf for curſing that which leads me to joys. Toys.
What be the ſweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard? Hard.
What makes them be unkind? ſpeak for th' haſt narrowly pry'd. Pride.

Whence

Whence can pride come there, ſince ſpring's of beauty be thence? Thence.
Horrible is this blaſphemy uuto the moſt holy. O lie.
Thou lieſt falſe eccho, their minds as virtue be juſt. Juſt.
Mock'ſt thou thoſe diamonds which only be match'd by the gods? Ods.
Ods? what an ods is there ſince them to the heav'ns I prefer? Err.
Tell yet again me the names of thoſe fair form'd to do evils? Devils.
Devil? if hell ſuch devil do abide, to the hells I do go. Go.

Philiſides was commended for the place of his eccho, but little did he regard their praiſes, who had ſet the foundations of his honour there, where he was moſt deſpiſed: and therefore returning again to the train of his deſolate penſiveneſs; *Zelmane* ſeeing no body offer to fill the ſtage, as if her long conſtrained conceits did now burſt out of priſon, ſhe thus deſiring her voice ſhould be accorded to nothing, but to *Philoclea's* ears, threw down the burden of her mind in *Anacreon's* kind of verſes.

My muſe what ailes this ardor?
To blaze my only ſecrets?
Alas it is no glory
To ſing mine own decayed ſtate.
Alas it is no comfort,
To ſpeak without an anſwer.
Alas it is no wiſdom
To ſhew the wound without cure.

My muſe what ailes this ardor?
Mine eyes be dim, my limbs ſhake,
My voice is hoarſe, my throat ſcorch'd,
My tongue to thismy roof cleaves,
My fancy amaz'd, my thoughts dull'd,
My heart doth ake, my life faints,
My ſoul begins to take leave.

So

So great paſſion all feel,
To think a ſoar ſo deadly
I ſhould ſo raſhly rip up.

My muſe what ailes this ardor?
If that to ſing thou art bent.
Go ſing the fall of old *Thebes*;
The wars of ugly centaurs,
The life, the death of *Hector*:
So may the ſong be famous,
Or if to love thou art bent,
Recount the rape of *Europa*.
Adonis end, *Venus* net,
The ſleepy kiſs the moon ſtale:
So may the ſong be pleaſant.

My muſe what ailes this ardor?
To blaze my only ſecrets?
Wherein do only flouriſh
The ſory fruits of anguiſh.
The ſong thereof a laſt will,
The tunes be cries, the words plaints,
The finger is the ſong's theme,
Wherein no ear can have joy,
Nor eye receive due object
Ne pleaſure here, ne fame gat.

My muſe what ailes this ardor?
Alas ſhe ſaith I am thine,
So are thy pains my pains too.
Thy heated heart my ſeat is
Wherein I burn: thy breath is
My voice, too hot to keep in.
Beſides, lo here the author
Of all thy harms: lo here ſhe,
That only can redreſs thee,
Of her will I demand help.

My muſe I yield, my muſe I ſing,
But all thy ſong herein knit.
The life we lead is all love:
The love we hold is all death,
Nor ought I crave to feed life,
Nor ought I ſeek to ſhun death,
But only that my goddeſs,
My life my death do count hers.

Baſilius,

Baſilius, when ſhe had fully ended her ſong, fell proſtrate upon the ground, and thanked the gods they had preſerved his life ſo long, as to hear the very muſick they themſelves uſed, in an earthly body. And then with like grace to *Zelmane* never left intreating her, till ſhe had, taking a *Lyra Baſilius* held for her, ſung theſe *Phaleuciacks*:

Reaſon, tell me thy mind, if here be reaſon
In this ſtrange violence, to make reſiſtance,
Where ſweet graces erect the ſtately banner
Of virtue's regiment, ſhining in harneſs
Of fortune's diadems, by beauty muſtred:
Say then reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſel?

Her looſe hairs be the ſhot, the breaſts the pike-ha
Scouts each motion is, the hands be horſemen,
Her lips are the riches the wars to maintain,
Where well couched abides a coffer of pearl,
Her legs carriage is of all the ſweet camp:
Say then reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſel?

Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,
Which at firſt volley gave too open entry,
Nor rampier did abide; my brain was up blown,
Undermin'd with a ſpeech the piercer of thoughts.
Thus weakened by my ſelf, no help remaineth;
Say then reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſel?

And now fame the herald of her true honour,
Doth proclaim with a ſound made all by mens mouths,
That nature ſovereign of earthly dwellers,
Commands all creatures to yield obeyſance
Under this, this her own, her only darling.
Say then reaſon; I ſay what is thy counſel?

Reaſon ſighs but in end he thus doth anſwer:
Nought can reaſon avail in heavenly matters.
Thus nature's diamond receive thy conqueſt.
Thus pure pearl, I do yield my ſenſes and ſoul.
Thus ſweet pain, I do yield what ere I can yield,
Reaſon look to thy ſelf, I ſerve a goddeſs.

Dorus had long he thought kept ſilence from ſaying ſomewhat which might tend to the glory of her in whom all glory to his ſeeming was included, but now he brake it, ſinging theſe verſes called *Aſclepiadics*.

O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſs!
O how much I do like your ſolitarineſs!
Where man's mind hath a freed conſideration
Of goodneſs to receive lovely direction.
Where ſenſes do behold th' order of heav'nly hoſt,
And wiſe thoughts do behold what the creator is:
Contemplation here holdeth his only ſeat:
Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope,
Climbs even unto the ſtars, nature is under it.
Nought diſturbs thy quiet, all to thy ſervice yields,
Each ſight draws on a thought, thought mother of ſcience
Sweet birds kindly do grant harmony unto thee,
Fair trees ſhade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thy ſelf, if be not in thy ſelf.

O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſs!
O how much do I like your ſolitarineſs!
Here nor treaſon is hid, vailed in innocence,
Nor envies ſnaky eye, finds any harbour here,
Nor flatterers venemous inſinuations,
Nor coming humouriſts pudled opinions,
Nor courteous ruin of proffered uſury,
Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor cauſleſs duty, nor cumber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanity dazle'h us,

Nor

Nor golden manacles, ſtand for a paradiſe:
Here wrong's name is unheard; ſlander a monſter is,
Keep thy ſprite from abuſe, here no abuſe doth haunt,
What man grafts in a tree diſſimulation?

O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſs!
O how well I do like your ſolitarineſs!
Yet dear ſoil, if a ſoul clos'd in a manſion
As ſweet as violets, fair as a lilly is,
Strait as cedar, a voice ſtrains the canary birds,
Whoſe ſhade ſafely doth hold, danger avoideth her;
Such wiſdom, that in her lives ſpeculation:
Such goodneſs that in her ſimplicity triumphs:
Where envy's ſnaky eye, winketh or elſe dyeth,
Slander wants a pretext, flattery gone beyond:
Oh! if ſuch a one have bent, to a lonely life,
Her ſteps glad we receive, glad we receive her eyes,
And think not ſhe doth hurt our ſolitarineſs,
For ſuch company decks ſuch ſolitarineſs.

The other ſhepherds were offering themſelves to have continued the ſports; but the night had ſo quietly ſpent the moſt part of her ſelf among them, that the king for that time, licenced them to depart. And ſo bringing *Zelmane* to her lodging, who would much rather have done the ſame for *Philoclea*; of all ſides they went to counterfeit a ſleep in their bed; for a true one their agonies could not afford them. Yet there they lay, ſo might they be moſt ſolitary for the food of their thoughts, till it was near unto the next day, after which *Baſilius* was to continue his *Apollo* devotions, and the other to meditate upon their private deſires.

F I N I S.

00093707

Digitized with financial assistance from

Government of Maharashtra

on 30 January, 2020